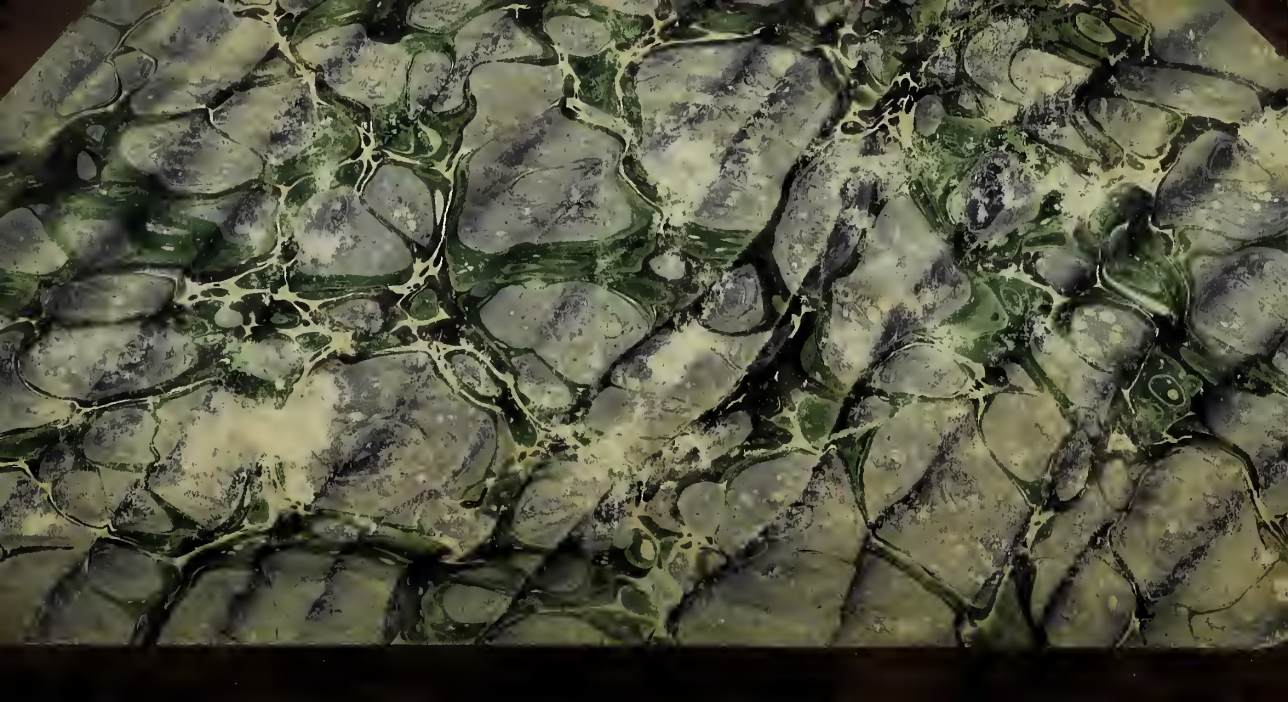

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

Late Fellow of *Lincoln-College*, OXFORD.

VOLUME XXXI.

BRISTOL:

Printed by WILLIAM PINE, in *Wine-Street.*
MDCCLXXIV.

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AN EXTRACT OF THE Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL,

From MAY 6, 1760, to OCTOBER 28, 1762.

NUMBER XI.

To the READER.

I Am ſenſible, there are many particulars in the enſuing journal, which ſome ſerious perſons will not believe, and which others will turn

to ridicule. But this I cannot help, unleſs by concealing thoſe things, which I believe it my bounden duty to declare. I cannot do otherwiſe while I am perſuaded, that this was a real work of God: and that he hath ſo wrought this and all *his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance.* I have only to deſire, that thoſe who think differently from me, will bear with me, as I do with them: and that thoſe who think with me, that this was the moſt glorious work of God, which has ever been wrought in our memory, may be encouraged to expect to be themſelves partakers of all the great and precious promiſes: and that without delay; ſeeing *Now is the accepted time! Now is the day of ſalvation!*

LONDON,
Jan. 31, 1767.

TUESDAY, May 6.

I Had much converſation (at Carrickfergus) with Monſieur Cavenac, the French General, not on the circumſtances, but the eſſence of religion. He ſeemed to ſtartle at nothing; but ſaid more than once, and with much emotion, "Why, this is *my* religion! There is *no true religion* beſides it."

Wedneſday

Wednesday 7. I rode to Larn. The rain which had continued with little intermission for several days stopped this afternoon: so that I had a very large as well as serious congregation. And I spoke to them with the utmost plainness. But I could not find the way to their hearts.

Thursday 8. We rode over the mountains to Ballimena, and had just passed through the town, when a man came running out of the field, called me by my name, and pressed me much to preach there. But I could not stay, having appointed one to meet me at Portlo-nane, which he accordingly did, and brought me to Mr. Burrows, near Garvah.

Friday 9. A little rest was acceptable. Saturday 10. I preached, morning and evening in Mr. B——'s house, to a well-behaved congregation, though of various denominations, Churchmen, Papists, Presbyterians, Cameronians. One seceder likewise ventured in: but the moment he heard, "Our Father which art in heaven," he ran away with all speed.

Sunday 11. We had such a congregation in the church, as perhaps had not been there in this century. And I believe God reached some of their hearts: several were in tears. I spoke extremely plain; especially to those who were full of their own wisdom and righteousness.

Monday 12. Returning through Ballimena, I preached in the market-houſe to a large concourſe of people. And God was there of a truth. I have found no ſuch ſpirit in any congregation ſince I left Dublin. Thence I rode to Moyra and preached to a very civil congregation. But there is no life in them!

Tueſday 13. My Iriſh horſe was thoroughly tired. However with much difficulty, partly riding, and partly walking, about eight in the evening I reached Coot-hill. I preached in the houſe now, and at five in the morning; but at eleven in the market-houſe, where I delivered my own ſoul, to moſt of the proteſtants in the town.

Having procured a freſh horſe, I rode on to Belturbet, a town in which there is neither Papiſt, nor Preſbyterian. But to ſupply that defect, there are ſabbath-breakers, drunkards and common-ſwearers in abundance. Thurſday 15. We rode through a delightful country to Swadlingbar, famed for its mineral waters. Soon after, my new horſe began to tire, ſo that it was with much difficulty I got to Sligo.

* Friday 16. I walked round the ruins of the abbey, formerly one of the largeſt in the kingdom. The walls of it are ſtanding, and three ſides of the cloyſters are entire. But you can ſcarce tread, either within or without, unleſs you will ſtep upon ſculls or human bones, which are every where ſcattered up and down, as dung upon the earth.

earth. Surely no other nation, Chriſtian or Heathen, would endure this!

In the evening the congregation was a little diſturbed by two or three giddy officers. I ſpoke to them and they ſtopped: but they ſoon recovered their ſpirits, and behaved—as they uſed to do at church!

Sunday 18. I preached at nine to a large congregation, who all ſeemed to hear with underſtanding. At five in the evening they were not leſs attentive, though abundantly more numerous. On Monday we met, for the laſt time, between four and five. Many were deeply affected, and all received the word *with all readineſs of mind.* But which of theſe will *bring forth fruit with patience?* God only knoweth.

Monday 19. We rode to Caſtle-bar, where I preached in the evening. I was particularly concerned for the poor backſliders. It ſeems as if moſt of us ſaid in our hearts, "If they have a mind to go to hell, let them go." Not ſo: rather let us pluck the *brands*, willing or unwilling, *out of the burning!*

Thurſday 22. I rode to Newport, and preached at ſeven in the evening. I ſuppoſe all the Proteſtants in the town were preſent, and many of the Papiſts, notwithſtanding the prohibition and bitter curſes of their prieſts. So has God ſpread the line from ſea to ſea, from Dub-

lin on the eaſt, to this place on the weſtern ocean.

May the 25th, being Whitſunday, Mr. Elliſon deſired me to aſſiſt him at the Lord's ſupper. Tueſday 27, there was a remarkable trial here. A Swediſh ſhip, being leaky, put into one of our harbours. The Iriſh, according to cuſtom, ran to plunder her. A neighbouring gentleman hindered them, and for ſo doing demanded a fourth part of her cargo. And this, they ſaid, *the law allows!* But where, meantime, is the law of God?

To hear this cauſe all the gentlemen of the country were come to Caſtle-bar. It was to be heard in the court-houſe, where I preached. So they met an hour ſooner, and heard the ſermon firſt. Who knows but even ſome of theſe may be found of him they ſought not?

Wedneſday 28. I rode to Hollymount, and the next day to Aghrim, where were a people alive to God. I told them plainly what things they wanted ſtill. And ſurely God will ſupply all their wants!

Trinity-Sunday, June 1. I preached about nine in the market-houſe at Athlone, on *There are three that bear record in heaven—and theſe three are one.* Afterwards, at the miniſter's deſire, I read prayers in the church, and in the evening preached on the Connaught ſide of the river, on

Ye

Ye muſt be born again. Both Papiſts and Proteſtants attended. And ſome ſeemed cut to the heart.

Tueſday 3. I met the claſſes and was agreeably ſurprized, to find that bitterneſs againſt the church, with which many were infected when I was here before, was now entirely over. Yet the deadneſs which it had occaſioned, remained, and I doubt it will not ſoon be removed.

Friday 6. I preached in the evening at Ahaſkra, where the bulk of the congregation were Papiſts. Yet the decency of their behaviour was ſuch as might have made many Proteſtants aſhamed.

Sunday 8. I rode over to Aghrim again. Underſtanding the rector had none to aſſiſt in the ſervice, I offered to read prayers for him, which he willingly accepted. Immediately after the church ſervice, I preached to a numerous congregation, and returned to Athlone, ſoon enough to ſpeak once more to a large concourſe of all ranks and religions. But great part of them were as bullocks unaccuſtomed to the yoke, neither taught of God, nor man.

Monday 9. About one I preached at Abidarrig, and then rode on to Longford. The town was ſo thronged by reaſon of the approaching fair, that we had much ado to paſs. But this increaſed the evening congregation much: among whom was Dr. Hort, then rector of the

parish, a learned, sensible, pious man, and a pattern both for clergy and laity.

Tuesday 10. I rode to Drumersnave, a village delightfully situated. Almost the whole town, protestants and papists were present at the sermon in the evening: and a great part of them in the morning: but O! how few of them will bear fruit to perfection!

At noon William Ley, James Glasbrook and I rode to Carrick upon Shannon. In less than an hour, an esquire and justice of the peace, came down with a drum and what mob he could gather. I went into the garden with the congregation, while he was making a speech to his followers in the street. He then attacked William Ley, (who stood at the door) being armed with an halbert and long sword; and ran at him with the halbert, but missing his thrust, he then struck at him, and broke it short upon his wrist. Having made his way thro' the house to the other door, he was at a full stop. James Glasbrook held it fast on the other side. While he was endeavouring to force it open, one told him, I was preaching in the garden. On this he quitted the door in haste, ran round the house, and with part of his retinue, climbed over the wall into the garden; and with a whole volley of oaths and curses declared, "You shall not preach here to-day." I told him, "Sir, I do not intend it; for I have preached already." This made him ready to tear the ground. Finding he was not to be reasoned

ſoned with, I went into the houſe. Soon after he revenged himſelf on James Glaſbrook, (by breaking the truncheon of his halbert on his arm) and on my hat, which he beat and kicked moſt valiantly. But a gentleman reſcued it out of his hands, and we rode quietly out of the town.

After preaching to ſeveral of the intermediate ſocieties in the way, on Saturday 14, I came to Tyrrels-paſs, and found ſeveral of our friends who were come from various parts. Sunday 15. I preached at eight and at twelve, (there being no ſervice at the church.) A heap of fine gay people came in their poſt-chaiſes to the evening preaching. I ſpoke very plain, but the words ſeemed to fly over them; *Gallio cared for none of theſe things.*

Monday 16. I preached in the evening in the long ſhady walk at Edinderry, to ſuch a congregation as had not been ſeen there for many years. And God gave an edge to his word, both this evening and the next morning. He can work, even among theſe dry bones.

Wedneſday 18. I deſigned to preach in the market-houſe at Portarlington. But it was pre-engaged for a ball. So I preached, and with much comfort, in our own room; as alſo, at five in the morning. I preached at ten, for the ſake of the gentry. But it was too early; they could not riſe ſo ſoon.

In the afternoon I rode to Mountmelick. The rain was ſuſpended in the evening, while I exhort-

ed a large congregation to *walk in the old paths*. Many papiſts appeared to be quite aſtoniſhed: ſome of them were almoſt perſuaded to walk therein. The next evening I preached in the market-place, for the ſake of the rich, who could hear there, without impeachment to their honour. And ſome were deeply affected. Surely the thorns will not choak *all* the good ſeed!

Saturday 21. The congregation at Tullamore was near as large as at Mountmelick. At eight in the morning, Sunday 22, it was much increaſed, but much more at one. And I have reaſon to believe, that God at this time touched ſeveral carleſs hearts. I rode from thence to Coolylough, and found a congregation gathered from twenty miles round. It rained when I began to preach: but none offered to go away. And God did indeed *ſend a gracious rain upon his inheritance*, and comforted the ſouls of his ſervants.

Monday 23. Being the quarterly meeting, the ſtewards from all the country ſocieties were preſent; a company of ſettled, ſenſible men. Nothing is wanting in this kingdom but zealous, active preachers, tenacious of order, and exact diſcipline.

Tueſday 24. I took horſe early, and at ten preached at Cloughan, about 24 miles from Coolylough. We afterwards rode through Longford, but did not ſtop, as the day was cool and pleaſant. About two we were unawares encompaſt with a multitude of papiſts, coming out

out of their maſs-houſe. One of them knowing me ſoon alarmed the reſt, who ſet up a hideous roar, and drew up in battle-array. But we galloped through them, and went on to Drumerſnave, where I preached in the evening, and the next day, Wedneſday 25, rode on to Sligo.

Never did I ſee a fairer proſpect of good than here. But bloſſoms are not fruit. As large if not a larger congregation than before, was at the market-place in the evening. I was exceeding weary, having rode an extremely dull horſe: but I ſoon forgot my wearineſs, ſeeing ſo many young and old, rich and poor, receiving the word with all gladneſs.

Thurſday 26. I preached at five in a large commodious room, which has been procured ſince I was here laſt. I breakfaſted at Mr. A—'s and dined at Mr. K——: but two ſuch families I have ſeldom ſeen. They had feared God for many years, and ſerved him in the beſt manner they knew. Nothing was wanting but that they ſhould hear the *more excellent way*, which they then embraced with all their heart.

Friday 27. Our morning congregation was doubled. Mr. D—— did not fail to be there, though it ſeemed ſtrange to him at firſt, when mention was made of preaching at five in the morning. In the evening we had a ſtill larger congregation, and I believe, God applied his word. Some trembled, others wept. Surely

ſome

ſome of theſe ſhall know, *there is balm in Gilead.*

Satur. 28. At five the congregation was larger than ever it had been at that hour. After breakfaſt I rode out with Mr. K. and Mr. D. who hearing I was ill-mounted, deſired me to make uſe of one of his horſes, during my ſtay in Ireland.

In the evening (it being market-day, ſo that the market-houſe was full of people) I wrote a line to the colonel, who readily gave me the liberty of preaching in the barrack-yard. He likewiſe came to hear himſelf, as did ſeveral of the officers. It was a ſolemn concluſion of the happieſt birth-day, which I have known for many years.

Sund. 29. We had a ſolemn meeting of the ſociety at five. At eight I preached again in the barrack-yard. And I did not obſerve a trifler there. They all ſeemed to hear as for life. To-day I ſaw an odd inſtance of the force of example. When we were at church in the morning, ſcarce any one either ſung or ſtood at the pſalms; ſo that I was almoſt alone therein. But in the afternoon almoſt every one ſtood up: and moſt of them ſung, or endeavoured ſo to do. After ſervice I went directly to the market-houſe, and inforced thoſe ſolemn words, *What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do juſtly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*

* Mr. D—— had left us at ſix in the morning, in order to ſerve his cure. But about ten at night he came back, and was with me ſoon after four, importuning me to ſtay another day. But as my journies were fixt, I could not do that, without diſappointing ſeveral congregations.

Now

Now was the general call for the town of Sligo. And many did *receive the word with joy*. But the greateſt part had *no root in themſelves*. What fruit then could be expected from them?

Monday 30. I have rarely ſeen ſo heavy rain in Europe, as we had in the way to Tubber-curraugh. I was quickly wet to my toe's end: but the day clearing, I was dry again in a few hours. We had a very large congregation at Caſtle-barr in the evening: and many ſeemed *almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians*. O what does it avail, *almoſt* to hit the mark? *Almoſt* to eſcape the damnation of hell?

Tueſday, July 1. We took horſe about four. And it was well we did. For our ſeven and thirty Iriſh miles, ſo called, were little leſs than ſeventy Engliſh. I preached at a friend's houſe ſoon after three: and then procuring a freſh horſe, about the ſize of a jack-aſs, I rode on, with more eaſe than ſtate, to Aghrim.

Wedneſday 2. We rode on to Eyre-court, where many threatened great things: but all vaniſhed into air. I preached at ten in the court-houſe: Col. Eyre was there, and ſeveral other perſons of faſhion. In the evening I preached at Birr, with more ſatisfaction than for ſeveral years; finding many more alive to God than ever, and provoking one another to love and to good works. I had purpoſed to ſet out early in the morning; but their love conſtrained me to ſtay a day longer. So I had leiſure to compleat the account of the ſocieties. At preſent the

the ſocieties in Connaught contain little more than two hundred members: thoſe in Ulſter, about two hundred and fifty; thoſe in Leinſter, a thouſand.

Friday 4. I took my eaſe, riding in a chaiſe to Limerick, where on Saturday 5, ten of us met in a little conference. By the bleſſing of God we were all of one mind, particularly, with regard to the church. Even J— D— has not now the leaſt thought of leaving it, but attends there, be the miniſter good or bad. On Tueſday 8, having ſettled all our little affairs, we parted in much love.

* Wedneſday 9. I rode over to Killiheen, a German ſettlement, near twenty miles ſouth of Limerick. It rained all the way, but the earneſtneſs of the poor people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans at Ballygarane. The third is at Court-mattraſs, a mile from Killiheen. I ſuppoſe three ſuch towns are ſcarce to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no curſing or ſwearing, no ſabbath-breaking, no drunkenneſs, no ale-houſe in any of them. How will theſe poor foreigners riſe up in the judgment againſt thoſe that are round about them!

Friday 11. I preached in the new houſe at Clare, to a genteel congregation. What a contraſt between theſe and the poor people at Killeheen! We had a ſtill more genteel congregation,

tion, the next morning at nine in the courthouſe at Ennis, to whom I ſpoke with all plainneſs. I did the ſame on Sunday morning: ſo if they hear me no more, I am clear of their blood. I took my leave of them at Clare in the afternoon, and in the evening returned to Limerick.

* Wedneſday 16. I rode to New-market, which *was* another German ſettlement. But the poor ſettlers with all their diligence and frugality, could not procure even the coarſeſt food to eat, and the meaneſt raiment to put on, under their *merciful* landlords! So that moſt of theſe, as well as of thoſe at Balligarane, have been forced to ſeek bread in other places; ſome of them in diſtant parts of Ireland, but the greater part in America.

Thurſday 17. I met the claſſes at Limerick, and found a conſiderable decreaſe. And how can it be otherwiſe, when vice flows as a torrent, unleſs the children of God are all life, zeal, activity? In hopes of quickening them, I preached at ſeven in the old camp, to more than twice the uſual congregation: which the two next evenings was more numerous ſtill, and equally attentive. I was well pleaſed to ſee a little army of ſoldiers there, and not a few of the officers. Nor did they behave as unconcerned hearers, but like men that really deſired to ſave their ſouls.

Sunday 20. I took my leave of that comfortable

able place, where some thousands of people were assembled. I have seen no such sight since I came to the kingdom. They not only filled all the lower ground, but compleatly covered the banks that surround it, though they stood as close as possible. I exhorted them to *ask for the old paths, and walk therein*, that they might *find rest to* their *souls*. We had afterwards a solemn meeting of the society, in confidence that God would revive his work.

Monday 21. I left Limerick, and about noon preached at Shronill, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago. But he cannot yet afford to finish it, having only thirty thousand a year, and some hundred thousands in ready money!

"The beggars but a common lot deplore:
The rich-poor man's emphatically poor."

At six I preached at the camp near Caire, to a large and serious congregation of soldiers. Thence we rode on to Clonmell, where I preached near the barracks at eight in the morning, to a wild, staring people; but quite perforce: for the soldiers kept them in awe. We rode in the afternoon to Waterford, where our friends had procured a commodious place, inclosed on all sides. I preached there three evenings, with great hope of doing good. Our large room was full

full every morning. O why ſhould we deſpair of any ſouls whom God hath made ?

Thurſday 24. I looked over that well-wrote book, Mr. Smith's " State of the county and city of Waterford." He plainly ſhews, that twelve hundred years ago, Ireland was a flouriſhing kingdom. It ſeems to have been declining almoſt ever ſince ; eſpecially after it was torne into ſeveral independent kingdoms. Thence forward it grew more and more wild and barbarous, for ſeveral hundred years. In Queen Elizabeth's time it began to revive. And it increaſed greatly both in trade and inhabitants, 'till the deadly blow, which commenced on October 23, 1641. Three hundred thouſand proteſtants, by a moderate computation, were then deſtroyed in leſs than a year : and more than twice as many papiſts, within a few years following. Moſt of theſe were adults ; and this was a loſs, which the nation has not recovered yet. Nay, it will probably require another century, to reſtore the number of inhabitants it had before.

Friday 25. I preached once more near the barracks in Clonmell, and the next morning took horſe at four. About eleven the ſun was ſcorching hot, 'till a little cloud roſe and covered us 'till we were near Ratheormuck. Here we reſted two hours, and then rode on (moſtly ſhaded by flying clouds) to Cork.

Sunday 27. The houſe was well filled : but I expect ſmall increaſe of the work of God 'till we

we preach abroad. Thurſday 31. I rode to Bandon: but my good old friend, Mrs. Jones, did not ſtay for my coming. She was releaſed out of life ſome weeks ago, in the ſeventy-ſecond year of her age. I preached as uſual in the main ſtreet to a large and attentive congregation. And they were nearly doubled the next evening; yet all behaved with the utmoſt decency. The market obliged me to preach in the houſe on Saturday in the afternoon, a very neat and lightſome building. Having ſpent the time I propoſed here, with much ſatisfaction, in the evening I returned to Cork.

Sunday, Auguſt the 3d, I had wrote to the commanding officer, for leave to preach near the barracks. But he was juſt gone out of town. So I was obliged once more to coop myſelf up in the room. Monday 4. Knowing by the experiment I made two years ſince, that it was an entertainment above the taſte of our evening congregation, I read ſome ſelect letters at five in the morning, to thoſe who deſired to hear them. And many of them were not a little comforted, and eſtabliſhed in the ways of God.

Thurſday 7. In the afternoon I ſet out for Kinſale. In the way a violent ſtorm drove us into a little hut, where a poor woman was very thankful for phyſical advice, and another for a little money to buy her food. The ſky then clearing, we ſoon reached Kinſale, where I preached at ſix in the exchange, to a multitude of ſoldiers, and

and not a few of the dull, careleſs town's-folk. At five in the morning, it being a field-day, the ſoldiers could not attend. But I had a large and ſerious congregation notwithſtanding. Surely good might be done here alſo, would our preachers always preach in the exchange, as they may without any moleſtation, inſtead of a little, ugly, dirty garret.

* About nine a ſharp ſtorm having put an end to their exerciſe, I went to the ſoldiers in the field. I ſtood ſo near the intrenchments of the fort, that they could hear within as well as without. The ſun indeed ſhone extremely hot on my head; but preſently a cloud interpoſed. And when I began to be chill (for the wind was high and ſharp) it removed till I wanted it again. How eaſily may we ſee the hand of God, in ſmall things as well as great? And why ſhould a little, pointleſs raillery make us aſhamed to acknowledge it?

In the evening I preached to the uſual congregation in the main ſtreet at Bandon, on *Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs*, and *all her paths peace*. The congregation was near twice as large at five in the morning, as it was laſt week, when I preached an hour later. Sunday 10. After preaching at ſeven, in an houſe crouded within and without, I left this comfortable place, and went back to Cork. I had a deſire to preach abroad in the evening; but the weather would not

not permit. When the ſociety met, a perſon hugely daubed with gold, thruſt violently in. By his appearance I ſhould have judged him to be ſome nobleman. But I was afterward informed, it was Dr. Taylor.

* On Monday and Tueſday I took an account of the ſociety, and was grieved, though not ſurprized, to find ſuch a declenſion. I left two hundred and ninety members: I find only two hundred and thirty-three. And what will the end be, unleſs thoſe that remain, learn to bear one another's burdens? Adding to thoſe in the other provinces, about ſix hundred who are in Munſter, the whole number is a little above two thouſand.

Our evening congregations this week were ſmaller than uſual: as the gentry were engaged in a more important affair. A company of players were in town. However many of them came on Friday: for a watch-night was newer to them than a comedy.

Monday 18. Being adviſed from Dublin, that Capt. Danſey (with whom I deſired to ſail) would ſail on the 19th or 20th, I took horſe early, and reached Clonmell between five and ſix in the evening. I took my uſual ſtand near the barrack-gate; and had abundantly more than my uſual congregation, as it was the aſſize week, ſo that the town was extremely full of gentry as well as common people.

* Tueſday 19. We had many light ſhowers, which cooled the air, and laid the duſt. We dined

dined at Kilkenny, noble in ruins: I ſee no ſuch remains of magnificence in the kingdom. The late Duke of Ormond's houſe, on the top of a rock, hanging over the river, the antient cathedral, and what is left of many grand buildings, yield a melancholy pleaſure. Thus

"A little power, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave!"

We lodged at Caſtle-dermot, and reached Dublin on Wedneſday 20, but Capt. Danſey was not to ſail this week. I then enquired for a Cheſter ſhip, and found one, which was expected to ſail on Friday morning. But on Friday morning the captain ſent us word, "He muſt wait for General Montague." So in the afternoon I rode over to the Skirries, where the packet lay. But before I came thither, the wind, which was fair before, ſhifted to the eaſt, and blew a ſtorm. I ſaw the hand of God, and after reſting a while, rode chearfully back to Dublin. It being the watch-night, I came juſt in time, to ſpend a comfortable hour with the congregation. O how good it is, to have no choice of our own, but to leave all things to the will of God!

Saturday 23. The captain of the Cheſter ſhip ſent word, "The General would not go, and he would

would fail the next morning." So we have one day more to ſpend in Ireland. Let us " Live this day, as if it were our laſt!"

* Sunday 24. At ſeven I took leave of my friends, and about noon embarked in the Nonpareil for Cheſter. We had forty or fifty paſſengers on board, half of whom were cabin paſſengers. I was afraid we ſhould have an uneaſy time, in the midſt of ſuch a croud of gentry. We ſailed out with a fair wind, but at four in the afternoon it failed and left us in a dead calm. I then made the gentlemen an offer of preaching, which they thankfully accepted. While I was preaching the wind ſprung up fair: but the next day we were becalmed again. In the afternoon they deſired me to give them another ſermon, and again the wind ſprung up while I was ſpeaking, and continued till about noon on Tueſday, we landed at Parkgate.

Being in haſte, I would not ſtay for my own horſe, which I found could not land till low water. So I bought one, and having hired another, ſet forward without delay. We reached Whitchurch that evening. Wedneſday 27. We breakfaſted at Newport, where finding our horſes begin to fail, we thought it beſt to take the Birmingham road, that if they ſhould fail us altogether, we might ſtay among our friends. But they would go no farther than Wolverhampton; ſo we hired freſh horſes there, and immediately ſet out for Worceſter. But one of them ſoon af-

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ter fell, and gave me such a shock, (though I did not quit my seat) that I was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which nothing we could apply would stop. So we were obliged to go a foot pace for two miles, and then stay at Broadwater.

Thursday 28. Soon after we set out, the other horse fell lame. An honest man at Worcester found this was owing to a bad shoe. A smith cured this by a new shoe: but at the same time, by paring the hoof too close, he effectually lamed the other foot, so that we had hard work to reach Gloucester. After resting here a while, we pushed on to Newport: where I took a chaise, and reached Bristol before eleven.

I spent the two following days with the preachers, who had been waiting for me all the week. And their love and unanimity was such as soon made me forget all my labour.

Monday, Sept. 1. I set out for Cornwall, preaching at Shepton, Middlesey and Tiverton in the way. Wednesday 3. I reached Lanceston, and found the small remains of a dead, scattered society. And no wonder, as they have had scarce any discipline, and only one sermon in a fortnight. On Friday 5, I found just such another society at Camelford. But their deadness here was owing to bitterness against each other. In the morning I heard the contending parties face to face: and they resolved and promised on all sides, to let past things be forgotten. O how few

have learned to forgive *one another, as God for Chriſt's ſake hath forgiven us?*

Saturday 6. We had an exceeding lively congregation in the evening at Trewalder. Indeed all the ſociety ſtands well, and *adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour.* Sunday 7. At eight I preached again, and was much comforted. I then rode to Port-Iſaac church, and had the ſatisfaction of hearing an excellent ſermon. After ſervice I preached at a ſmall diſtance from the church, to a numerous congregation: and to a far more numerous one in the town, at five in the afternoon.

In examining this ſociety, I found much reaſon to bleſs God on their behalf. They diligently obſerve all the rules of the ſociety, with or without a preacher. They conſtantly attend the church and ſacrament, and meet together at the times appointed. The conſequence is, that thirty out of thirty-five, their whole number, continue to walk in the light of God's countenance.

Monday 8. A gentleman followed me to my inn at St. Colomb's, and carried me to his houſe, where were three or four more as friendly as himſelf. One of them rode with me ſeven or eight miles, and gave me a pleaſing account, of two young clergymen, Mr. C——— and Mr. Phelps, who had the care of three adjoining pariſhes. Surely God has a favour for the people of theſe parts! He gives them ſo ſerious, zealous, lively

lively miniſters. By theſe and the Methodiſts together, the line is now laid, with no inconſiderable interruption, all along the north ſea, from the eaſtern point of Cornwall to the Land's-End. In a while, I truſt, there will be no more cauſe on theſe coaſts, to accuſe *Britannos hoſpitibus feros.*

The congregation at St. Agnes in the evening was, I ſuppoſe, double to that at Port-Iſaac. *We had near as many, Tueſday 9, at five in the morning, as the preaching-houſe could contain. Afterward I examined the ſociety, and was ſurprized and grieved to find, that out of ninety-eight perſons, all but three or four had forſaken the Lord's table. I told them my thoughts very plain: they ſeemed convinced, and promiſed no more to give place to the devil.

Wedneſday 10. I had much converſation with Mr. Phelps, a man of an humble, loving, tender ſpirit. Between him on the one hand and the Methodiſts on the other, moſt in the pariſh are now awakened. Let but our brethren have *zeal according to knowledge,* and few will eſcape them both.

When I came to St. Ives, I was determined to preach abroad: but the wind was ſo high, I could not ſtand where I had intended. But we found a little incloſure near it, one end of which was native rock, riſing ten or twelve feet perpendicular, from which the ground fell with an eaſy

deſcent. A jetting out of the rock, about four feet from the ground, gave me a very convenient pulpit. Here well nigh the whole town, high and low, rich and poor aſſembled together. Nor was there a word to be heard, or a ſmile ſeen, from one end of the congregation to the other. It was juſt the ſame the three following evenings. Indeed I was afraid on Saturday, that the roaring of the ſea, raiſed by the north wind, would have prevented their hearing. But God gave me ſo clear and ſtrong a voice, that I believe ſcarce one word was loſt.

Sunday 14. At eight I choſe a large ground, the ſloping ſide of a meadow, where the congregation ſtood, row above row, ſo that all might ſee as well as hear. It was a beautiful ſight. Every one ſeemed to take to himſelf what was ſpoken. I believe every backſlider in the town was there. And ſurely God was there, to *heal their backſlidings*.

I began at Zennor, as ſoon as the church ſervice ended: I ſuppoſe ſcarce ſix perſons went away. Seeing many there who did once run well, I addreſſed myſelf to them in particular. The ſpirit of mourning was ſoon poured out: and ſome of them wept bitterly. O that the Lord may yet return unto them, and *leave a bleſſing behind him!*

At five I went once more into the ground at St. Ives, and found ſuch a congregation, as I think was never ſeen in any place before (Gwe-

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nap excepted) in this county. Some of the chief of the town were now not in the ſkirts, but in the thickeſt of the people. The clear ſky, the ſetting ſun, the ſmooth ſtill water, all agreed with the ſtate of the audience. Is any thing too hard for God? May we not well ſay, in every ſenſe,

" Thou doſt the raging ſea controll
And ſmooth the proſpect of the deep:
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'ſt the rolling billows ſleep."

* Monday 15. I enquired concerning the uncommon ſtorm, which was here on March 9, the laſt year. It began near the Land's-End, between nine and ten at night, and went eaſtward, not above a mile broad, over St. Juſt, Morva, Zennor, St. Ives and Gwinnear, whence it turned northward, over the ſea. It uncovered all the houſes in its way, and was accompanied with impetuous rain. About a mile ſouth-eaſt from St. Ives, it tore up a rock, twelve or fourteen ton weight from the top of a riſing ground, and whirled it down upon another, which it ſplit through, and at the ſame time daſhed itſelf in pieces. It broke down the pinnacles of Gwinnear church, which forced their way through the roof. And it was remarkable, the rain

which attended it, was as ſalt as any ſea-water.

At one I preached in Maddern pariſh, and then rode to St. Juſt. I have not ſeen ſuch a congregation here, for twice ſeven years. Abundance of backſliders being preſent, I chiefly applied to them. Some of them ſmiled at firſt; but it was not long before their mirth was turned into mourning. And I believe few, if any, went away, without a witneſs from God, that he *willeth not the death of a ſinner.*

Tueſday 16. At five the room was near full: and the great power of God was in the midſt of them. It was now accompanied with one unuſual effect: the mouth of thoſe whom it moſt affected, was literally ſtopped. Several of them came to me and could not ſpeak one word: very few could utter three ſentences. I re-joined to the ſociety ten or eleven backſliders, and added ſome new members. Here (as at Port-Iſaac, St. Agnes, and St. Ives) we are called to thankfulneſs: and at moſt other places, to patience.

All the day it blew a ſtorm: and in the evening, though the rain ceaſed, the furious wind continued. I ordered all the windows of the preaching-houſe to be ſet open, ſo that moſt could hear without as well as within. I preached on, *He will not break the bruiſed reed, nor quench the ſmoaking flax.* And again God applied his word,

word, both to wound, and to heal them that were already wounded.

About this time I wrote the following letter:

To the Editor of the London Chronicle.

SIR, Sept. 17, 1760.

As you ſometimes inſert things of a religious nature in your paper, I ſhall count it a favour, if you will inſert this.

"SOME years ago I publiſhed *A Letter to Mr. Law*, and about the ſame time *An Addreſs to the Clergy*. Of the former Mr. Law gives the following account, in his *Collection of Letters*, lately publiſhed.

"To anſwer Mr. Weſley's letter ſeems to be quite needleſs, becauſe there is nothing ſubſtantial or properly argumentative in it. I was once a kind of oracle to Mr. W———. I judged him to be much under the power of his *own ſpirit*. To this was owing the falſe cenſure which he publiſhed againſt the myſtics, as enemies to good works, p. 128, 130. His letter is ſuch a juvenile compoſition of emptineſs and pertneſs, as is below the character of any man, who had been ſerious in religion for half a month. It was not ability, but neceſſity, that put his pen into his hand. He had preached much againſt my books; and forbid his people the uſe of them; and for a cover of all this, he promiſed, from time to time,

to write againſt them: therefore an anſwer was to be made at all adventures. He and the Pope conceive the ſame reaſons for condemning the myſtery revealed by Jacob Behme.' p. 190.

Of the latter, he gives this account. 'The pamphlet you ſent is worſe than no advice at all; but infinitely beyond Mr. Weſley's Babyloniſh *Addreſs to the Clergy*; almoſt all of which is empty babble, fitter for an old *grammarian*, that was grown *blear-eyed* in mending dictionaries, than for one who had taſted of the powers of the world to come.' p. 198.

* I leave others to judge, whether an anſwer to that letter be quite needleſs or no; and whether there be any thing *ſubſtantial* in it: but certainly there is ſomething *argumentative*. The very queries relating to Jacob's philoſophy, are arguments, though not in form; and perhaps moſt of them will be thought concluſive arguments, by impartial readers. Let theſe likewiſe judge if there are not arguments in it (whether concluſive or no) relating to that entirely new ſyſtem of divinity, which he has *revealed* to the world.

* It is true, that Mr. Law, whom I love and reverence *now*, was *once* 'a kind of oracle to me.' He thinks I am ſtill 'under the power of my *own ſpirit*,' as oppoſed to the Spirit of God. If I am, yet my cenſure of the myſtics is not at all owing to this, but to my reverence for the oracles

oracles of God, which, while I was fond of them, I regarded leſs and leſs; till at length, finding I could not follow both, I exchanged the myſtic writers for the ſcriptural.

* It is ſure, in expoſing the philoſophy of Behme, I uſe ridicule as well as argument; and yet I truſt I have, by the grace of God, been in ſome meaſure 'ſerious in religion,' not 'half a month' only, but ever ſince I was ſix years old, which is now about half a century. I do not know that the Pope has condemned him at all, or that he has any reaſon ſo to do. My reaſon is this, and no other: I think he contradicts ſcripture, reaſon, and himſelf; and that he has ſeduced many unwary ſouls from the bible-way of ſalvation. A ſtrong conviction of this, and a deſire to guard others againſt that dangerous ſeduction, laid me under *a neceſſity* of writing that letter. I was under no other neceſſity; though I doubt not but Mr. Law *heard* I was, and very ſeriouſly *believed* it. I very rarely mention his books in public: nor are they in the way of one in an hundred of thoſe whom he terms *my people*; meaning, I ſuppoſe, the people called *Methodiſts*. I had therefore no temptation, any more than power, to *forbid the uſe* of them to the *Methodiſts* in general. Whoſoever informed Mr. Law of this, wanted either ability or integrity.

* He is ſo deeply diſpleaſed with the *Addreſs to the Clergy*, becauſe it ſpeaks ſtrongly in favour

of learning. But ſtill, if *this* part of it is only 'fit for an old *grammarian*, grown *blear-eyed* in mending dictionaries,' it will not follow, that '*almoſt all* of it is mere empty babble; for a large part of it much more ſtrongly inſiſts on a ſingle eye and a clean heart. Heathen philoſophers may term this *empty babble*: but let not Chriſtians either account, or call it ſo!"

Wedneſday 17. The room at St. Juſt was quite full at five, and God gave us a parting bleſſing. At noon I preached on the cliff near Penzance, where no one now gives an uncivil word. Here I procured an account from eye-witneſs, of what happened the 27th of laſt month. * A round pillar, narroweſt at bottom, of a whitiſh colour, roſe out of the ſea near Mouſehole, and reached the clouds. One who was riding over the ſtrand from Marazion to Penzance, ſaw it ſtand for a ſhort ſpace, and then move ſwiftly toward her, till the ſkirt of it touched her, the horſe threw her and ran away. It had a ſtrong ſulphurous ſmell. It dragged with it abundance of ſand and pebbles from the ſhore, and then went over the land, carrying with it corn, furze, or whatever it found in its way. It was doubtleſs a kind of water-ſpout: but a water-ſpout on land I believe is ſeldom ſeen.

The ſtorm drove us into the houſe at Newlin alſo,

alſo. Thurſday 18. As we rode from thence, in leſs than half an hour we were wet to the ſkin. But when we came to Penhale, the rain ceaſed, and the people flocking from all parts, we had a comfortable opportunity together. About ſix I preached near Helſtone. The rain ſtopped till I had done, and ſoon after was as violent as before.

Friday 19. I rode to Illuggan: we had heavy rain before I began, but ſcarce any while I was preaching. I learned ſeveral other particulars here concerning the water-ſpout. * It was ſeen near Mouſehole an hour before ſun-ſet. About ſun-ſet it began travelling over the land, tearing up all the furze and ſhrubs it met. Near an hour after ſun-ſet it paſſed (at the rate of four or five miles an hour) acroſs Mr. Harris' fields, in Cambourn, ſweeping the ground as it went, about twenty yards diameter at bottom and broader and broader up to the clouds. It made a noiſe like thunder, took up eighteen ſtacks of corn, with a large hay-ſtack and the ſtones whereon it ſtood, ſcattered them all abroad, (but it was quite dry) and then paſſed over the cliff into the ſea.

Saturday 20. In the evening I took my old ſtand in the main ſtreet at Redruth. A multitude of people, rich and poor, calmly attended. So is the roughеſt become one of the quieteſt towns in England.

Sunday 21. I preached in the ſame place at

eight. Mr. C— of St. Cuthbert, preached at the church both morning and afternoon, and ſtrongly confirmed what I had ſpoken. At one, the day being mild and calm, we had the largeſt congregation of all. But it rained all the time I was preaching at Gwenap. We concluded the day with a love-feaſt, at which James Roberts, a tinner of St. Ives, related how God had dealt with his ſoul. He was one of the firſt in ſociety in St. Ives, but ſoon relapſed into his old ſin, drunkenneſs, and wallowed in it for two years, during which time he headed the mob who pulled down the preaching-houſe. Not long after, he was ſtanding with his partner, at Edward May's ſhop, when the preacher went by. His partner ſaid, "I will tell him, I am a Methodiſt." Nay, ſaid Edward, your ſpeech will bewray you." James felt the word as a ſword, thinking in himſelf, "So does my ſpeech now bewray me"! He turned and haſtened home, fancying he heard the devil ſtepping after him all the way. For forty hours he never cloſed his eyes, nor taſted either meat or drink. He was then at his wit's end, and went to the window, looking to drop into hell inſtantly, when he heard thoſe words, *I will be merciful to thy unrighteouſneſs, thy ſins and iniquities will I remember no more.* All his load was gone: and he has now for many years walked worthy of the goſpel.

Monday 22. I preached at Penryn in the evening. It rained before and after, but not while I was

I was preaching. While we were at prayer, a ſheet of light ſeemed to fill the yard, and *the voice of the Lord* was heard over our heads. This fixt the impreſſion they had received, upon the minds of many; as if it had ſaid in expreſs terms, *Prepare to meet thy God!*

On Wedneſday evening, having (over and above meeting the ſocieties) preached thirty times in eleven days, I found myſelf a little exhauſted: but a day's reſt ſet me up. So on Friday 26 I preached at noon again near Liſkard. In the afternoon we had rain and wind enough; and when we came to Saltaſh, no boat would venture out: ſo we were obliged to take up our lodgings there.

Saturday 27. Finding there was no hope of paſſing here, the wind being as high as ever, we determined to ride round by the new bridge. The rain ſtill fell on either ſide: but for near twenty miles we had not one drop, and not a conſiderable ſhower all day. Soon after four in the afternoon, we came ſafe to Plymouth-dock.

I had but a melancholy proſpect here, finding moſt of the people dead as ſtones. And when I took an account of the ſociety, only thirty-four out of ſeventy were left. At ſeven in the evening, and at five in the morning, I ſtrongly exhorted them to return to God. At eight I did the ſame, and at five in the afternoon; and God made his word as an hammer. At the meeting

of

of the ſociety likewiſe, ſtrong and effectual words were given me. Many were convinced afreſh; many backſliders cut to the heart. And I left once more between ſixty and ſeventy members.

Monday 29. Being invited by the miniſter of Mary-Week to preach in his church, I croſſed over the country, and came thither about four in the afternoon. The congregation was large, conſidering the weather, and quite attentive and unconcerned. Hence I rode on to Mill-houſe, and the next day to Columpton: where finding the congregation waiting, I began preaching without delay, and felt no wearineſs or want of ſtrength, 'till I had delivered my meſſage to them.

Wedneſday, October 1. After preaching at five, I examined the ſociety, and found them more alive to God, than I had done for many years. About one I preached at Halberton, and at Tiverton in the evening. The next morning I rode to Maiden-down, where the congregation was waiting for me. About noon I preached at Taunton. The rain leſſened the congregation at Bridgewater, a dead, uncomfortable place at beſt. About ſeven we ſet out thence for Baderipp, in as dark a night as I ever ſaw. But God *gave his angels charge over us, and we daſhed not our foot againſt a ſtone.*

I was ſurprized to ſee a congregation at five in the morning, to whom I ſpoke with much enlargement

enlargement of heart. About one I preached at Shepton-Mallet, and about ſeven in the evening at Briſtol.

Sunday 5. I perceived by the livelineſs of the people, that Mr. Gilbert's labour had not been in vain. But I found ſome exerciſe too. And this is always to be expected, among a large body of people: it being certain, that as *all men have not faith*, ſo all believers have not wiſdom.

Sunday 12. I viſited the claſſes at Kingſwood. Here only there is no increaſe. And yet where was there ſuch a proſpect, till that weak man, John Cenick, confounded the poor people with ſtrange doctrines? O what miſchief may be done, by one that means well! We ſee no end of it to this day.

In the afternoon I had appointed the children to meet at Briſtol, whoſe parents were of the ſociety. Thirty of them came to day, and above fifty more on the Sunday and Thurſday following. About half of theſe I divided into four claſſes, two of boys and two of girls, and appointed proper leaders to meet them ſeparate. I met them all together twice a week. And it was not long before God began to touch ſome of their hearts.

On Tueſday and Wedneſday I viſited ſome of the ſocieties in the country. On Thurſday I returned to Briſtol, and in the afternoon preached a charity ſermon in Newgate, for the uſe of the poor priſoners.

On

On the three following days I ſpoke ſeverally to the members of the ſociety. As many of them increaſe in worldly goods, the great danger I apprehend now, is their relapſing into the ſpirit of the world. And then their religion is but a dream.

Wedneſday 22. Being informed, that ſome neighbouring gentlemen had declared, "They would apprehend the next preacher who came to Pensford, I rode over to give them the meeting. But none appeared. The houſe was more than filled with deeply attentive hearers. It ſeems, the time is come at length, for the word of God to take root here alſo.

Friday 24. I viſited the French priſoners at Knowle, and found many of them almoſt naked again. In hopes of provoking others to jealouſy, I made another collection for them, and ordered the money to be laid out in linen and waiſtcoats, which were given to thoſe that were moſt in want.

Saturday 25. King George was gathered to his fathers. When will England have a better prince?

Many of us agreed to obſerve Friday the 31ſt as a day of faſting and prayer, for the bleſſing of God upon our nation, and in particular on his preſent Majeſty. We met at five, at nine, at one, and at half hour paſt eight. I expected to be a little tired, but was more lively after twelve at night, than I was at ſix in the morning.

Saturday,

Saturday, November 1. I had the pleaſure of ſpending a little time, with that venerable man, Mr. Walker of Truro. I fear his phyſicians do not underſtand his caſe. If he recovers, it muſt be through an almighty phyſician.

Monday 3. I left Briſtol, and took Bath, Bradford, and Frome, in my way to Saliſbury, where I ſpent a day with much ſatisfaction. Friday 7. I preached about nine at Andover, to a few dead ſtones; at one in Whitchurch, and in the evening at Baſingſtoke. The next day, Saturday 8. I was once more brought ſafe to London.

I ſpent about a fortnight, as uſual, in examining the ſociety, a heavy, but neceſſary, labour.

Monday 17. I ſent the following letter.

To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening-Poſt.

SIR, Nov. 17, 1760.

" In your laſt paper we had a letter from a very angry gentleman (though he ſays, he had ' put himſelf into *as good humour* as poſſible,') who *perſonates* a clergyman, but is, I preſume, in reality a retainer to the theatre. He is very warm againſt the people, vulgarly termed *Methodiſts*, ' ridiculous impoſtors,' ' religious buffoons,' as he ſtiles them : ' faint errants' (a pretty and quaint phraſe) full of ' inconſiderateneſs, madneſs, melancholy, enthuſiaſm :' teaching a ' knotty and unintelligible *ſyſtem*' of religion, yea, a ' contradictory or ſelf-contradicting ;' nay,

nay, 'a mere illuſion,' a 'deſtructive ſcheme and of pernicious conſequence:' ſince 'an *hypotheſis* is a very ſlippery foundation to hazard our *all* upon.'

Methinks the gentleman has a little miſtaken his character: he ſeems to have exchanged the ſock for the buſkin. But, be this as it may, general charges prove nothing: let us come to particulars. Here they are. 'The baſis of *Methodiſm* is the *grace of aſſurance*,' (excuſe a little impropriety of expreſſion) '*Regeneration* being only a preparative to it.' Truly this is ſomewhat 'knotty and unintelligible.' I will endeavour to help him out. The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodiſts* is, Whoſoever will be ſaved, before all things it is neceſſary that he hold the true faith; the faith which works by love, which, by means of the love of God and our neighbour, produces both inward and outward holineſs. This faith is an evidence of things not ſeen: and he that thus believes, is regenerate, or born of God. And he has the witneſs in himſelf: (call it aſſurance, or what you pleaſe.) The ſpirit itſelf witneſſes with his Spirit, that he is a child of God: 'from what ſcripture' every one of theſe propoſitions 'is collected,' any common concordance will ſhew. 'This is the true portraiture of *Methodiſm*,' ſo called. 'A religion ſuperior to this' (the love of God and man) none can 'enjoy,' either in time or in eternity.

But

But the *Methodiſts* do not hold ' Good works meritorious.' No : neither does ours, or any other proteſtant church. But meantime they hold, it is their bounden duty, as they have time, to do good unto all men ; and they know the day is coming wherein God will reward every man according to his works.

But they ' act with ſullenneſs and fourneſs, and account innocent gaiety and chearfulneſs a crime almoſt as heinous as ſacrilege.' Who does ? Name the men. I know them not, and therefore doubt the fact : though it is very poſſible you account that kind of gaiety innocent, which I account both fooliſh and ſinful.

I know none who denies, that true religion, that is love, the love of God and our neighbour, ' elevates our ſpirits, and renders our minds chearful and ſerene.' It muſt, if it be accompanied, as we believe it always is, with peace and joy in the Holy Ghoſt : and if it produces a conſcience void of offence toward God and toward man.

But they ' preach up religion only to accompliſh a *lucrative* deſign, to *fleece* their hearers, to accumulate *wealth*, to *rob* and *plunder*, which they eſteem meritorious.' We deny the fact. Who is able to prove it ? Let the affirmer produce his witneſſes, or retract.

This is the ſum of your correſpondent's charge, not one article of which can be proved. But whether it can or no, ' we have made them ſays he

he a theatrical ſcoff, and the common jeſt and ſcorn of every choriſter in the ſtreet.' It may be ſo; but whether you have done well herein, may ſtill admit of a queſtion. However, you cannot but wiſh 'we had ſome formal court of judicature erected, (happy Portugal and Spain!) to take cognizance of ſuch matters. Nay, *cur optas quod habes?* Why do you wiſh for what you have already? The court is erected; the holy, devout play-houſe is become the *houſe of mercy!* And does take cognizance hereof, 'of all pretenders to ſanctity, and happily furniſhes us with a diſcerning ſpirit to diſtinguiſh betwixt right and wrong.' But I do not ſtand to their ſentence; I appeal to ſcripture and reaſon, and by theſe alone conſent to be judged. I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

JOHN WESLEY."

Saturday 22. I was obliged to trouble him with another letter, as follows.

SIR,

"JUST as I had finiſhed the letter publiſhed in your laſt Friday's paper, four tracts came to my hands: one wrote, or procured to be wrote, by Mrs. Downes: one by a clergyman in the county of Durham; the third, by a gentleman of Cambridge; and the fourth, by a member (I ſuppoſe, dignitary) of the church of Rome. How gladly would I leave all theſe to themſelves, and let them ſay juſt what they pleaſe! As

As my day is far ſpent, and my taſte for controverſy is uttely loſt and gone. But this would not be doing juſtice to the world, who might take ſilence for a proof of guilt. I ſhall therefore ſay a word concerning each. I may perhaps, ſome time ſay more to one or two of them.

The letter which goes under Mrs. Downes's name, ſcarce deſerves any notice at all, as there is nothing extraordinary in it, but an extraordinary degree of virulence and ſcurrility. Two things only I remark concerning it (which I ſuppoſe the writer of it knew as well as me) 1. That my letter to Mr. Downes was both wrote and printed *before Mr. Downes died*: 2. That when I ſaid, *Tibi parvula res eſt* (your ability is ſmall) I had no view to his fortune, which I knew nothing of; but, as I there expreſsly ſay, to his wit, ſenſe, and talents, as a writer.

The tract wrote by the gentleman in the north is far more bulky than this. But it is more conſiderable for its bulk, than for its matter, being little more than a dull repetition of what was publiſhed ſome years ago, in *The enthuſiaſm of the methodiſts and papiſts compared.* I do not find the author adds any thing new; unleſs we may beſtow that epithet on a ſermon annext to his addreſs, which, I preſume, will do neither good nor harm. So I leave the Durham gentleman, with Mrs. Downes, to himſelf and his admirers.

The author of the letter to Mr. Berridge is a more

more conſiderable writer. In many things I wholly agree with him, tho' not in admiring Dr. Taylor. But there is a bitterneſs even in him, which I ſhould not have expected in a gentleman and a ſcholar. So in the very firſt page I read, 'The church, which moſt of your *graceleſs fraternity* have deſerted.' Were the fact true (which it is not) yet is the expreſſion to be commended? Surely Dr. G. himſelf thinks it is not. I am ſorry too for the unfairneſs of his quotations. For inſtance; he cites me (p. 53.) as ſpeaking of "Faith ſhed abroad in mens hearts like lightning." *Faith ſhed abroad* in mens hearts! I never uſed ſuch an expreſſion in my life: I do not talk after this rate. Again, he quotes, as from me, p. 57. (ſo I preſume, Mr. W. means 'A behaviour does not pretend to add the leaſt to what Chriſt has done.' But be theſe words whoſe they may, they are none of mine. I never ſpoke, wrote, no, nor read them before. Once more: is it well judged, for any writer to ſhew ſuch an utter contempt of his opponents, as you affect to do, with regard to the whole body of people, vulgarly termed *Methodiſts?* 'You may keep up (ſay you) a little buſh-fighting in controverſy. You may ſkirmiſh a while with your feeble body of irregulars. But you muſt never truſt to your ſkill in reaſoning.' p. 77. Upon this I would aſk, 1. If theſe are ſuch poor, ſilly creatures, why does ſo wiſe a man ſet his wit to them? *Shall the king of Iſrael go out*

out againſt a flea? 2. If it ſhould happen, that any one of theſe filly buſh-fighters ſteps out into the plain, engages hand to hand, and foils this champion by mere dint of reaſon, will not his defeat be ſo much the more ſhameful as it was more unexpected? But I ſay the leſs at preſent, not only becauſe Mr. Berridge is able to anſwer for himſelf, but becauſe the title page bids me expect a letter, more immediately addreſt to myſelf.

The laſt tract, intitled "*A Caveat againſt the methodiſts*," is, in reality, a Caveat againſt the church of England: or rather againſt all the churches in Europe who diſſent from the church of Rome. Nor do I apprehend the writer to be any more diſguſted at the Methodiſts, than at proteſtants of every denomination; as he cannot but judge it equally unſafe, to join to any ſociety but that of Rome. Accordingly all his arguments are levelled at the reformed churches in general: and conclude juſt as well, if you put the word proteſtant, throughout in the place of the word Methodiſt. Although, therefore, the author borrows my name, to wound thoſe who ſuſpect nothing leſs, yet I am no more concerned to refute him, than any other proteſtant in England: and ſtill the leſs, as thoſe agruments are refuted over and over, in books which are ſtill common among us.

But is it poſſible any proteſtants, nay proteſtant clergyman, ſhould buy theſe tracts to give away?

away? Is then the introducing Popery the only way to overthrow *Methodism?* If they know this, and chuſe Popery as the ſmaller evil of the two, they are conſiſtent with themſelves. But if they do not intend this, I wiſh them more ſeriouſly to conſider what they do.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

JOHN WESLEY."

* Monday 24. I viſited as many as I could of the ſick. How much better is it, when it can be done, to *carry* relief to the poor, than to *ſend* it? And that both for our own ſake and theirs. For *theirs*, as it is ſo much more comfortable to them, and as we may then aſſiſt them in ſpirituals as well as temporals. And for *our own*, as it is far more apt to ſoften our heart, and to make us *naturally care for* each other.

Monday, December 1. I went in the machine to Canterbury. In going and returning I read over *The Chriſtian Philoſopher*. It is a very extraordinary book: containing among many (as ſome would be apt to term them) wild thoughts, ſeveral fine and ſtriking obſervations, not to be found in any other treatiſe.

Wedneſday 3. I rode to Dover: who would have expected to find here ſome of the beſt ſingers in England? I found likewiſe what was better ſtill, a ſerious, earneſt people. There was a remarkable bleſſing among them, both in the evening

evening and the morning: ſo that I did not regret the having been wet to the ſkin, in my way to them.

Friday 12. Having as far as Hyde-Park-Corner to go, I took a coach for part of the way, ordering the man to ſtop any where, at the end of Piccadilly, next the Hay-market. He ſtopped exactly at the door of one of our friends, whoſe mother, above ninety years old, had long deſired to ſee me, though I knew it not. She was exceedingly comforted, and could not tell how to praiſe God enough, for giving her the deſire of her ſoul.

We obſerved Friday the 19th as a day of faſting and prayer, for our king and country and the ſucceſs of the goſpel. And part of the anſwer immediately followed, in the remarkable increaſe of believers, and in the ſtrengthening of thoſe who had before attained that precious faith, *unto all patience and long-ſuffering with joyfulneſs.*

Saturday 20. In the evening I haſtened back from Snow's-fields, to meet the penitents, (a congregation which I wiſh always to meet myſelf) and walked thither again at five in the morning. Bleſſed be God, I have no reaſon or pretence, to *ſpare myſelf* yet. I preached a charity ſermon in Weſt-ſtreet chappel, both morning and afternoon. But many were obliged to go away, finding it impoſſible to get in. Is it novelty ſtill

which draws theſe from all parts? No, but the mighty power of God.

To-day I ſent the following letter.

To the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Poſt.
To Mr. T. H. alias E. L. &c. &c.

"WHAT, my good friend again? Only a little diſguiſed with a new name, and a few ſcraps of Latin? I hoped, indeed, you had been pretty well ſatisfied before; but ſince you deſire to hear a little farther from me, I will add a few words, and endeavour to ſet our little controverſy in a ſtill clearer light.

Laſt month you publicly attacked the people call'd *Methodiſts*, without either fear or wit. You charged them with 'madneſs, enthuſiaſm, ſelf-contradiction, impoſture,' and what not? I conſidered each charge, and, I conceive, refuted it, to the ſatisfaction of all indifferent perſons. You renewed the attack, not by *proving* any thing, but *affirming* the ſame thing over and over. I replied, and without taking notice of the dull, low ſcurrility, either of the firſt or ſecond letter, confined myſelf to the merits of the cauſe, and cleared away the dirt you had thrown.

You now heap together ten paragraphs more, moſt of which require very little anſwer. In the firſt, you ſay, 'your *fooliſhneſs* is become the wonder and admiration of the public.' In the ſecond,

ſecond, 'the *public* bluſhes for you, till you give a better ſolution to the articles demanded of you.' In the third, you cite my words, I ſtill maintain 'the bible with the liturgy, and homilies of our church, and do not eſpouſe any other principles, but what are conſonant to the book of common-prayer.' You keenly anſwer, 'Granted, Mr. *Methodiſt*—But whether or no you *would not* eſpouſe other principles, if you durſt, is evident from ſome *innovations* you have already introduced, which I ſhall attempt to *prove* in the ſubſequent part of my anſwer.' Indeed you won't. You neither *prove*, nor *attempt* to prove, that I '*would* eſpouſe other principles, if I durſt.' However, you give me a deadly thruſt, 'you falſify the firſt article of the *Athanaſian* creed.' But how ſo? Why, I ſaid, 'The fundamental doctrine of the people called *Methodiſts* is, whoſoever will be ſaved, before all things it is neceſſary that he hold the true faith.' Sir, ſhall I tell you a ſecret? It was for the readers of *your* claſs that I changed the hard word Catholic, into an eaſier.

In the fourth paragraph you ſay, 'Did you never uſe that phraſe, *The Grace of Aſſurance?*' Never, that I remember, either in preaching or writing. Both your ears and eyes have been very *unhappy*, if they informed you I did: and how many ſoever look either ſorrowful or joyful, that will not prove the contrary. 'But produce your texts.' What, for a phraſe I never uſe? I

pray you, have me excuſed. But (as I ſaid before) from what ſcripture every one of my propoſitions is collected, any common concordance will ſhew.' To ſave you trouble, I will for once point out thoſe ſcriptures. 'Whoſoever will be ſaved muſt believe,' Mark xvi. 16. Acts xvi. 31. This 'Faith works by love.' Gal. v. 6. It is 'An evidence of things not ſeen.' Heb. xi. 1. 'He that believes, is born of God. 1 John v. 1. 'He has the witneſs in himſelf.' ver. 10. 'The Spirit itſelf witneſſes with his ſpirit, that he is a child of God.' Romans viii. 15.

In the fifth you ſay, 'you embrace any ſhift to twiſt words to your own meaning.' This is ſaying juſt nothing. Any one may *ſay* this of any one. To *prove* it, is another point. In the ſixth you ſay, 'no proteſtant divine ever taught your doctrine of aſſurance.' I hope you know no better; but 'tis ſtrange you ſhould not. Did you never ſee Biſhop Hall's works? Was not he a proteſtant divine? Was not Mr. Perkins? Bolton? Dr. Sibbs? Dr Preſton? Archbiſhop Leighton? Enquire a little farther; and don't run thus hand over head, aſſerting you know not what. By *aſſurance* (if we *muſt* uſe the expreſſion) I mean 'a confidence which a man hath in God, that by the merits of Chriſt his ſins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.' Stop! Do not run your head into

into a nooſe again. Theſe are the words of the homily.

In the ſeventh, you grant, 'that works are not *meritorious*, unleſs accompanied with faith.' No, nor then neither. But pray don't talk of this any more, till you know the difference between *meritorious* and *rewardable*; otherwiſe your ignorance will cauſe you to blunder on, without ſhame, and without end.

In your eighth, you throw out a hard word, which ſomebody has helped you to, *Thaumaturg* —What is it, about *lay-preachers*. When you have anſwered the arguments in the *Farther Appeal to Men of Reaſon and Religion*, I will ſay ſomething more upon that head.

In the ninth you ſay ſomething no way material, about the houſes at Briſtol, Kingſwood, and Newcaſtle: and, in the laſt, you give me a fair challenge to a 'perſonal diſpute.' Not ſo: you have fallen upon me in public; and to the public I appeal. Let all men, not any ſingle umpire, judge, whether I have not refuted your charge, and cleared the people called *Methodiſts* from the foul aſperſions which, without why or wherefore, you had thrown upon them. Let all my countrymen judge, which of us have ſpoken the words of truth and ſoberneſs? Which has *reaſon* on his ſide? And which has treated the other with a *temper* ſuitable to the goſpel?

If the general voice of mankind gives it againſt

you, I hope you will be henceforth leſs flippant with your pen. I aſſure you, as little as you think of it, the *Methodiſts* are not ſuch fools as you ſuppoſe. But their deſire is to live peaceably with all men: and none deſires this more than

JOHN WESLEY."

About the cloſe of this year, I received a remarkable account from Ireland; "When Miſs E—— was about fifteen, ſhe frequently heard the preaching of the *Methodiſts*, ſo called; and though it made no deep impreſſion, yet ſhe retained a love for them ever after. About nineteen ſhe was ſeized with a lingering illneſs. She then began to wreſtle with God in prayer, that his love might be ſhed abroad in her heart. Then, ſaid ſhe, how freely could I give up all that is dear to me in this world? And from this very time, ſhe did not expect, nor indeed deſire to recover; but only to be cleanſed from ſin, and to go to Chriſt.

"Some who viſited her, ſaid, "O Miſs, you need not fear: your innocence will bring you to heaven." She earneſtly replied, "Unleſs the merits of Chriſt plead for me, and his nature be imparted to me, I can never enter there." And ſhe was inceſſantly breaking out into theſe and the like expreſſions, "O that I knew my ſins were forgiven! O that I was born again! My one

one wish is, To know God, and be with him eternally."

She frequently sung or repeated that verse:

O that he would himself impart,
And fix his Eden in my heart,
The sense of sin forgiven!
How would I then throw off my load
And walk delightfully with God,
And follow Christ to heaven!

"She had now an earnest desire to see some of the *Methodists*, and spoke to several, to ask some of those in Tullamore to visit her. At length her importunity prevailed, and James Kelly was sent for. On his coming in, she said, I am exceeding glad to see you. I have had a longing desire of it this month past. I believe the power of God is with you. If I had health and strength, there should not be a sermon preached or a prayer put up in your preaching-house, but I would be there.

"I told her, I hope the Spirit of the Lord will be your present and eternal comforter. She answered, "I can find no comfort in any thing but in God alone." While she spoke, her soul was melted down. The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she began to rejoice in God exceedingly. Her mother seeing this, was fully convinced, that

there was more in religion than ſhe had herſelf experienced; and began to pray, with many tears, that God would ſhew her his ſalvation. This ſo affected me, that I could not refrain from tears myſelf: ſo we all wept and prayed, and ſang praiſe together.

" On my going to her a ſecond time, I found her truly alive to God. " O, ſhe ſaid, how I have longed to ſee you, that we may be happy in God together. Come let us ſing an hymn." I gave out

" Of him that did ſalvation bring
I could for ever think and ſing:"

She ſung all the time with exceeding joy. Afterwards ſhe ſaid, " This is a weary world; but I have almoſt done with it. O how I long to be gone! Some people tell me I may recover, but I do not thank them: I do not count them my friends." On my ſaying occaſionally, " There is no ſatisfaction for ſin, but that which Chriſt has made by his precious blood:" ſhe anſwered, " That is all the ſatisfaction I want: and I believe, he both lived and died for *me*."

* " After this, ſhe gave a ſtrict charge, that none ſhould be admitted to ſee her but ſuch as could ſpeak for God: ſaying, " I do not love to have a word ſpoken, which is not to edification.

tion. O how unſuitable to me, are all things which do not tend to the glory of my God!" On her ſpitting a large quantity of blood, one ſaid, You are in great pain. She anſwered, "I think little of it. My bleſſed Redeemer ſuffered greater pain for *me*."

"When I ſtood up to go away, ſhe ſaid, "I now take my leave of you. Perhaps we may not meet again in this world: but I truſt, we ſhall meet in heaven. I am going to God. O may it be ſoon! I now feel an heaven in my ſoul."

"The laſt time I came was on Sunday, Dec. 14. Hearing ſhe was extremely ill, and wanted reſt, we did not go up, but after a while, began ſinging below. She immediately heard, ſat up in bed, and inſiſted on our being brought into the room, and ſinging there. Many times ſhe repeated theſe words, "Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly!" And this ſhe continued to do, till on Wedneſday the 17, ſhe reſigned her ſoul into the hands of her dear Redeemer."

January 2, 1761. I wrote the following letter.

"*To the Editor of the London Chronicle.*

"SIR,

"OF all the feats of woe on this ſide hell, few, I ſuppoſe, exceed or even equal Newgate.

If any region of horror could exceed it a few years ago, Newgate in Briſtol did: ſo great was the filth, the ſtench, the miſery, and wickedneſs which ſhocked all who had a ſpark of humanity left. How was I ſurprized then, when I was there a few weeks ago? 1. Every part of it, above ſtairs and below, even *the pit*, wherein the felons are confined at night, is as clean and ſweet as a gentleman's houſe: it being now a rule, that every priſoner waſh and clean his apartment throughly twice a week. 2. Here is no fighting or brawling. If any thinks himſelf ill uſed, the cauſe is immediately referred to the keeper, who hears the contending parties face to face, and decides the affair at once. 3. The uſual grounds of quarrelling are removed. For it is very rarely that any one cheats or wrongs another, as being ſure, if any thing of this kind is diſcovered, to be committed to a cloſer confinement. 4. Here is no drunkenneſs ſuffered, however advantageous it might be to the keeper, as well as the tapſter: 5. Nor any whoredom: the women priſoners being narrowly obſerved, and kept ſeparate from the men: nor is any woman of the town *now* admitted, no, not at any price. 6. All poſſible care is taken to prevent idleneſs: thoſe who are willing to work at their callings, are provided with tools and materials, partly by the keeper, who gives them credit at a very moderate

moderate profit, partly by the alms occaſionally given, which are divided with the utmoſt prudence and impartiality. Accordingly at this time, among others, a ſhoe-maker, a taylor, a braſier, and a coach-maker are working at their ſeveral trades. 7. Only on the Lord's day they neither work nor play, but dreſs themſelves as clean as they can, to attend the public ſervice in the chappel, at which every perſon under the roof is preſent. None is excuſed unleſs ſick: in which caſe he is provided gratis, both with advice and medicines. 8. And in order to aſſiſt them in things of the greateſt concern (beſides a ſermon every Sunday and Thurſday) they have a large bible chained on one ſide of the chappel, which any of the priſoners may read. By the bleſſing of God on theſe regulations, the priſon now has a new face. Nothing offends either the eye or ear, and the whole has the appearance of a quiet, ſerious family. And does not *the keeper of Newgate* deſerve to be remembered, full as well as *the man of Roſs?* May the Lord remember him in that day! Mean time, will no one follow his example?

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

JOHN WESLEY."

Monday, January 5. This week I wrote

 to

to the author of the Weſtminſter Journal as follows.

"SIR,

"I HOPE you are a perſon of impartiality. If ſo, you will not inſert what is urged on one ſide of a queſtion, but likewiſe what is offered on the other.

Your correſpondent is, doubtleſs, a man of ſenſe; and he ſeems to write in a good humour. But he is extremely little acquainted with the perſons, of whom he undertakes to give an account.

There is 'gone abroad, ſays he, an ungoverned ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, propagated by knaves, and embraced by fools.' Suffer me now to addreſs the gentleman himſelf. Sir, you may *call* me both a knave and a fool. But *prove* me either one or the other, if you can. 'Why, you are an enthuſiaſt.' What do you mean by the term? A believer in Jeſus Chriſt? An aſſerter of his equality with the Father, and of the entire Chriſtian revelation? Do you mean one who maintains the antiquated doctrines of the new birth, and juſtification by faith? Then I am an enthuſiaſt. But if you mean any thing elſe, either prove or retract the charge.

The enthuſiaſm which has lately gone abroad, is faith which worketh by love. Does this 'endanger government itſelf?' Juſt the reverſe.

Fearing

Fearing God, it honours the king. It teaches all men to be ſubject to the higher powers, not for wrath but for conſcience ſake.

But 'no power in England ought to be independent of the ſupreme power.' Moſt true. Yet 'the Romaniſts own the authority of a pope, independent of civil government.' They do, and thereby ſhew their ignorance of the Engliſh conſtitution. 'In Great-Britain we have many popes, for ſo I muſt call all who have the *ſouls and bodies* of their followers *devoted to them*.' Call them ſo and welcome. But this does not touch me; nor Mr. Whitefield, Jones, or Romaine: nor any whom I am acquainted with: none of us have our followers thus *devoted to us*. Thoſe who follow the advice we conſtantly give are devoted to God, not man. But 'the *Methodiſt* proclaims he can bring into the field 25,000 men.' What *Methodiſt?* Where and when? Prove this fact, and I will allow you, I am a Turk.

"But it is ſaid, they are all good ſubjects. Perhaps they are, becauſe under a proteſtant government they have all the indulgence they can wiſh for.' And do you ſeriouſly wiſh for a popiſh government, to abridge them of that indulgence? 'But has not a bad uſe been made of this? Has not the *decency* of religion been perverted?' Not in the leaſt: the decency of religion is never ſo well advanced, as by advancing inward and outward religion together.

2. 'Have

2. 'Have not the minds of the vulgar been darkened to a total neglect of their civil and ſocial duties?' Juſt the contrary: thouſands in London, as well as elſewhere, have been enlightened to underſtand, and prevailed on to practiſe thoſe duties, as they never did before. 3. 'Has not the peace of many families been ruined?' The loſt peace of many families has been reſtored. In others, a furious oppoſition to true religion, has occaſioned diviſion, as our Lord foretold it would. 4. 'Have not the circumſtances of many induſtrious tradeſmen been hurt?' I believe not. I know no inſtance. But I know an hundred tradeſmen in London, who began to be induſtrious, ſince they began to fear God: and their circumſtances, low enough till then, are now eaſy and affluent.

I am almoſt aſhamed to ſpend time upon theſe thread-bare objections, which have been anſwered over and over. But if they are advanced again, they muſt be anſwered again, leſt ſilence ſhould paſs for guilt.

'But how can the government diſtinguiſh between tenderneſs of conſcience, and ſchemes of intereſt?' Nothing more eaſy. 'They may withdraw the licences of ſuch.'—Sir, you have forgot the queſtion. Before they withdraw them, they are to diſtinguiſh, whether they are ſuch or no? And how are they to do this? 'O,

'tis

'tis very eaſy.' So you leave them as wiſe as they were before.

* But 'the *Methodiſt*, who pretends to be of the church of England in forms of worſhip, and differs from her in point of doctrine, is not, let his pretences be what they will, a member of that church.' Alas, ſir, your friends will not thank you for this. You have broke their heads ſadly. Is no man of the church, let him pretend what he will, who differs from her in point of doctrine? *Au! abſecro*; *Cave dixeris!* I know not but you may ſtumble upon *ſcandalum Magnatum*. But ſtay: you will bring them off quickly. 'A truly good man may ſcruple ſigning and ſwearing to articles, that his mind and reaſon cannot approve of.' But is he a truly good man who *does not ſcruple* ſigning and ſwearing to articles which he cannot approve of? However, this doth not affect us: for we do not differ from our church in point of doctrine. But all do, who deny juſtification by faith. Therefore, according to you, they are no members of the church of England,

'Methodiſt preachers, you allow, practiſe, ſign, and ſwear whatever is required by law:' a very large conceſſion: 'But the reſerves they have are incommunicable and unintelligible.' Favour us, ſir, with a little proof of this: till then I muſt plead not guilty. In whatever I ſign or ſwear to, I have no reſerve at all. And I have again and again communicated my thoughts

thoughts on moſt heads; to all mankind: I believe intelligibly: particularly in the *Appeals to men of reaſon and religion.*

But 'if Methodiſm, as its profeſſors pretend, be a new diſcovery in religion'—This is a grievous miſtake; we pretend no ſuch thing. We aver, it is the one, old religion; as old as the reformation, as old as chriſtianity, as old as Moſes, as old as Adam.

'They ought to diſcover the whole ingredients of which their noſtrum is compoſed, and have it enrolled in the public regiſter, to be peruſed by all the world.' It is done. The whole ingredients of Methodiſm, ſo called, have been diſcovered in print over and over. And they are enrolled in a public regiſter, the bible; from which we extracted them at firſt. 'Elſe they ought not to be tolerated.' We allow it and deſire toleration on no other terms, 'Nor ſhould they be ſuffered to add or alter one grain different from what is ſo regiſtered.' Moſt certainly. We ought neither to add or diminiſh, nor alter whatever is written in that book.

I wiſh, ſir, before you write concerning the Methodiſts again, you would candidly read ſome of their writings: common report is not a ſure rule of judging, I ſhould be unwilling to judge of you thereby.

To ſum up the matter. The whole ingredients of our religion are, love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, fidelity, meekneſs, temperance.

perance. Againſt theſe, I think, there is no law; and therefore I ſtill apprehend they may be tolerated, at leaſt in a Chriſtian country.

I am, ſir,
Your ſincere well-wiſher,
JOHN WESLEY.

Friday 9. I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening: and the next evening at Bedford; Sunday 11. I read prayers and preached at Everton, both morning and afternoon. Monday 12, I rode to Colcheſter, and after ſpending two or three comfortable days, on Friday 16, went on to Bury. I would gladly have ſtayed a day or two here, had it been only on account of the ſeverity of the weather: but I had work to do elſewhere. So I took horſe, ſoon after preaching in the morning, Saturday 17, tho' as bitter an one as moſt I have known. I never before felt ſo piercing a wind, as that which met us in riding out of the gate at day break. To think of looking up was a vain thing: I knew not whether I ſhould not loſe one of my eyes. The wind affected it as if I had received a ſevere blow: ſo that I had no uſe of it for a time. To mend the matter, having a very imperfect direction, we ſoon got out of our way. However we hobbled on, through miſerable roads, till about three in the afternoon we got to Norwich.

Sunday 18. I met the ſociety in the morning, and many of them went with me to the cathedral.

dral. At two we had the largeſt congregation I ever ſaw at that hour. At five the houſe was well filled: and juſt as long as I was ſpeaking, all were ſilent. But when I ceaſed, the floods lifted up their voice; one would have thought Bedlam was broke looſe. And thus it always is: the cuſtom began in the reign of king Log, and continued ever ſince. The next evening, the ſame hubbub began again, not among the mob, but the ordinary hearers. I deſired them to ſtop, and reaſoned the caſe with them. The effect was far greater than one could expect. The whole congregation went as quietly and ſilently away, as they uſe to do at the Foundery in London.

* Tueſday 20. I enquired concerning Yarmouth, a large and populous town, and as eminent both for wickedneſs and ignorance, as even any ſea port in England. Some had endeavoured to call them to repentance; but it was at the hazard of their lives. What could be done more? Why, laſt ſummer God ſent thither the regiment, in which Howell Harris was an officer. He preached every night, none daring to oppoſe him; and hereby a good ſeed was ſown. Many were ſtirred up to ſeek God. And ſome of them now earneſtly invited me to come over. I went this afternoon and preached in the evening. The houſe was preſently more than filled. And inſtead of the tumult which was expected, all were as quiet as at London. Indeed the word

of

of God was quick and powerful among them, as it was again at ſix in the morning. At eleven I preached my farewell ſermon. I ſaw none that was not deeply affected. O fair bloſſoms! But how many of theſe will *bring forth fruit unto perfection?*

In the afternoon I rode back to Norwich, and took an account of the ſociety there. I found the perſons who profeſſed to meet in claſs, were about three hundred and thirty. But many of them were as bullocks unaccuſtomed to the yoke: where or what will they be a year hence?

Thurſ. 22. We had our firſt watch-night at the tabernacle: at which I could not but obſerve, though I preached the law from the beginning of my ſermon to the end, yet many were exceedingly comforted: ſo plain it is, that God can ſend either terror or comfort to the heart, by whatever means it pleaſeth him.

Sunday the 25th was a day of ſolemn rejoicing. Both at eight, at eleven, at two and at five, God was eminently preſent in the congregation, filling their hearts with love and their mouths with praiſe.

In ſome of the following days I viſited the country ſocieties. Friday 30. After preaching at *the* Foundery in the evening, I met the bands as uſual. While a poor woman was ſpeaking a few artleſs words out of the fulneſs of her heart, a fire kindled and ran as flame among the ſtubble, through the hearts of almoſt all that heard: ſo

ſo when God is pleaſed to work, it matters not how weak, or how mean the inſtrument!

Saturday 21. I ſpent an hour with one who was as hot as any of *the lambs* at the tabernacle. But ſhe is now a calm, reaſonable woman. Indeed God has now breathed a ſpirit of love and peace, into all that remain united together. Thoſe who are otherwiſe minded, have left us.

Sunday, February 1. Many were comforted and ſtrengthened both at the Lord's ſupper, and at the evening ſervice. I think all jealouſies and miſunderſtandings are now vaniſhed, and the whole ſociety is well knit together. How long will they continue ſo, conſidering the unparalled fickleneſs of the people in theſe parts? That God knows. However he does work *now*, and we rejoice therein.

Monday 2. I left them with a chearful heart, and rode on to Lakenheath. The congregation was large, but to this day there was no ſociety. So after preaching, I explained the nature of a ſociety, and examined thoſe who were willing to join together. Near half of them had known the love of God, and ſeemed alive to him.

* Tueſday 3. About noon I preached at Harſton, five miles beyond Cambridge. Here Mr. Berridge's labour has not been in vain. Several have found peace with God. And a more artleſs, loving people I have ſeldom ſeen. They were gathered from all parts. It pleaſed God to give a manifeſtation of his love to one woman in the midſt

midſt of the ſermon. She praiſed God aloud, and inflamed many hearts with love and thankfulneſs.

In the evening I preached at Melbourn, another ſmall town, about four miles from Harſton. Many from Harſton walked thither, and from the neighbouring villages. And ſurely God was in the midſt of them, juſt as in our Briſtol congregations at the beginning.

Hence we rode on Aſh wedneſday, February 4, to Mr. Hicks, who ſhewed me the way to his church, at Wreſtlingworth, where I exhorted a large and ſerious congregation, from the ſcripture appointed for the epiſtles, to *rend their hearts, and not their garments, and turn unto the Lord their God.*

In the evening Mr. Berridge read prayers, and I preached at Everton. Few of them are now affected as at firſt, the greater part having found peace with God. But there is a gradual increaſing of the work in the ſouls of many believers.

Thurſday 5. I called at Barford half way to Bedford, and was agreeably ſuprized, to meet J. C. from London, who came to Bedford the day before and walked over with Mr. Parker. We had a far larger congregation than I expected: and all were deeply ſerious. I preached at Bedford in the evening; on Friday, at Sundon, and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 9, and the following days I viſited the

the claſſes. Friday 13, being the general faſt-day, the chapel in Weſt-ſtreet, as well as the reſt, was throughly filled with ſerious hearers. Surely God is well-pleaſed with even theſe outward humiliations, as an acknowledgment that he is the diſpoſer of all events. And they give ſome check, if it be but for a time, to the floods, of ungodlineſs. Beſides, we cannot doubt but there are ſome good men, in moſt of the congregations then aſſembled. And we know, *the effectual fervent prayer even of one righteous man availeth much.*

This week I publiſhed in the London Chronicle an anſwer to a tract, intitled, *A Caveat againſt the Methodiſts.* It is here ſubjoined.

To the editor of the London Chronicle.

SIR, Feb. 19, 1761.

" IS it not ſurprizing, that every perſon of underſtanding does not diſcern, at the very firſt view, that the tract, intitled *A Caveat againſt the Methodiſts*, is in reality, *A Caveat againſt the proteſtants?* Do not the arguments conclude (if they conclude at all) not againſt the Methodiſts only, but againſt the whole body of proteſtants? The names indeed of Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Weſley are uſed; but this is mere fineſſe; greater men are deſigned, and all along are wounded through our ſide,

I was long in hopes of ſeeing an anſwer to this

this artful performance, from ſome one of more leiſure, as well as abilities ; and ſome whoſe name would have recommended his work ; for that thought has ſomething of truth in it,

' O what a tuneful wonder ſeiz'd the throng,
' When Marlbro's conquering name alarm'd
' the foe !
' Had Whiznowiſky led the armies on,
' The general's ſcarecrow name had foil'd
' each blow.'

However, who knows but reaſon, for once, may be ſtronger than prejudice ? And many may forget my ſcarecrow name, and mind not who ſpeaks, but what is ſpoken. I am pleading now not for *Methodiſts* only, but for the whole body of proteſtants ; firſt, for the church of England ; then for the proteſtants, of every denomination : in doing which I ſhall firſt give the ſubſtance of each ſection of the Romiſh tract : ſecondly, anſwer, and retort it upon the members of the church of Rome. O that this may incite ſome more ſkilful advocate, to ſupply *my lack of ſervice !*

Section I.

' The Methodiſts (Proteſtants) are not the ' people of God ; they are not true goſpel ' Chriſtians ; nor is their new-raiſed ſociety the ' true

'true church of Chriſt, nor any part of 'it" p. 3.

'This is demonſtrated by the word of God, 'marking out the people of God, the true 'church of *Chriſt* by ſuch characters as cannot 'agree to the *Methodiſts, or any other new-raiſed* 'ſect or community.' *ibid.*

'The Old Teſtament is full of prophecies re-'lating to the church. And the New Teſtament 'makes glorious promiſes to it, and gives glori-'ous characters of it.' p. 4.

'Now all thoſe prophecies, promiſes, and 'characters, point out a ſociety founded by Chriſt 'himſelf, and by his commiſſion propagated 'throughout the world, which ſhould flouriſh 'till 'time ſhould end, ever one, ever *holy*, ever *or-*'*thodox*; ſecured againſt error, by the perpetual 'preſence of Chriſt; ever directed by the ſpirit 'of truth; having a *perpetual ſucceſſion* of paſtors 'and teachers, divinely appointed and divinely 'aſſiſted: but no part of this character is appli-'cable to any new-raiſed ſect; who have no 'ſucceſſion from, or connection with, that one, 'holy ſociety: therefore no modern ſect can be 'any part of the people of God.' p. 5.

I anſwer. It is true, † *all theſe promiſes, prophecies, and characters, point out a ſociety founded by Chriſt himſelf, and by his commiſſion propagated throught the world, which ſhould flouriſh 'till time ſhould*

† The words of the *Caveat* are in *italics*.

ſhould end. And ſuch is the Catholic church, that is the whole body of men, endued with faith working by love, diſperſed over the whole earth, in Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America! And this church is ever one: in all ages and nations it is the one body of Chriſt: it is ever holy, for no unholy man can poſſibly be a member of it. It is *ever orthodox*; ſo is every holy man, in all things neceſſary to ſalvation: *ſecured againſt error*, in things eſſential, *by the perpetual preſence of Chriſt*; *and ever directed by the ſpirit of truth*, in the truth that is after godlineſs. This church has a *perpetual ſucceſſion of paſtors and teachers, divinely oppointed, and divinely aſſiſted.* And there has never been wanting in the reformed churches, ſuch a ſucceſſion of paſtors and teachers; men both divinely appointed, and divinely aſſiſted; for they convert ſinners to God; a work none can do unleſs God himſelf doth appoint them thereto, and aſſiſt them therein: therefore every part of this character is applicable to them. Their teachers are the proper ſucceſſors of thoſe who have delivered down, through all generations, the faith once delivered to the ſaints: and their members have true ſpiritual communion, with the *one holy* ſociety of true believers: conſequently, although they are not the whole *people of God*, yet are they an undeniable *part of his people.*

On the contrary, the church of Rome, in its preſent from was not *founded by Chriſt himſelf.*

All the doctrines and practices wherein she differs from us, were not instituted by Christ: they were unknown to the antient church of Christ; they are unscriptural, novel corruptions: neither is that church *propagated throughout the world.* Therefore if either antiquity, or universality, be essential thereto, the church of Rome cannot be *the true church of Christ.*

* Nor is the church of Rome one: it is not in unity with itself: it is to this day torne with numberless divisions. And it is impossible it should be *the one church*, unless a part can be the whole: seeing the Asiatic the African, and the Muscovite churches (to name no more) never were contained in it.

Neither is it holy. The generality of its members are no holier than Turks or Heathens. You need not go far for proof of this. Look at the Romanists in London, or Dublin. Are these the holy, the only holy church? Just such holiness is in the bottomless pit.

Nor is it *secured against error either by Christ* or *his Spirit:* witness pope against pope; council against council; contradicting, anathematizing each other. The instances are too numerous to be recited.

Neither are the generality of her *pastors and teachers* either *divinely appointed or divinely assisted.* If God had sent them, he would confirm the word of his messengers: but he does not; they convert no sinners to God: they convert many

many to their own opinion, but not to the knowledge or love of God. He that was a drunkard, is a drunkard ſtill; he that was filty is filthy ſtill; therefore neither are they *aſſiſted* by him; ſo they and their flocks wallow in ſin together: conſequently (whatever may be the caſe of ſome particular ſouls) it muſt be ſaid, if your own marks be true, the Roman Catholics, in general, are not *the people of God.*"

It may be proper to add here the ſecond ſection, which is all I had leiſure to write, though it was not publiſhed till the following week.

Section II.

'The Methodiſt (Proteſtant) teachers are not 'the true miniſters of Chriſt: nor are they called 'or ſent by him. p. 6.

'This appears from what has been already de-'monſtrated. For if the Proteſtants are not 'the true people of Chriſt, their miniſters cannot 'be the true miniſters of Chriſt.' *ibid.*

Farther, 'The true miniſters came down by 'ſucceſſion from the apoſtles. But the proteſtant 'teachers do not. Therefore they are not the 'true miniſters of Chriſt.' *ibid.*

'All power in the church of Chriſt comes 'from him; ſo that whoever, without a commiſ-'ſion from him, intrudes into the paſtoral office,

'is a thief and a robber. Now the commiſſion 'can be conveyed but two ways, either im- 'mediately from God himſelf, as it was to 'the apoſtles, or from men who have the au- 'thority handed down to them from the apoſtles.

'But this commiſſion has not been conveyed 'to proteſtant preachers, either of theſe ways. 'Not immediately from God himſelf: for how 'do they prove it? By what miracles? Neither 'by men deriving authority from the apoſtles, 'through the channel of the church. And they 'ſtand divided in communion from all churches 'that have any pretenſions to antiquity. Their 'doctrine of juſtification by faith alone, was ana- 'thematized at its firſt appearance, by the *un- 'doubted heirs of the apoſtles, the paſtors of the 'apoſtolic churches*; conſequently they are ſent 'by no other but him, who ſent all the falſe pro- 'phets from the beginning.' p. 8, 9.

I anſwer, *from what has been already demon- ſtrated*, nothing will follow; for you have de- monſtrated juſt nothing.

Now for your *farther* proof. *The true mini- ſters came down by ſucceſſion from the apoſtles.* So do the proteſtant miniſters, if the Romiſh do; the Engliſh in particular; as even one of yourſelves, F. Courayer, has irrefragably proved.

All power in the church of Chriſt comes from him; either immediately from himſelf, or from men who have the authority handed down to them from

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the apoſtles. But this commiſſion has not been conveyed to the proteſtant preachers, either of theſe ways: not immediately: for by what miracles do they prove it? So ſaid Cardinal Bellarmine long ago. Neither *by men deriving authority from the apoſtles.* Read F. Courayer, and know better. Neither are the proteſtants *divided from* any *churches*, who have true *pretenſions to antiquity.* But *their doctrine of juſtification by faith alone, was anathematized at its firſt appearance, by the undoubted heirs of the apoſtles, the paſtors of the apoſtolic church.* By the prelates at the council of Trent it was: who thereby anathematized the apoſtle Paul, to all intents and purpoſes. Here you throw off the maſk; otherwiſe you might have paſſed for a proteſtant a little longer. *Conſequently they are ſent by no other but him, who ſent all the falſe prophets from the beginning.* Sir, we thank you. This is really a very modeſt aſſertion for the ſubject of a proteſtant king.

But to turn the tables: I ſaid, 'If the Romiſh biſhops do.' For this I abſolutely deny. I deny that the Romiſh biſhops came down by *uninterrupted* ſucceſſion from the apoſtles. I never could ſee it proved; and, I am perſuaded, I never ſhall. But unleſs this is proved; your own paſtors, on *your* principles, are no paſtors at all.

* But farther: it is a doctrine of *your* church, that the intention of the adminiſtrator, is eſſen-

tial to the validity of the ſacraments which are adminiſtered by him. Now, are you aſſured of the intention of every prieſt, from whom you have received the hoſt? If not, you do not know, but what you received as the ſacrament of the altar, was no ſacrament at all. Are you aſſured of the intention of the prieſt who baptized you? If not, perhaps you are not baptized at all. To come cloſe to the point in hand: if *you* paſs for a prieſt, are you aſſured of the intention of the biſhop that ordained you? If not, you may happen to be no prieſt, and ſo all *your* miniſtry is nothing worth: nay, by the ſame rule, he may happen to be no biſhop. And who can tell how often this has been the caſe? But if there has been only one inſtance in a thouſand years, what becomes of your *uninterrupted* ſucceſſion?

* This *ad hominem*. But I have a word more *ad rem*. Can a man teach what he does not know? Is it poſſible a man ſhould teach others what he does not know himſelf? Certainly it is not. Can a prieſt then teach his hearers the way to heaven, marked out in our Lord's ſermon on the mount, if he does not know or underſtand the way himſelf? Nothing is more impoſſible. But how many of your prieſts know nothing about it? What avails then their *commiſſion* to teach, what they cannot teach, becauſe they know it not? Did God then *ſend* theſe men on a fool's errand: ſend them to do what they cannot do?

O ſay

O ſay not ſo! And what will be the event of their attempting to teach they know not what? Why, *if the blind lead the blind, both ſhall fall into the pit.*"

Saturday 21. I ſpent ſome hours with Mr. L. and Mr. I'Anſon, in order to prevent another Chancery-ſuit. And though the matter could not then be fully adjuſted, yet the ſuit did not go on.

Tueſday 24. I retired to Lewiſham, and tranſcribed the liſt of the ſociety. About an hundred and ſixty I left out, to whom I can do no good at preſent. The number of thoſe which now remain, is two thouſand, three hundred, and ſeventy-five.

* Friday 27. At twelve I met about thirty perſons, who had experienced a deep work of God. And I appointed an hour for meeting them every week. Whether they are *ſaved from ſin* or no, they are certainly full of faith and love, and peculiarly helpful to my ſoul.

Sunday, March 1. We had a happy love-feaſt at the chappel. Many of our brethren ſpoke plainly and artleſsly what God had done for their ſouls. I think, none were offended; but many were ſtrengthened and comforted.

* Wedneſday 4. I was ſcarce come into the room where a few believers were met together, when one began to tremble exceedingly, and

ſoon after ſunk to the floor. After a violent ſtruggle, ſhe burſt out into prayer, which was quickly changed into praiſe. She then declared, "The Lamb of God has taken away *all* my ſins." She ſpoke many ſtrong words to the ſame effect, rejoicing with joy unſpeakable.

* Friday 6. I met again with thoſe who believe God has delivered them from the root of bitterneſs. Their number increaſes daily. I know not, if fifteen or ſixteen have not received the bleſſing this week.

Monday 9. I ſet out early, and about noon preached at High-wycombe, where the dry bones began to ſhake again. In the afternoon I rode on to Oxford, and ſpent an agreeable evening with Mr. H. * His openneſs and frankneſs of behaviour were both pleaſing and profitable. Such converſation I want: but I do not wonder it is offenſive to men of nice ears.

Tueſday 10. We rode to Eveſham, where I found the poor, ſhattered ſociety almoſt ſunk into nothing. And no wonder, ſince they have been almoſt without help, till Mr. Mather came. In the evening I preached in the town-hall. Both at this time and at five in the morning, God applied his word, and many found a deſire to *ſtrengthen the things that remained.* I deſigned to have reſted on Wedneſday; but finding that notice had been given of my preaching at Stanley,

ley, we got thither, through roads almoſt impaſſable, about noon, and found more people than the houſe could contain. So I ſtood in the yard, and proclaimed free ſalvation to a loving, ſimple people. Several were in tears, and all of them ſo thankful, that I could not repent of my labour.

The congregation at Eveſham in the evening was thrice as large as the night before. Indeed many of them did not deſign to *hear*, or to let any one elſe hear. But they were over-ruled and behaved with tolerable decency, till the ſervice was over. Then they roared amain. But I walked ſtrait through them. And none offered the leaſt rudeneſs.

Thurſday 12. About one I preached at Redditch, to a deeply ſerious congregation: about ſeven, in the room at Birmingham, now far too ſmall for the congregation. Friday 13. Many flocked together at five: and far more than the room would contain in the evening. Perhaps the time is come for the goſpel to take root even in this barren ſoil.

* Saturday 14. I rode to Wedneſbury. Sunday 15. I made a ſhift to preach within at eight in the morning. But in the afternoon I knew not what to do, having a pain in my ſide, and a ſore throat. However, I reſolved to ſpeak as long as I could. I ſtood at one end of the houſe, and the people (ſuppoſed to be eight or ten thouſand) in the field adjoining. I ſpoke from *I count all*

things but loſs, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt my Lord. When I had done ſpeaking my complaints were gone. At the love-feaſt in the evening, many, both men and women ſpoke their experience, in a manner which affected all that heard. One in particular ſaid, "For ſeventeen or eighteen years I thought God had forgotten me. Neither I, nor any under my roof, could believe. But now, bleſſed be his name, he has taken me and all my houſe: and given me, and my wife, and our ſeven children, to rejoice together in God our Saviour."

Monday 16. I intended to reſt two or three days. But being preſſed to viſit Shrewſbury, and having no other time, I rode over to-day, though upon a miſerable beaſt. When I came in, my head ached as well as my ſide. I found the door of the place where I was to preach, ſurrounded by a numerous mob. But they ſeemed met, only to ſtare. Yet part of them came in: almoſt all that did, (a large number) behaved quietly and ſeriouſly.

Tueſday 17. At five, the congregation was large, and appeared not a little affected. The difficulty now was, how to get back? For I could not ride the horſe on which I came. But this too was provided for. We met in the ſtreet, with one who lent me *his* horſe, which was ſo eaſy, that I grew better and better till I came to Wolverhampton.

verhampton. None had yet preached abroad in this furious town: but I was reſolved with God's help, to make a trial, and ordered a table to be ſet in the inn-yard. Such a number of wild men I have ſeldom ſeen. But they gave me no diſturbance, either while I preached, or when I afterwards walked through the midſt of them.

About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Dudley, and all as quiet as at London. The ſcene is changed, ſince the dirt and ſtones of this town, were flying about me on every ſide!

* Wedneſday 18. By talking with ſeveral at Wedneſbury, I found God is carrying on his work here as at London. We have ground to hope, one priſoner was ſet at full liberty, under the ſermon on Saturday morning; another, under that on Saturday evening. One or more received remiſſion of ſins on Sunday. On Monday morning another, and on Wedneſday yet another believed *the blood of Jeſus Chriſt* had *cleanſed* him *from all ſin*. In the evening I could ſcarce think, but more than one heard him ſay, *I will: be thou clean!* Indeed ſo wonderfully was he preſent till near midnight, as if he would have healed the whole congregation.

Thurſday 19. After preaching at Bilbrook I rode on to Borſlam, and preached at half hour paſt five, in an open place on the top of the hill,

to a large and attentive congregation, though it rained almoſt all the time, and the air was extremely cold. The next morning, being Goodfriday, I did not preach till eight. But even then, as well as in the evening, the cold conſiderably leſſened the congregation. Such is human wiſdom! So ſmall are the things which divert mankind from what might be the means of their eternal ſalvation!

Saturday 21. About ten I preached at Biddulph, and about ſix at Congleton. Sunday 22. About one I preached at Macclesfield, near the preaching-houſe. The congregation was large, though the wind was ſharp. But it was more than doubled after the evening ſervice, while I opened and enforced the ſolemn declaration, *Him hath God exalted with his own right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour.* In the evening I rode on to Manchester.

Monday 23. After preaching at five, I haſtened forward, and reached Leeds about five in the evening, where I had deſired all the preachers in thoſe parts to meet me; and an happy meeting we had both in the evening and morning. I afterwards enquired into the ſtate of the ſocieties in Yorkſhire and Lincolnſhire. I find the work of God increaſes on every ſide; but particularly in Lincolnſhire; where there has been no work like this, ſince the time I preached at Epworth on my father's tomb.

* In the afternoon I talked with ſeveral of thoſe

thoſe who believe they are ſaved from ſin. And after a cloſe examination, I found reaſon to hope, that fourteen of them were not deceived. In the evening I expounded the thirteenth chapter of the firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians, and exhorted all, to weigh themſelves in that balance, and ſee if they were not *found wanting*.

Wedneſday 25. I took horſe early, breakfaſted with Mr. Venn, and about four in the afternoon came to Stockport. Finding the congregation waiting, I preached immediately, and then rode on to Mancheſter: where I reſted on Thurſday. Friday 27. I rode to Bridgefield, in the midſt of the Derbyſhire mountains, and cried to a large congregation, *If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink.* And they did indeed drink in the word, as the thirſty earth the ſhowers. About ſix I preached at Stockport. Here I enquired after a young man, who was ſome time ſince much in earneſt for ſalvation. But it was not long before he grew quite cold, and left the ſociety. Within a few months after, he left the world, and that by his own hand! The next day I returned to Mancheſter.

Sunday 29. We had an uncommon bleſſing, both morning and afternoon. In the evening I met the believers, and ſtrongly exhorted them, *to go on to perfection.* To many of them it ſeemed a new doctrine. However they all received it in love:

love: and a flame was kindled, which I truſt neither men nor devils ſhall ever be able to quench.

Tueſday 31. I rode to Altringham. We had four rooms, which opened into each other. But they would not near contain the congregation, ſo that many were obliged to ſtand without. I believe many were wounded, and ſome much comforted. Perhaps this town will not be quite ſo furious as it has been.

In the evening we had abundance of genteel people at Mancheſter, while I deſcribed *faith* as *the evidence of things not ſeen*. I left Mancheſter, in the morning, April 1, in a better condition than ever I knew it before: ſuch is the ſhaking not only among the dry bones, but likewiſe among the living ſouls.

About noon I preached at Little-Leigh, and at Cheſter in the evening. Thurſday 2. I rode over to Tatten-hall, eight or nine miles from Cheſter. When we came the town ſeemed to be all in an uproar. Yet when I began preaching (in the open air, the houſe not being large enough to contain one quarter of the congregation) none oppoſed, or made the leaſt diſturbance, the fear of God falling upon them. I think Tatten-hall will be leſs bitter for the time to come. Well may Satan be angry with field-preaching.

Friday 3. I preached about one at Mould in Flintſhire, and was again obliged to preach abroad though the wind was exceeding rough.

All

All were deeply attentive. I preached in the evening at Cheſter, and in the morning ſet out for Liverpool, I came thither, (preaching at Warrington by the way) in the evening. The election ſeemed to have driven the common ſort of people out of their ſenſes. But on Sunday they were tolerably recovered, and the town looked like itſelf. I heard two uſeful ſermons at our pariſh church; one upon *Follow peace with all men, and holineſs*; the other, on *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord.* I pity thoſe who "can learn nothing at church."

Monday 13. I left them at Liverpool, a little increaſed in number, but very conſiderably in ſtrength, being now entirely united together in judgement, as well as in affection.

About noon I preached to a ſerious congregation at Downath-green near Wigan: but to a far more ſerious one in the evening at Bolton. I find few places like this. All diſputes are forgot; and the Chriſtians do indeed love one another. When I viſited the claſſes, on Wedneſday 15, I did not find a diſorderly walker among them; no nor a trifler. They appeared to be, one and all ſeriouſly ſeeking ſalvation.

Thurſday 16. After preaching at noon, I rode to Lower-darwen, near Blackburn, where a large congregation behaved with deep ſeriouſneſs. Leaving honeſt Mr. Grimſhaw to preach in the morning, I ſet out early, and in the even-

ing

ing reached a little quiet houſe a few miles beyond Kendal, to which I believe, we did not come in vain. The man of the houſe, having been long ill, was thankful for advice, with regard to his bodily diſorder. And his gueſts appeared right willing to receive ſome advice, with reſpect to their ſouls.

Saturd. 18. We were ſoon loſt on the mountains. But in an hour we found a cottage, and a good woman, who bad her ſon "take the galloway, and guide them to the Fell-foot." There we met a poor man juſt coming from a doctor who I think had quite miſtaken his caſe. Perhaps his meeting us may ſave his life. He piloted us over the next mountain, the like to which I never beheld either in Wales or Germany. As we were climbing the third, a man overtook us, who was going the ſame road. So he accompanied us till we were in a plain level way, which in three hours brought us to Whitehaven.

Sunday 19. I preached morning and evening at the Gins, to far more people than the houſe would have contained. At one I preached in the aſſembly-room at Workington. The whole congregation behaved well: though I could not perceive, that the greater part underſtood any thing of the matter.

Wedneſday 22. About noon I preached at Branthwayte, and in the evening at Lorton. Who would imagine, that deiſm ſhould find its way into the heart of theſe enormous mountains!

tains! Yet ſo it is. Yea, and one who once knew the love of God, is a ſtrenuous advocate for it.

Saturday 25. As the people at Whitehaven are uſually full of zeal, right or wrong, I this evening ſhewed them the nature of Chriſtian zeal. Perhaps ſome of them may now diſtinguiſh the flame of love, from a fire kindled in hell.

Sunday 26. I preached in the morning at the Gins, in the room at one, and about five at Cockermouth, on the ſteps of the market-houſe. Even the genteel hearers were decent: many of the reſt ſeemed deeply affected. The people of the town have never been uncivil. Surely they will not always be unfruitful.

Monday 27. I preached at eight in the market-place at Wigton. The congregation, when I began, conſiſted of one woman, two boys, and three or four little girls. But in a quarter of an hour we had moſt of the town. I was a good deal moved at the exquiſite ſelf-ſufficiency, which was viſible in the countenance, air and whole deportment, of a conſiderable part of them. This conſtrained me to uſe a very uncommon plainneſs of ſpeech. They bore it well. Who knows but ſome may profit?

Before noon we came to Solway-frith. The guide told us, it was not paſſable. But I reſolved to try, and got over well. Having loſt ourſelves, but twice or thrice, in one of the moſt

moſt difficult roads I ever ſaw, we came to Moſfat in the evening. Tueſday 28. We rode partly over the mountains, partly with mountains on either hand, between which was a clear, winding river, and about four in the afternoon reached Edinburgh.

Here I met Mr. Hopper, who had promiſed to preach in the evening, in a large room, lately an epiſcopal meeting-houſe. Wedneſday 29. It being extremely cold, I preached in the ſame room at ſeven. Some of the reputable hearers cried out in amaze, "Why this is ſound doctrine! Is this *he*, of whom Mr. Wh. uſed to *talk ſo?*" Talk as he will, I ſhall not retaliate.

I preached in the evening, and the next day rode round, by the Queen's-Ferry to Dundee. But the wind being high, the boatmen could not, at leaſt would not paſs. Nor could we paſs the next day till between nine and ten. We then rode on through Montroſe to Stonehaven. Here Mr. Memis met us, and on Saturday morning brought us to his houſe at Aberdeen.

In the afternoon, I ſent to the principal and regent, to deſire leave to preach in the College-cloſe. This was readily granted; but as it began to rain, I was deſired to go into the hall. I ſuppoſe this is full an hundred feet long, and ſeated all around. The congregation was large, notwithſtanding the rain, and full as large at five in the morning. Sunday, May 3. I heard two uſeful ſermons at the Kirk, one preached by the principal

principal of the college, the other by the divinity profeſſor. A huge multitude afterwards gathered together in the College-cloſe. And all that could hear ſeemed to receive the truth in love. I then added about twenty to the little ſociety. Fair bloſſoms! But how many of theſe will bring forth fruit?

Monday 4. We had another large congregation at five. Before noon, twenty more came to me, deſiring to caſt in their lot with us, and appearing to be cut to the heart.

About noon I took a walk to the King's College in Old Aberdeen. It has three ſides of a ſquare handſomely built, not unlike Queen's-college in Oxford. Going up to ſee the hall, we found a large company of ladies with ſeveral gentlemen. They looked, and ſpoke to one another, after which one of the gentlemen took courage and came to me. He ſaid, "We came laſt night to the College-cloſe, but could not hear, and ſhould be extremely obliged, if you would give us a ſhort diſcourſe here." I knew not what God might have to do, and ſo began without delay, on *God was in Chriſt reconciling the world unto himſelf.* I believe, the word was not loſt. It fell as dew on the tender graſs.

In the afternoon I was walking in the library of the Mareſhall College, when the principal, and the divinity profeſſor, came to me, and the latter invited me to his lodgings, where I ſpent an hour very agreeably. In the evening the eagerneſs

gerneſs of the people made them ready to trample each other under foot. It was ſome time before they were ſtill enough to hear; but then they devoured every word. After preaching, Sir Archibald Grant (whom buſineſs had called to town) ſent and deſired to ſpeak to me. I could not then, but promiſed to wait upon him, with God's leave in my return to Edinburgh.

Tueſday 5. I accepted the principal's invitation, and ſpent an hour with him at his houſe. I obſerved no ſtiffneſs at all, but the eaſy good breeding of a man of ſenſe and learning. I ſuppoſe both he and all the profeſſors, with ſome of the magiſtrates, attended in the evening. I ſet all the windows open, but the hall, notwithſtanding, was as hot as a bagnio. But this did not hinder either the attention of the people, or the bleſſing of God.

Wedneſday 6. We dined at Mr. Ogilvey's, one of the miniſters, between whom the city is divided. A more open-hearted, friendly man, I know not that I ever ſaw. And indeed I have ſcarce ſeen ſuch a ſett of miniſters, in any town of Great-Britain or Ireland.

At half hour after ſix I ſtood in the College-cloſe, and proclaimed Chriſt crucified. My voice was ſo ſtrengthened that all could hear: all were earneſtly attentive. I have now *caſt* my *bread upon the waters*: may I *find it again after many days*.

Thurſday 7. Leaving near ninety members in

in the ſociety, I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymuſk, about twenty miles north-weſt from Aberdeen. It lies in a fruitful and pleaſant valley, much of which is owing to Sir Archibald's improvements, who has ploughed up abundance of waſte ground, and planted ſome millions of trees. His ſtately old houſe is ſurrounded by gardens, and rows of trees, with a clear river on one ſide. And about a mile from his houſe, he has laid out a ſmall valley into walks and gardens, on one ſide of which the river runs. On each ſide riſes a ſteep mountain; one rocky and bare, the other covered with trees, row above row, to the very top.

About ſix we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with ſuch perſons as we did not look for, ſo near the High lands. But if we were ſurprized at their appearance, we were much more ſo at their ſinging. Thirty or forty ſung an anthem after ſermon, with ſuch voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any cathedral in England.

Friday 8. We rode to Glammiſs, about ſixty-four meaſured miles, and on Saturday 9. about ſixty-ſix more to Edinburgh. I was tired; however I would not diſappoint the congregation: and God gave me ſtrength according to my day.

Sunday 10. I had deſigned to preach near the infirmary. But ſome of the managers would not ſuffer it. So I preached in our room, morning and

and evening, even to the rich and honourable. And I bear them witneſs, they will endure plain dealing, whether they profit by it or not.

Monday 11. I took my leave of Edinburgh for the preſent. The ſituation of the city, on a hill ſhelving down on both ſides, as well as to the eaſt, with the ſtately caſtle upon a craggy rock on the weſt, is inexpreſſibly fine. And the main ſtreet ſo broad and finely paved, with the lofty houſes on either hand (many of them ſeven or eight ſtories high) is far beyoned any in Great-Britain. But how can it be ſuffered, that all manner of filth ſhould ſtill be thrown even into this ſtreet continually? Where are the magiſtracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long ſhall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief ſtreet of it, ſtink worſe than a common-ſewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common ſenſe, find a remedy for this?

Holyrood-houſe, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the antient palace of the Scotiſh kings, is a noble ſtructure. It was re-built and furniſhed by king Charles the ſecond. One ſide of it is a picture gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scotiſh kings: and an original one of the celebrated Queen Mary. It is ſcarce poſſible for any, who looks at this, to think her ſuch a monſter as ſome have painted her: nor indeed for any who conſiders

ſiders the circumſtances of her death, equal to that of an antient martyr.

I preached in the evening at Muſſelborough, and at five in the morning. Then we rode on to Haddington, where (the rain driving me in) I preached between nine and ten in provoſt Dickſon's parlour. About one I preached at Northberwick, a pretty large town, cloſe to the ſeaſhore; and at ſeven in the evening (the rain continuing) in the houſe at Dunbar.

Wedneſday, May 13. It being a fair mild evening I preached near the key to moſt of the inhabitants of the town, and ſpoke full as plain as the evening before. Every one ſeemed to receive it in love, probably if there was regular preaching here, much good might be done.

Thurſday 14. I ſet out early and preached at noon on the Bowling-green at Berwick-upon-Tweed. In the evening I preached at Alnwick. Friday 15. Abundance of ſoldiers came in, on their way to Germany, many of thoſe attended the preaching to whom I could not but make a particular application. And who knows, but what they have now heard, my ſtand them in ſtead in a day of trial?

Saturday 16. One of our friends importuned me much to give them a ſermon at Warkſworth. And a poſt chaiſe came for me to the door; in which I found one waiting for me, whom in the bloom of youth mere anguiſh of ſoul had brought to the gates of death. She told me the troubles which

which held her in on every ſide, from which ſhe ſaw no way to eſcape. I told her, "The way lies ſtrait before you. What you want is the pure love of God. I believe, God will give it you ſhortly. Perhaps it is his good pleaſure, to make you, a poor bruiſed reed, the firſt witneſs here of that great ſalvation. Look for it *juſt as you are*, unfit, unworthy, unholy, by ſimple faith, every day, every hour." She did feel the next day ſomething ſhe could not comprehend, and knew not what to call *it*. In one of the trials which uſed to ſink her to the earth, ſhe was all calm, all peace and love: enjoying ſo deep a communion with God, as nothing external could interrupt. Ah thou child of affliction, of ſorrow and pain, hath Jeſus found out thee alſo? And he is able to find and bring back thy huſband, as far as he is wandered out of the way.

About noon I preached at Warkſworth, to a congregation as quiet and attentive as that at Alnwick. How long ſhall we forget, that God can raiſe the dead? Were not we dead, till he quickened us?

A little above the town, on one ſide of the river ſtand the remains of a magnificent caſtle. On the other ſide, toward the bottom of a ſteep hill, covered with wood, is an antient chappel, with ſeveral apartments adjoining to it, hewn in the ſolid rock. The windows, the pillars, the communion-table, and ſeveral other parts are intire. But where are the inhabitants? Gathered to

their

their fathers, ſome of them I hope, in Abraham's boſom, till rocks, and rivers, and mountains flee away, and the dead, ſmall and great, ſtand before God!

Sunday 17. I preached at eight in Alnwick, and about one at Alemouth, a poor, barren place, where as yet there is no fruit of all the ſeed which has been ſown. But there may be, ſince many are ſtill willing to hear.

In the evening a multitude of people, and a little army of ſoldiers were gathered in the market-place at Alnwick. In the morning they were to march for Germany. I hope ſome of them have "put their armour on."

Mond. 18. At nine I preached, to a large and ſerious congregation at Widdrington. Thence we rode to Morpeth. As it was a rainy day, they expected me to preach in the room. But obſerving a large, covered place in the market-place, I went thither without delay. It was ſoon more than filled: and many, ſoldiers and others ſtood on the outſide, notwithſtanding the rain. Why ſhould we deſpair of doing good in any place, becauſe we do not ſee preſent fruit? At five I preached to the honeſt, ſimple-hearted colliers at Placey, and before ſun-ſet reached Newcaſtle.

Tueſday the 19th was a day of reſt. In the evening God was with us of a truth: and many felt their hearts burn with fervent deſire of being renewed in the whole image of God. The ſame flame was kindled at Gateſhead-fell, while I was

opening and applying thoſe words, *Every one that hath this hope in him, purifieth himſelf even as he is pure.*

Thurſday 21. I was much ſtruck with a ſtory told by Ephraim Syrus. I wonder it was never tranſlated into Engliſh, It is as follows.

" My beloved brethren, I have a deſire to relate to you, what our brother Abraham did in his old age. This bleſſed man had a brother according to the fleſh, who had an only child. When her father fell aſleep, ſhe remained an orphan. Her friends brought her to him, being ſix years old. He ordered her to be placed in the outer cell: he himſelf abode in the inner. A little door was between them. He taught her the pſalms and the other ſcriptures, and watched and ſang with her. And as he lived an auſtere life, ſo did ſhe, willingly profiting in every exerciſe, and labouring to excell in all virtues. The holy man often beſought God for her with tears that her heart might be fixt on God, and not intangled with the care of worldly things: for her father had left her much wealth, which by his advice ſhe gave to the poor. And ſhe intreated him, ſaying, " Pray for me, that I may be delivered from evil thoughts, and from all the wiles and ſnares of the devil." The bleſſed man rejoiced ſeeing her good converſation and forwardneſs, and tears, her lowlineſs, meekneſs, quietneſs of ſpirit, and earneſt love to God. And

for

for twenty years ſhe thus exerciſed herſelf with him, as a fair lamb, a ſpotleſs dove.

" When the twentieth year was fulfilled, the devil was mad againſt her, and lay in wait to get her into his net. There was a man, in name religious, but not in truth, who frequently came to conſult Abraham. He ſaw the maid, and his heart burnt within him. He lay in wait for her a whole year, till her heart was inflamed alſo. And opening the door of her cell, ſhe went out to him, and conſented to his will. But no ſooner had ſhe committed wickedneſs, than ſhe rent her cloaths, ſmote her breaſt, and thought of putting an end to her own life. For ſhe ſaid in herſelf, " Now I am dead, and I have loſt all my time and all my labour, and my auſterity, and my tears are periſhed, and I have deſtroyed my own ſoul, and I have brought ſorrow upon the man of God, and am become a laughing ſtock to the devil. Why do I live any longer ? Ah me, what have I done ? Ah me, from whence, how low am I fallen ! How ſhall I be hid ? Where ſhall I go ? Into what pit ſhall I caſt myſelf ? Where is the exhortation of the bleſſed man," " Keep thy ſoul ſpotleſs for thy immortal bridegroom." I dare no more look up to heaven I am loſt, both to God and men. I dare not approach that holy man, ſinner as I am and full of uncleanneſs. Were I to make ſuch an attempt, ſurely fire would come out of that door, and conſume me. It is better for me to go where none knows me. For I am

undone, and there is no ſalvation for me." And riſing up, ſhe went ſtrait to another city, and became ſervant at an inn.

A little before this, Abraham ſaw a viſion: a dragon, great and terrible, riſing out of his place. And coming to his cell, he found a dove and devoured it, and then returned to his place. The holy man coming to himſelf, was much troubled and wept bitterly and ſaid, "Thou, Lord, knoweſt all things: and thou only knoweſt, what this viſion meaneth." After two days, he ſaw the ſame dragon again. And he came out of his place, to the bleſſed man, and laying his head under Abraham's feet, burſt aſunder, and the dove was found alive in the dragon's belly.

Coming to himſelf, he called once and again, ſaying, "Child, where art thou? Behold, here are two days that thou haſt not opened thy mouth, in the praiſe of God." Finding that none anſwered, and that ſhe was not there, he perceived the viſion, related to her. And he groaned in ſpirit and ſaid, "O Saviour of the world, bring back this lamb into thy fold, that my gray hairs come not down with ſorrow to the grave. Lord, deſpiſe not my ſupplication. But ſend down thy hand, and take her out of the mouth of the dragon that hath devoured her."

After a ſeaſon he heard where ſhe was; and having learned all things concerning her, he called one of his friends, and ſaid to him, "Bring me an horſe and the habit of a ſoldier."

And

And having put it on, with a large cap on his head, he left his cell, and rode away. Being come to the place he alighted and went in; and after a time ſaid to the inn-keeper, "Friend, I have heard thou haſt a beautiful damſel here. Call her to me, that I may rejoice with her." Being called, ſhe came. When the holy man ſaw her, in her harlot's attire, he was melting into tears. But he refrained himſelf, that ſhe might not perceive it. After they ſat down, ſhe embraced him, and kiſſed his neck. And ſhe ſmelled the ſmell of his cell, and called to mind paſt things, and groaning deeply, ſaid "Woe is me! What am I?" The inn-keeper, being aſtoniſhed ſaid, "Mary, thou haſt now been with us two years, and I never heard thee groan before, or heard ſuch a word from thee. What is come to thee?" She anſwered, "Would I had died three years ſince; then I had been happy."

Immediately Abraham ſaid to him, "Prepare us a ſupper, that we may rejoice together; for I am come from far, for *her* ſake." After ſupper ſhe ſaid to him, "Let us go into the chamber." And when they were come in, he ſaw a bed made ready. And he ſat upon it, and ſaid, "Make faſt the door." She made it faſt, and came to him. Having taken hold of her, ſo that ſhe could not run away, he took off his cap, and ſaid to her weeping, "My child, Mary, doſt thou

not know me? Am not I he that brought thee up? Mary, what is come to thee? Who hath deſtroyed thee, my daughter? Where are thy prayers and thy tears? Thy watching and holy exerciſe? My child, when thou hadſt ſinned, why didſt thou not tell *me*, that I might have humbled myſelf for thee? My daughter, why haſt thou done this? Why haſt thou forſaken thy father?" She remained in his hands as a lifeleſs ſtone: till he ſaid to her with tears, "Doſt thou not ſpeak to me, my child, Mary? Doſt thou not ſpeak to me? Am I not come hither for thy ſake? I have beſought the Lord concerning thee." Till midnight he continued exhorting and comforting her. Then coming a little to herſelf, ſhe ſaid to him weeping, "I cannot look at thee; for I am defiled with ſin." The bleſſed man replied, "On me be thy ſin; only come: let us go to our place." She ſaid to him, "If it be poſſible for me to repent, and if God can accept my repentance, I come: and I fall down, and kiſs thy ſteps, wetting them with my tears, that thou haſt thus had compaſſion on me a forlorn wretch, and art come hither, to draw me out of the mire of ſin." And laying her head at his feet, ſhe wept bitterly all the night, ſaying, "What ſhall I render thee for all thy benefits?"

Early in the morning, he ſet her upon the horſe, and went before her with great joy. And being come to his place, he put her in the inner cell;

cell; where she gladly resumed her former exercise, with sackcloth and ashes, and much humiliation, with mourning and watching, and ceaseless calling upon God. And the merciful Lord gave her a sign that he accepted her repentance, healing many that were sick, through her prayers.

Holy Abraham lived ten years after, beholding her good conversation, and blessing and praising and magnifying God. Then having lived seventy years, he slept in peace. Mary survived him thirty and five years, calling upon God night and day: insomuch that all who passed by, glorified God, who saveth them that were gone astray."

* Among the believers, who met in the evening, God has kindled a vehement desire of his full salvation. Enquiring how it was, that in all these parts, we have scarce one living witness of this, I constantly received from every person one and the same answer: "We see now, we sought it by our *works*. We thought it was to come *gradually*. We never expected to receive it *in a moment*, by *faith*, as we did *justification*." What wonder is it then, that you have been fighting all these years, as one that beateth *the air?*

Friday 22. I earnestly exhorted all who were sensible of their wants, and athirst for holiness, to look unto Jesus: to come to him *just as they were*, and receive *all* his promises. And surely it

will not be long, before ſome of theſe alſo are fully ſaved by ſimple faith.

Saturday 23. I rode over to Placey. I was wet through both going and coming; but I did not repent of my journey. Such a number gathered together, a great part of whom could rejoice in God. Theſe were quite ripe for all the great and precious promiſes, which they received with all gladneſs.

Monday 25. I rode to Shields, and preached in an open place to a liſtning multitude. Many of them followed me to South-Shields, where I preached in the evening to almoſt double the congregation. How ripe for the goſpel are theſe alſo? What is wanting but more labourers?

* "More! Why, is there not here (as in every pariſh in England) a particular miniſter who takes care of all their ſouls?" There is one here, who *takes charge* of all their ſouls: what *care* of them he takes, is another queſtion. It may be he neither knows, nor cares, whether they are going to heaven or hell. Does he aſk man, woman or child any queſtion about it, from one Chriſtmas to the next? O what account will ſuch a paſtor give, to the Great Shepherd in that day!

Tueſday 26. I went on to Sunderland, and in the evening preached in the new houſe. The next evening I preached at Monk-were-mouth.

Thurſday

Thurſday 28. About noon I preached at Biddick, and the power of God was in the midſt of his people: and more eminently at Sunderland in the evening. After preaching I met the believers, and exhorted them to *go on to perfection*. It pleaſed God to apply the plain words which were ſpoken, ſo that all were athirſt for him. Objections vaniſhed away: and a flame was kindled almoſt in every heart.

Sunday 31. I preached again, both morning and evening in Monk-were-mouth church. But it would not near contain the people, many of whom were conſtrained to go away. After evening ſervice I haſtened to Newcaſtle, and exhorted a willing multitude, To *ſtand in the ways and ſee*, and *aſk for the old paths*, and *walk therein*.

In the week following I preached at many little places round Newcaſtle. Friday, June 5. I went to Prudhoe, where there had been ſome jar in the ſociety, occaſioned by a few, who had lately eſpouſed, and warmly defended a new opinion. I ſaid not one word about it, but preached on, *There is joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine juſt perſons who need no repentance*. Afterwards perceiving their hearts were much ſoftened, I met the ſociety, and exhorted them to beware of bitter zeal, and to *walk in love, as Chriſt alſo loved us*. They were aſhamed before God, and (for

the preſent at leaſt) their contentions were at an end.

In the evening I preached at Naſſerton; and the next morning rode to Winlington, where I had appointed to be between twelve and one. They placed the ſtand exactly fronting the ſun, which ſhone very warm and very bright. But almoſt as ſoon as I began, the clouds roſe and ſhadowed us till I concluded. I preached at Swalwell at five, to ſuch a congregation as was never ſeen there before.

Monday 8. I rode to Hexham, and preached at noon in an open place near the church. Some expected there would be much diſturbance: but there was none at all. We rode thence over the mountains to Allandale, where I had not been for ſeveral years. After preaching and meeting the ſociety, I took horſe again, and croſſing another chain of mountains, reached Wardale before eleven.

Thurſday 9. I preached at nine, but was obliged to ſtand abroad, becauſe of the multitude of people. The ſun ſhone full in my face, but after having ſpent a ſhort time in prayer, I regarded it not. I then met the ſociety, and came juſt in time, to prevent their all turning diſſenters, which they were on the point of doing, being quite diſguſted at the curate, whoſe life was no better than his doctrine.

At noon I preached in Teeſdale. Moſt of the men are lead-miners, who a while ago were turned

turned out of their work for following *this way*. By this means many of them got into far better work. And ſome time after, their old maſter was glad to employ them again.

We had a long ſtage from hence to Swal-dale, where I found an earneſt, loving, ſimple people, whom I likewiſe exhorted, Not to leave the church, though they had not the beſt of miniſters. I then baptized a man and two women, who had been bred among the anabaptiſts: and I believe all of them received ſuch a bleſſing therein, as they were not able to expreſs.

Wedneſday 10. I took horſe at half hour paſt three, and reached Barnard-caſtle ſoon after ſix. I preached at eight in a ground adjoining to the town. Are theſe the people that a few years ago, were like roaring lions? They were now quiet as lambs: nor could ſeveral ſhowers drive them away till I concluded. In the evening I preached at Branſpath, near Biſhop-awkland. Moſt of the congregation, though I ſtood in the ſtreet, were deeply attentive. Only one, a kind of gentleman, ſeemed diſpleaſed. But he had none to ſecond him.

Friday 12. We had one of the moſt ſolemn watch-nights at Newcaſtle, which we have had for ſeveral years. Saturday 13. I rode once more to Sunderland, and preached as uſual, to a numerous congregation. Sunday 14. After Mr. G. had read prayers, I ſpoke exceeding plain to

as many as could croud into the church. And out of ſo *many that are called*, will not ſome *be choſen?*

About three I preached at Gateſhead-fell; about five, at the Garth-heads: at each place to a larger congregation than I ever ſaw there before. What a change is wrought in this whole country? And will it not be wrought in the whole kingdom?

Monday 15. I rode to Durham, having appointed to preach there at noon. The meadow, near the river ſide, was quite convenient, and the ſmall rain neither diſturbed me nor the congregation. In the afternoon I rode to Hartlepool. But I had much ado to preach. My ſtrength was gone as well as my voice; and indeed they generally go together. Three days in a week I can preach thrice a day without hurting myſelf. But I had now far exceeded this, beſides meeting claſſes, and exhorting the ſocieties. I was obliged to lie down good part of Tueſday: however in the afternoon I preached at Cherington, and in the evening at Hartlepool again, though not without difficulty. Wedneſday 17. I rode to Stockton, where a little before the time of preaching, my voice and ſtrength were reſtored at once. The next evening it began to rain juſt as I began to preach: but it was ſuſpended till the ſervice was over. It then rained again till eight in the morning.

Friday 19. It was hard work to ride eight miles, ſo

ſo called, in two hours and an half: the rain beating upon us, and the by-road being exceeding ſlippery. But we forgot all this, when we came to The Grange: ſo greatly was God preſent with his people. Thence we rode to Darlington. Here we were under a difficulty again. Not half the people could come in, and the rain forbad my preaching without. But at one (the hour of preaching) the rain ſtopt, and did not begin again till paſt two. So the people ſtood very conveniently in the yard. And many did not care to go away. When I went in, they crouded to the door, and windows, and ſtayed till I took horſe. At ſeven I preached at Yarm, and deſired one of our brethren to take my place in the morning.

Saturday 20. At noon I applied thoſe words, *Now abide faith, hope, love: but the greateſt of theſe is love.*

This evening alſo it rained at Hutton-Rugby, till ſeven, the hour of preaching. But God heard the prayer, and from the time I began, we had only ſome ſcattering drops. After ſermon the ſociety alone, filled the new preaching-houſe. So mightily has the word of God prevailed, ſince Alexander Mather laboured here.

Sunday 21. I preached to a larger congregation than in the evening, on *Behold what manner of love the Father hath beſtowed upon us, that we ſhould be called the children of God!* I then rode to Oſmotherly, where the miniſter read prayers ſeriouſly,

riouſly, and preached an uſeful ſermon. After ſervice I began in the church-yard, I believe many were wounded, and many comforted. After dinner I called on Mr. Adams, who firſt invited me to Ofmotherly. He was reading the ſtrange account of the two miſſionaries, who have lately made ſuch a figure—in the news-papers. I ſuppoſe the whole account is juſt ſuch another groſs impoſition upon the public, as the man's gathering the people together to ſee him go into the quart bottle. "Men ſeven hundred years old!" And why not ſeven yards high? He that *can* believe it, let him believe it.

At five I preached at Potto, a mile from Hutton. When I began I was extremely weak. But God renewed my ſtrength, and ſo applied his word, that it ſeemed as if *every one muſt* believe it. But the ſcripture cannot be broken. Some ſeed will ſtill fall *by the way-ſide*, and ſome *on ſtony ground!*

* Monday 22. I ſpoke one by one, to the ſociety at Hutton-Rugby. They were about eighty in number; of whom near ſeventy were believers, and ſixteen (probably) renewed in love. Here were two bands of children, one of boys, and one of girls, moſt of whom were walking in the light. Four of thoſe who ſeemed to be ſaved from ſin, were of one family: and all of them walked holy and unblameable, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour.

At

At eleven I preached once more, though in great weakneſs of body, and met the ſtewards of all the ſocieties. I then rode to Stokeſley, and having examined the little ſociety, went on for Giſborough. The ſun was burning hot, but in a quarter of an hour, a cloud interpoſed, and he troubled us no more. I was deſired by a gentleman of the town, to preach in the market-place. And there a table was placed for me. But it was in a bad neighbourhood. For there was ſo vehement a ſtench of ſtinking fiſh, as was ready to ſuffocate me. And the people roared like the waves of the ſea: but the voice of the Lord was mightier. And in a few minutes the whole multitude was ſtill, and ſeriouſly attended, while I proclaimed *Jeſus Chriſt, made of God unto us wiſdom, and righteouſneſs, and ſanctification, and redemption.*

Tueſday 23. I began about five, near the ſame place, and had a great part of the ſame audience. Yet they were not the ſame: the change might eaſily be read in their countenance. When we took horſe, and juſt faced the ſun, it was hard work for man and beaſt. But about eight, the wind ſhifted, and blowing in our face, kept us cool, till we came to Whitby.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill, to which you aſcend by an hundred, ninety and one ſteps. The congregation was exceeding large, and ninety-nine in an hundred were attentive. When I began, the ſun ſhone full in my face:

face: but he was ſoon clouded, and ſhone no more till I had done.

* After meeting the ſociety, I talked with a ſenſible woman, whoſe experience ſeemed peculiar. She ſaid, "A few days before Eaſter laſt, I was deeply convinced of ſin: and in Eaſter-week, I knew my ſins were forgiven, and was filled with *joy and peace in believing*. But in about eighteen days, I was convinced in a dream of the neceſſity of a higher ſalvation: and I mourned day and night, in agony of deſire to be throughly ſanctified: till on the 23d day after my juſtification, I found a total change, together with a clear witneſs, that the blood of Jeſus had cleanſed me from all unrighteouſneſs."

* Wedneſday 24. I walked round the old Abbey, which both with regard to its ſize, (being, I judge an hundred yards long) and the workmanſhip of it, is one of the fineſt, if not the fineſt ruin in the kingdom. Hence we rode to Robin-hood's-Bay, where I preached at ſix in the Lower-ſtreet, near the Key. In the midſt of the ſermon a large cat, frighted out of a chamber, leaped down upon a woman's head, and ran over the heads or ſhoulders of many more. But none of them moved, or cried out, any more than if it had been a butterfly.

Thurſday 25. I had a pleaſant ride to Scarborough, the wind tempering the heat of the ſun. I had deſigned to preach abroad in the evening; but

but the thunder, lightning, and rain prevented. However I ſtood on a balcony, and ſeveral hundreds of people ſtood below: and notwithſtanding the heavy rain, would not ſtir, till I concluded.

Frid. 26. I rode to Hull, and had there alſo the comfort of finding ſome witneſſes of the great ſalvation. I was conſtrained to leave them early in the morning, on Saturday 27. At ſeven, I preached in Beverley, about one, in Pocklington and at York in the evening, to the far genteeleſt audience I have had, ſince I left Edinburgh.

Monday 29. I met the claſſes, and found many therein who were much alive to God. But many others were utterly dead, which ſufficiently accounts for the ſociety's not increaſing. Wedneſday, July 1, the ſtewards met, from the ſocieties in the country. In the evening we all wreſtled with God, for the revival of his work. Many found their hearts much enlarged herein, and had confidence he would anſwer the prayer.

Thurſday 2. I ſet out early for North Cave, twenty computed miles from York. I preached there at nine to a deeply ſerious congregation, and was much refreſhed. At two, I preached to ſuch another congregation at Thorpe, and concluded the day, by preaching and meeting the ſociety at Pocklington.

* Friday 3. We returned to York, where I was deſired to call upon a poor priſoner in the caſtle. I had formerly occaſion to take notice of

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an hideous monſter, called *a chancery bill*, I now ſaw the fellow to it, called *a declaration*. The plain fact was this. Some time ſince a man who lived near Yarm, aſſiſted others in running ſome brandy. His ſhare was worth near four pounds. After he had wholly left off that bad work, and was following his own buſineſs, that of a weaver, he was arreſted, and ſent to York goal. And not long after comes down *a declaration*, " that Jac. Wh— had landed a veſſel laded with brandy and Geneva, at the port of London, and ſold them there, whereby he was indebted to his Majeſty 577 l. and upwards." And to tell this worthy ſtory, the lawyer takes up thirteen or fourteen ſheets of treble ſtampt paper.

*O England, England! Will this reproach never be rolled away from thee? Is there any thing like this to be found, either among Papiſts, Turks or Heathens? In the name of truth, juſtice, mercy, and common ſenſe, I aſk 1. Why do men lie, for lying ſake? Is it only, to keep their hands in? What need elſe, of ſaying it was the port of London? When every one knew the brandy was landed, above three hundred miles from thence. What a monſtrous contempt of truth does this ſhew, or rather *hatred* to it? 2. Where is the *juſtice* of ſwelling four pounds into five hundred and ſeventy ſeven? 3. Where is the *common ſenſe*, of taking up fourteen ſheets to tell a ſtory, that may be told in ten lines?

lines? 4. Where is the *mercy*, of thus grinding the face of the poor? Thus ſucking the blood of a poor, beggared priſoner? Would not this be execrable villainy, if the paper and writing together were only ſix-pence a ſheet, when they have ſtript him already of his little all, and not left him fourteen groats in the world?

Sunday 5. Believing one hindrance of the work of God in York, was the neglect of field-preaching, I preached this morning at eight, in an open place, near the city walls. Abundance of people ran together, moſt of whom were deeply attentive. One or two only were angry, and threw a few ſtones: but it was labour loſt; for none regard them.

Monday 6. I rode to Tadcaſter, and preached within, the rain not ſuffering us to be abroad, as I intended. In the evening, I preached at Otley, and afterwards talked with many of the ſociety. There is reaſon to believe, that ten or twelve of theſe, are filled with the love of God. I found one or two more, the next day at Fewſton, a few miles north of Otley, (where I preached at noon) whom God had raiſed up, to witneſs the ſame good confeſſion. And indeed the whole congregation ſeemed juſt ripe, for receiving all the promiſes.

Wedneſday 8. I rode to Knareſborough, where it was expected, we ſhould not meet with ſo friendly a reception. But the Lord is king. Our own houſe being too ſmall, I preached in the

the aſſembly-room. Moſt of the people looked wild enough when they came in. But they were tame before they went out; and behaved as decently and ſeriouſly, as the congregation at Otley.

Indeed the mob never was ſo furious here, as they were formerly at Otley: where the good *magiſtrate directed*, "Do what you will to them, ſo you *break no bones*." But may not a man cut his neighbour's throat, without breaking his bones.

The remaining part of this week I preached at Guiſeley, Bingley, and Kighley. Sunday 12. I had appointed to be at Haworth. But the church would not near contain the people who came from all ſides. However Mr. Grimſhaw had provided for this by fixing a ſcaffold on the outſide of ſome of the windows thro' which I went after prayers, and the people likewiſe all went out into the church-yard. The afternoon congregation was larger ſtill. What has God wrought in the midſt of thoſe rough mountains!

Monday 13. At five I preached on the manner of waiting for *Perfect Love*; the rather to ſatisfy Mr. Grimſhaw, whom many had laboured to puzzle and perplex about it. So once more their bad labour was loſt, and we were more united both in heart and judgment than ever.

At noon I preached in Corn, once inacceſſible to the goſpel; but now the yard I was in, would not contain the people. I believe, I might have

preached

preached at the crofs, without the leaft interruption.

About 5. I preached at Paddiham, another place eminent for all manner of wickednefs. The multitude of people obliged me to ftand in the yard of the preaching-houfe. Over againft me, at little diftance fat fome of the moft impudent women I ever faw. Yet I am not fure, that God did not reach their hearts. For

"*They roar'd, and would have bluſh'd, if capable of ſhame.*"

In the morning I preached at Bentley-Wood-Green, on *Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.* Mr. G. afterwards told me, That this perfection he firmly believed, and daily prayed for, namely, The love of God and man producing all thofe fruits which are defcribed in our Lord's fermon upon the mount.

About noon I preached at Baycup, a village in Rofendale. The new preaching-houfe is large, but not large enough to contain the congregation. Soon after five, I preached at Heptonftall, The fociety here had been greatly hurt by two leaders getting into new opinions. One of them fell upon me directly, for "denying the righteoufnefs of Chrift." On this we difcourfed about an hour. The iffue was, one of them was quite convinced: and the other (to my no finall fatisfaction)

faction) desired me to put a new leader in his place.

Wednesday 15. About seven I preached at Ewood, and about noon at Halifax. New opinions had done harm here also. But at this time all was quiet. I rode over to Bradford in the afternoon, where I found an Anabaptist teacher had perplexed and unsettled the minds of several. But they are now less ignorant of Satan's devices.

Friday 17. I rode to Birstal, and was much comforted, to find many of our first children in this county, who are not yet weary of the good, old way. May they continue therein unto the day of the Lord Jesus!

Saturday 18. At one I preached at South-Royd. The good people had placed the stand, so that the sun, which was very hot, shone upon my head, and the wind, which was very cold, blew in my neck. But it was all one: I was on my master's business. And great was our rejoicing in him.

Sund. 19. I preached in Birstal room at eight. At one we had thousands, the greatest part of whom were persons *fearing God and working righteousness*. I rode thence to Leeds, in order to preach a funeral sermon for Mary Shent, who after many severe conflicts, died in great peace. It was one of the largest congregations which has been seen at Leeds, to whom I spoke very plain from part of the gospel for the day, *Give*

an

an account of thy ſtewardſhip, for thou mayeſt be no longer ſteward.

* I haſtened back to the love-feaſt at Birſtal. It was the firſt of the kind which had been there. Many were ſurprized when I told them, "the very deſign of a love-feaſt is a free and familiar converſation, in which every man, yea and woman has liberty to ſpeak whatever may be to the glory of God." Several then did ſpeak; and not in vain: The flame ran from heart to heart. Eſpecially while one was declaring with all ſimplicity, the manner wherein God, during the morning ſermon, (on thoſe words, *I will be thou clean*) had ſet her ſoul at full liberty. Two men alſo ſpoke to the ſame effect: and two others, who had found peace with God. We then joyfully poured out our ſouls before God, and praiſed him for his marvellous works.

Monday 20. I came to a full explanation, with that good man Mr. V———. Lord, if I *muſt* diſpute, let it be with the children of the devil. Let me be at peace with *thy* children!

* On Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Thurſday, I preached at the neighbouring towns. Friday 24. in ſpeaking from thoſe words, *In many things we offend all*, I obſerved, 1. As long as we live, our ſoul is connected with the body. 2. As long as it is thus connected, it cannot think but by the help of bodily organs. 3. As long as theſe organs are imperfect, we are liable to miſtakes, both

both ſpeculative and practical: 4. Yea, and a miſtake may occaſion my loving a good man leſs than I ought; which is a defective, that is, a wrong temper. 5. For all theſe we need the atoning blood, as indeed for every defect or omiſſion. Therefore, 6. all men have need to ſay daily, *Forgive us our treſpaſſes.*

About one, I preached at Bramley, where Jonas Ruſhford, about fourteen years old, gave me the following relation.

"About this time laſt year I was deſired by two of our neighbours, to go with them to Mr. Crowther's at Skipton, who would not ſpeak to *them*, about a man that had been miſſing twenty days, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in, he ſtood reading a book. He put me into a bed, with a looking-glaſs in my hand, and covered me all over. Then he aſked me, whom I had a mind to ſee? And I ſaid, "my mother." I preſently ſaw her with a lock of wool in her hand, ſtanding juſt in the place, and the cloaths ſhe was in, as ſhe told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again for the man that was miſſing, who was one of our neighbours. And I looked and ſaw him riding towards Idle; but he was very drunk. And he ſtopped at the alehouſe and drank two pints more: and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men ſtood by, a big man and a little man: and they went on before him, and got two hedge-ſtakes. And when he came up on Windel-

Windel-Common, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horſe, and killed him, and threw him into a coal-pit. And I ſaw it all as plain, as if I was cloſe to them. And if I ſaw the men I ſhould know them again.

"We went back to Bradford that night, and the next day I went with our neighbours, and ſhewed them the ſpot where he was killed, and the pit he was thrown into. And a man went down, and brought him up. And it was as I had told them: his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and faſtened behind his neck."

Is it improbable only, or flatly impoſſible, when all the circumſtances are conſidered, that this ſhould all be pure fiction? They that can believe this may believe a man's getting into a bottle.

From Bramley I rode to Kippax. Mr. Venn came a little after we were gone into the church. Mr. Romaine read prayers. I preached on *Chriſt crucified, to the Jews a ſtumbling block, and to the Greeks fooliſhneſs.* O why ſhould they who agree in this great point, fall out about ſmaller things!

Saturday 25. About one, I preached at Seacroft, and found ſeveral who believed God had ſaved them from ſin. In the evening I talked with twelve or fourteen of theſe particularly. But I found not one, who preſumed to ſay, that he did not need the atoning blood. Nor could I hear of any more than two perſons, that ever

ſpoke in this manner. And theſe were ſoon after *for that reaſon*, expelled out of Otley ſociety.

Sunday 26. I preached at ſeven, on *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean*. And oh! what a flame did God kindle! Many were "on fire, to be diſſolved in love."

About one I preached to the uſual congregation at Birſtal. What a work is God working here alſo! Six in one claſs have within this week found peace with God: two, this morning, in meeting the claſs. While I was praying on Sunday evening, that God would give us a token for good, James Eaſtwood was ſet at full liberty: as were William Wilſon, and Elizabeth his wife before, and Martha his daughter with Agnes Gooddel on the Wedneſday after. To theſe were added, Joſeph Newſam, and Richard Hellewell, ſixteen years of age. So that the oldeſt of our believers now cry out, *We never ſaw it before on this faſhion*.

Monday 27. I preached at Staincroſs about eleven, about five, at Barley-hall: the next morning at Sheffield. In the afternoon I rode on to Matlock-Bath. The valley which reaches from the town to the bath is pleaſant beyond expreſſion. In the bottom of this runs, a little river: cloſe to which a mountain riſes, almoſt perpendicular, to an enormous height, part covered with green, part with ragged and naked rocks. On the other ſide the mountain riſes gradually, with tufts of trees here and there. The

The brow on both ſides is fringed with trees, which ſeem to anſwer each other.

Many of our friends were come from various parts. At ſix, I preached ſtanding under the hollow of a rock, on once ſide of a ſmall plain, on the other ſide of which was a tall mountain. There were many well-dreſt hearers, this being the high ſeaſon; and all of them behaved well. But as I walked back, a gentleman-like man aſked me, "Why do you talk thus of *faith, ſtuff, nonſenſe.*" Upon enquiry, I found he was an eminent deiſt. What has the plague crept into the *Peak of Derbyſhire?*

Wedneſday 29. I preached at five, near the Bath, in Woodſeats at two, and in the evening, at the end of the houſe in Sheffield, to thrice as many people as it would have contained. Thurſday and Friday I preached at Rotherham, in the ſhell of the new houſe, which is an octagon. Pity our houſes, where the ground will admit of it ſhould be built in any other form. The congregation was larger than ever: the ſociety well united and much alive to God.

Saturday, Auguſt 1. I rode to Clayworth, and after preaching, laboured all I could to reconcile two brothers, who had long been quarrelling about their inheritance. But it was labour loſt. Indeed the reaſon of the thing was clear: but paſſion is ever too hard for reaſon.

Hence I went on to Miſterton, and both in the evening and morning, ſpoke to a lifeleſs

money-getting people, in a ſharper manner than ever I did before: and (I heard afterward) with good effect.

Sunday 2. I had the ſatisfaction of hearing Mr. Madan preach an excellent ſermon at Haxey. At two I preached at Weſtwood ſide, to the largeſt congregation I ever ſaw in the iſle of Axholme: and to nearly the ſame at Epworth-Croſs, as ſoon as the church ſervice was ended. After ſpending two days here, on Wedneſday 5. I preached about nine at Ferry, and then rode on to Gainſborough. I preached in the old hall to a mixt multitude, part civil, part rude as bears. We rode home thro' heavy rain joined with much thunder and lightning, part of which was juſt over our heads. But *the Lord ſitteth above the water floods.* So we came ſafe, only very wet, to Epworth.

Thurſday 6. I preached about nine, at Hatfield Wood-houſe, and about one at Syke-houſe, to far the largeſt congregation which has been ſeen there for many years. Boaſt who will, that "Methodiſm (the revival of true religion) is juſt coming to nothing." We know better things, and are thankful to God for its continual increaſe.

Saturday 8. I preached at Winterton to ſuch a congregation, as I ſuppoſe never met there before. From thence we rode on to Barrow, where the mob was in readineſs to receive us. But their hearts failed: ſo they gave only two or three huzzas, and let us paſs by unmoleſted.

As

As ſoon as I came out to preach, we had another huzza. But as more and more of the angry ones came within hearing, they loſt all their fierceneſs, and ſunk into calmneſs and attention. So I concluded my diſcourſe with quietneſs and ſatisfaction. In the evening I preached at Grimſby, where I ſpent Sunday and Monday. Tueſday 11. I preached at two in Lorborough, in the evening, at Elkington. The next morning we rode to Horncaſtle, where Satan's children had threatened terrible things. But they could go no farther, than to give one feeble ſhout, as we entered into the town. As the houſe would not contain the congregation, I preached on the outſide of it. And there was no diſturbance. Indeed a ſilly, pert man ſpoke twice or thrice: but none regarded him.

About one I preached at Sibſey, on the edge of the Fens. There were a few wild colts here alſo. But all the reſt, (and they were not a few) were ſerious and deeply attentive. So were moſt of the congregation even at Boſton, tho' much aſtoniſhed, as not being uſed to field-preaching.

Thurſday 13. I took a walk through the town. I think it is not much ſmaller than Leeds; but, in general, it is far better built. The church is indeed a fine building. It is larger, loftier, nay, and rather more lightſome, than even St. Peter's at Norwich. And the ſteeple is I ſuppoſe, the higheſt tower in Eng-

land, nor leſs remarkable for the architecture than the height. The congregation in the evening was far more numerous than the day before. And I truſt, God fixt the arrows of conviction in not a few of their hearts.

We went forward, after preaching at a friend's houſe, about nine miles from Boſton. Friday 14, we rode to Bellingford and on Saturday, to Norwich. After ſpending a few days here, and, a few more at Yarmouth and Colcheſter, on Saturday 22. I returned to London.

I found the work of God ſwiftly increaſing here. The congregations in every place were larger than they had been for ſeveral years. Many were from day to day convinced of ſin. Many found peace with God. Many backſliders were healed, yea filled with joy unſpeakable. And many believers entered into ſuch a reſt, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. Mean time, the enemy was not wanting in his endeavours, to ſow tares among the good ſeed. I ſaw this clearly, but durſt not uſe violence; leſt in plucking up the tares, I ſhould root up the wheat alſo.

Tueſday September 1. Our conference began, and ended on Saturday. After ſpending a fortnight more in London, and gaurding both the preachers and people againſt running into extremes on the one hand or the other, on Sunday 20. at night I took the machine, and on Monday 21. came to Briſtol.

Here

Here likewiſe I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve a conſiderable increaſe of the work of God. The congregations were exceeding large, and the people hungring and thirſting after righteouſneſs. And every day afforded us freſh inſtances, of perſons convinced of ſin or converted to God. So that it ſeems God was pleaſed to pour out his ſpirit this year, on every part both of England and Ireland: perhaps in a manner we had never ſeen before: certainly not for twenty years. O what pity, that ſo many even of the children of God, did not know the day of their viſitation!

Sunday, Oct. 4. I preached at Kingſwood, morning and afternoon, but not as I deſigned, under the ſycamore-tree, becauſe of the rain. In the enſuing week I viſited the ſocieties in Somerſetſhire. Sunday 11. I obſerved God is reviving his work in Kingſwood. The ſociety which had much decreaſed, being now increaſed again, to near three hundered members: Many of whom are now athirſt for full redemption, which for ſome years they had almoſt forgot.

Tueſday 13. I preached at Newgate; at Kingſwood in the afternoon, and in the evening, at North-Common. Here a people are ſprung up, as it were out of the earth: moſt of them employed in the neighbouring braſs-works. We took a view of theſe the next day: and one thing I learned here, the propriety of that expreſſion, Rev. i. 15. *His feet were as fine braſs, burning in a furnace.* The brightneſs of this

cannot eaſily be conceived. I have ſeen nothing like it, but clear, white lightning.

Monday 19. I deſired all thoſe to meet me, who believed they were ſaved from ſin. There were ſeventeen or eighteen. I examined them ſeverally, as exactly as I could. And I could not find any thing in their tempers, (ſuppoſing they ſpoke true) any way contrary to their profeſſion.

Wedneſday 21. I was deſired by the condemned priſoners to give them one ſermon more. And on Thurſday, Patrick Ward, who was to die on that day, ſent to requeſt, I would adminiſter the ſacrament to him. He was one and twenty years of age, and had ſcarce ever had a ſerious thought, till he ſhot the man, who went to take away his gun. From that inſtant he felt a turn within, and never ſwore an oath more. His whole behaviour in priſon was ſerious and compoſed. He read, prayed, and wept much: eſpecially after one of his fellow-priſoners had found peace with God. His hope gradually increaſed till this day, and was much ſtrengthened at the Lord's ſupper. But ſtill he complained, "I am not *afraid*, but I am not *deſirous* to die. I do not find *that warmth* in my heart: I am not *ſure*, my ſins are forgiven." He went into the cart about twelve in calmneſs, but mixt with ſadneſs. But in a quarter of an hour, while he was wreſtling with God in prayer, (not ſeeming to know, that any one was near him) "the Holy Ghoſt,

Ghoſt, ſaid he, came upon me, and I knew that Chriſt was mine." From that moment his whole deportment breathed a peace and joy beyond all utterance; till after having ſpent about ten minutes in private prayer, he gave the ſign.

Sunday 25. I took a comfortable leave of Kingſwood, leaving both the ſociety and ſchool in a flouriſhing ſtate: and the next morning, of Briſtol, leaving the ſociety larger than it had been for many years. Now let zeal, as well as *brotherly love continue*, and it will not decreaſe any more. Having travelled ſlowly through the intermediate ſocieties, on Saturday 31. I came to London.

Sunday, November 1. I found the ſame ſpirit which I left here, both in the morning and evening ſervice. Monday 2. at five, I began a courſe of ſermons on Chriſtian Perfection. At ſeven, I began meeting the claſſes. Tueſday 10. I found the ſociety at Deptford more alive than ever; a ſure conſequence of which is their increaſing in number. Thurſday 12. I rode to Brentford. Here likewiſe God is at work, and ſinners are converted to him. Saturday 14. I ſpent an hour with a little company near Groſvenor-ſquare. For many years this has been the darkeſt, drieſt ſpot, of all in or near London. But God has now watered the barren wilderneſs, and it is now become a fruitful field.

Monday 16. I retired to Lewiſham, having many things to write. Friday 20. I ſpent an hour at St. George's-hoſpital. The behaviour of two or three patients there had done unſpeakable good. Deep prejudice was torn up by the roots, and much good-will to the truth had ſucceeded it. O what may not a ſingle believer do, who ſeeks nothing but the glory of God?

Monday 23. I went to Canterbury. The congregations were larger than I ever remember. And many found a deeper work of God in their hearts, than ever they had known before. * Thurſday 26. I was deſired to read part of Biſhop Pontopidan's natural hiſtory of Norway. I ſoon found he was a man of ſenſe, yet credulous to an extreme. And therefore I was the leſs ſurprized, when I came to his *cracken* and *ſea-ſerpent*. Of the former, (an animal a mile round, to which a poor whale is no more than a gudgeon) he gives no proof, or ſhadow of proof, nothing but vague, uncertain hearſays. "Two ſailors he ſays, made oath of ſeeing part of the latter, ſeven or eight folds of his back." But I did not talk with them myſelf: ſo I can lay little ſtreſs on their evidence. They might be *weak* men; they might be *frighted:* yea, they were, by their own confeſſion. Or they might be men of *no conſcience:* on any of which ſuppoſitions their teſtimony is nothing worth.

* Saturday 28. We returned to London.

Sunday

Sunday 29. We had a comfortable love-feaſt, at which ſeveral declared the bleſſings they had found lately. We need not be careful, by what *name* to call them, while *the thing* is beyond diſpute. Many have, and many do daily experience an unſpeakable change. After being deeply convinced of inbred ſin, particularly of pride, anger, ſelf-will and unbelief, in a moment they *feel* all faith and love; no pride, no ſelf-will, or anger. And from that moment they have continual fellowſhip with God, always rejoicing, praying and giving thanks. Whoever aſcribes ſuch a change to the devil, I aſcribe it to the Spirit of God. And I ſay, let whoever feels it wrought, cry to God, that it may continue; which it will, if he walks cloſely with God: otherwiſe it will not.

Preaching at Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks in my way, on Thurſday, December 3. I came to Shoreham. * There I read the celebrated life of St. Katherine of Genoa. Mr. Leſley calls one, *a devil of a ſaint:* I am ſure this was *a fool of a ſaint.* That is, if it was not the folly of her hiſtorian, who has aggrandized her into a mere ideot. Indeed we ſeldom find a ſaint of God's making, ſainted by the Biſhop of Rome. I preached at five, to a ſmall, ſerious company, and the next day returned to London.

Monday 7. I rode to Colcheſter, and had the ſatisfaction to find many of our brethren much

alive to God. After confirming them, as I could, in the ways of God, on Thurſday I returned home. Sunday the 13th, was a comfortable day, wherein ſeveral priſoners were ſet at liberty. Saturday 19. I viſited many near Oxford-market and Groſvenor-ſquare, and found God was ſtill enlarging his work. More and more were convinced, converted to God, and built up day by day: and that, notwithſtanding the weakneſs of the inſtruments, by whom God was pleaſed to work.

* Monday 21. I retired again to Lewiſham, and wrote *Farther Thoughts on Chriſtian Perfection.* Had the cautions given herein been obſerved, how much ſcandal had been prevented? And why were they not? Becauſe my own familiar friend was even now forming a party againſt me.

Friday 25. We began, as uſual, at four. * A few days ſince, one who lived in known ſin, finding heavy conviction, broke away, and ran out ſhe knew not whither. She met one, who offered her a ſhilling a week, to come and take care of her child. She went gladly. The woman's huſband, hearing her ſtir between three and four, began curſing and ſwearing bitterly. His wife ſaid, "I wiſh thou wouldſt go with her, and ſee if any thing will do *thee* good." He did ſo. In the firſt hymn God broke his heart, and he was in tears all the reſt of the ſervice. How ſoon did

did God recompenſe this poor woman, for taking the ſtranger in?

Saturday 26. I made a particular enquiry into the caſe of Mary Special, a young woman then in Tottenham-Court-Road. She ſaid, "Four years ſince, I found much pain in my breaſts, and afterward, hard lumps. Four months ago my left breaſt broke, and kept running continually. Growing worſe and worſe, after ſome time, I was recommended to St. George's-hoſpital. I was let blood many times, and took hemlock thrice a day; but I was no better, the pain and the lumps were the ſame, and both my breaſts were quite hard, and black as ſoot: when yeſterday ſe'nnight I went to Mr. Owen's, where there was a meeting for prayer. Mr. Bell ſaw me and aſked, "Have you faith to be healed?" I ſaid, "Yes." He prayed for me, and in a moment all my pain was gone. But the next day, I felt a little pain again, I clapped my hands on my breaſts, and cried out, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me whole." It was gone: and from that hour I have had no pain, no foreneſs, no lumps, or ſwelling, but both my breaſts were perfectly well, and I have been ſo ever ſince."

Now here are plain facts. 1. She *was* ill. 2. She *is* well. 3. She became ſo in a moment. Which of theſe can with modeſty be denied?

Tueſday 29. In order to remove ſome miſunderſtandings, I deſired all parties concerned

to

to meet me. They did so; all but T— M—d, who flatly refused to come. Is this only the first step toward a *separation?* Alas for the man! Alas for the † people!

Thursday 31. We concluded the year as usual, with a solemn watchnight. O may we conclude our lives in the same manner, blessing and praising God!

Friday, January 1, 1762. We had, I believe, pretty near two thousand of the society at Spittlefields, in the evening, were Mr. Berridge, Maxfield, and Colley assisted me. And we found God was in the midst, while we devoted ourselves in the most solemn and explicit manner.

Saturday 2. I set out for Everton, in order to supply Mr. Berridge's church in his absence. In my way I preached at Rood-Farm, five and forty miles from London. Afterwards the moon shining bright, we had a pleasant ride to Everton.

Sunday 3. I read prayers and preached morning and evening to a numerous and lively congregation. I found the people in general were more settled, than when I was here before. But they were in danger of running from east to west. Instead of thinking, as many then did, that none possibly have true faith, but those that have trances or visions, they were now ready to think,

† *N. B.* These were the words I wrote at the time.

think, that whoever had any thing of this kind, had no faith.

Monday 4. After preaching to a large congregation at Wreſtlingworth, we rode on to Harſton. I never preached a whole ſermon by moon-light before. However it was a ſolemn ſeaſon: a ſeaſon of holy mourning to ſome; to others of joy unſpeakable.

Tueſday 5. I preached in Harſton at nine, and about eleven at Wiltſtow, three miles farther, to a people juſt ripe for, *Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden.* In the afternoon, we ſet out for Stoke, on the edge of Suffolk. As we rode through Haverhill, we were ſaluted with one huzza, the mob of that town having no kindneſs for *Methodiſts*. But all was quiet at Stoke: for Sir H—— A—— will ſuffer no diſturbance there. The congregation came from many miles round: and God was in the midſt of them. Their hearty prayers went up on every ſide. And many felt the anſwer to them.

Wedneſday 6. The largeneſs of the congregation at five, ſhewed they were not forgetful hearers. I preached longer than I am accuſtomed to do: but ſtill they were not ſatisfied. Many crouded after me into the dwelling-houſe. After ſpeaking a few words, I went to prayer. A cry began, and ſoon ſpread through the whole company, ſo that my voice was loſt. Two ſeemed to be diſtreſt above all the reſt. We continued wreſtling

wreſtling with God, till one of them had a good hope, and the other was *filled with joy and peace in believing*.

In the afternoon it blew a ſtorm, by the favour of which we came into Haverhill quite unmoleſted. But notwithſtanding wind and rain, the people crouded ſo faſt into the preaching-houſe, that I judged it beſt to begin half an hour before the time, by which means it contained the greater part of them. Although they that could not come in made a little noiſe, it was a ſolemn and an happy ſeaſon.

Thurſday 7. Abundance of them came again at five, and drank in every word. Here alſo many followed me into the houſe, and hardly knew how to part. At nine, I preached at Steeple-Bumſtead, three miles from Haverhill, to a conſiderably larger congregation. And all were ſerious. Hence we rode for Barkway, four miles from Royſton. The preaching-place was exceeding large; yet it was well filled, and the people were wedged in as cloſe as poſſible. And many of them found that God was there, to their unſpeakable comfort.

Hence we rode to Barley, where I preached at one. A middle-aged woman dropt down at my ſide, and cried aloud for mercy. It was not long before God put a new ſong in her mouth. At ſix in the evening I preached at Melbourn. Here too God both wounded

and

and healed. I laid hold after preaching on a poor backſlider, who quickly melted into tears, and determined to return once more to him, from whom ſhe had deeply revolted.

Here I talked at large with one who thinks, he is renewed in love. Perhaps he is: but his underſtanding is ſo ſmall, his experience ſo peculiar, and his expreſſions ſo uncouth, that I doubt very few will receive his teſtimony.

Saturday 9. I rode to Potton. What has God wrought here, ſince I ſaw this town, twenty years ago! I could not then find a living Chriſtian therein; but wild-beaſts in abundance. Now here are many who know in whom they have believed: and no one gives us an uncivil word! I preached at ſix to a very numerous and ſerious congregation. What have we to do to deſpair of any perſon or people?

Sunday 10. I preached at ſix in the morning to nearly the ſame congregation. I read prayers and preached, morning and afternoon, at Everton, and gave the ſacrament to a large number of communicants. At four we took horſe, and reached Grandcheſter a little before ſeven. Finding a little company met together, I ſpent half an hour with them exceedingly comfortably. And through the bleſſing of God I was no more tired

tired when I went to bed, than when I arose in the morning.

Monday 11. The house was throughly filled at five, and that with serious and sensible hearers. I was sorry I had no more time at this place: especially as it was so near Cambridge, from whence many gentlemen used to come, when any clergyman preached. * But my work was fixt: so I took horse soon after preaching, and rode to a village called Botsamlode, seven miles from Cambridge. Here a large congregation was soon assembled: and I had no sooner named my text, *When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both*, than a murmur ran through the whole people, and many of them were in tears. This concern increased as I went on, so that none appeared to be unmoved. One just by me cried with a bitter cry. But in a short time she shouted for joy. So did several others; so that it was not easy to tell, whether more were wounded or comforted.

Hence we rode to Lakenheath, and passed a comfortable night. Tuesday 12. Just as we set out, the storm, which had been very high all night, brought on impetuous rain. It was a good providence, 1. That we had now firm, sandy road, not clay and miry fields as yesterday: 2. That the wind was behind us: otherwise I believe it would have been impossible to go on. It was often ready to bear away man and beast. However

However in the afternoon we came safe to Norwich.

Wednesday 10. We rested from our labour. How can they who never labour, taste the sweetness of rest? Friday 15. I preached at Yarmouth. Saturday 16. I transcribed the society at Norwich. But two hundred of them I made no account of, as they met no class. About four hundred remained: half of whom appeared to be in earnest.

Tuesday 19. I rode to Bury, and was glad to find a little, serious company still. But there cannot be much done here, till we preach abroad, or at least in the heart of the town. We are now quite at one end; and people will not come from the other, till they have first *tasted the good word.*

Thursday 21. I rode to Colchester, and found a quiet, loving, regular society. After spending a day with them, on Sunday 22. I chearfully returned to London.

* Wednesday 27. I had a striking proof, that God *can* teach by whom he *will* teach. A man full of words, but not of understanding, convinced me of what I could never see before, that *anima est ex traduce:* that all the souls of his posterity, as well as their bodies, were in our first parent.

Friday, Feb. 5. I met at noon, as usual, those who believe they are saved from sin, and warned them of the enthusiasm which was breaking in

by

by means of two or three weak though good men, who from a misconstrued text in *the revelation*, inferred, that they should not die. They received the warning in much love. However this gave great occasion, of triumph, to those who sought occasion, so that they rejoiced, as though they had found great spoil.

After preaching at Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks. On Tuesday and Wednesday, I rode on to Sir Tho. I' Anson's near Tunbridge, and between six and seven preached in his large parlour, which opens likewise into the hall. The plain people were all attention: if the seed be watered, surely there will be some fruit.

Sunday 14. I buried the remains of Thomas Salmon, a good and useful man. What was peculiar in his experience was, he did not know when he was justified: but he did know when he was renewed in love, that work being wrought in a most distinct manner. After this he continued about a year, in constant love, joy and peace. Then after an illness of a few days, he chearfully, went to God.

Mon. 15. and the following days I spent in transcribing the list of the society. It never came up before to 2400; now it contains above 2700 members.

Sunday 28. We had a peculiar blessing at Spitalfields, while I was inforcing, *Now is the day of salvation.* Indeed there is always a blessing, when we cut off all delay, and come to God now by simple faith.

Friday,

Friday, March 5. I had a long converſation with Joſeph Rule, commonly called the white quaker. He appeared to be a calm, loving ſenſible man, and much devoted to God.

Monday 1. I returned to Lewiſham, to anſwer, Dr. Horne's ingenious ſermon on juſtification by works. O that I might diſpute with no man! But if I muſt diſpute, let it be with men of ſenſe!

Thurſday 11. I buried the remains of Mary Ramſey, a true daughter of affliction, worn out by a cancer in her breaſt, with a variety of other diſorders. To theſe was added for a time great darkneſs of mind, the body preſſing down the ſoul. Yet ſhe did not murmur or repine; much leſs charge God fooliſhly. It was not long before he reſtored the light of his countenance; and ſhortly after ſhe fell aſleep.

Friday the 12th, the national faſt, was obſerved all over London with great ſolemnity. Surely God is well pleaſed even with this acknowledgement, that he governs the world: and even the outward humiliation of a nation, may be rewarded with outward bleſſings.

Monday 15. I left London, tho' not without regret, and went ſlowly, thro' the ſocieties to Briſtol. Saturday 27, I heard a large account of the children near Lawford's gate, which has made ſo much noiſe here. The facts are too glaring to be denied. But how are they to be accounted for? By natural, or ſupernatural agency? Contend who liſt about this.

Monday,

Monday, March 29. I came to the New-Paſſage a little before nine. The rain and wind increaſed much while we were on the water: however we were ſafe on ſhore at ten. I preached about twelve, in the New-Room at Chepſtow. One of the congregation was a neighbouring clergyman, who lived in the ſame ſtair-caſe with me at Chriſt-church, and was then far more ſerious than me. Bleſſed be God, who has looked upon me at laſt! *Now* let me redeem the time!

In the afternoon we had ſuch a ſtorm of hail, as I ſcarce ever ſaw in my life. The roads likewiſe were ſo extremely bad, that we did not reach Hereford till paſt eight. Having been well battered both by hail, rain and wind, I got to bed as ſoon as I could, but was waked many times by the clattering of the curtains: in the morning, I found the caſement wide open. But I was never the worſe. I took horſe at ſix, with William Crane, and Francis Walker. The wind was piercing cold, and we had many ſhowers of ſnow and rain: but the worſt was, part of the road was ſcarce paſſable. So that at Church-ſtretton, one of our horſes lay down and would go no farther. However William Crane and I puſhed on, and before ſeven reached Shrewſbury.

A large company quickly gathered together, many of them were wild enough. But the far greater part were calm and attentive, and came again at five in the morning.

Wedneſday 30. Having been invited to preach

preach at Wem, Mrs. Glynne desired she might take me thither in a post-chaise. But in little more than an hour, we were fast enough. However the horses pulled, till the traces broke. I should then have walked on, had I been alone, though the mud was deep, and the snow drove impetuously. But I could not leave my friend. So I waited patiently, till the man had made shift to mend the traces. And the horses pulled amain: so that with much ado, not long after the time appointed I came to Wem.

I came: but the person who invited me was gone; gone out of town at four in the morning. And I could find no one, who seemed either to expect or desire my company. I enquired after the place where Mr. Mather preached; But it was filled with hemp. It remained only to go into the market-house: but neither any man, woman, nor child cared to follow us; the north-wind roared so loud on every side and poured in from every quarter: however before I had done singing two or three crept in, and after them, two or three hundred. And the power of God was so present among them, that I believe, many forgot the storm.

The wind grew still higher in the afternoon, so that it was difficult to sit our horses. And it blew full in our face but could not prevent our reaching Chester in the evening. Tho' the warning was short, the room was full: and full of serious earnest

earneſt hearers, many of whom expreſſed a longing deſire of the whole ſalvation of God.

Here I reſted on Thurſday. Friday, April 1, I rode to Park gate, and found ſeveral ſhips: but the wind was contrary. I preached at five in the ſmall houſe they have juſt built: and the hearers were remarkably ſerious, I gave notice of preaching at five in the morning. But at half hour after four one brought us word, that the wind was come fair, and Captain Jordan would ſail in leſs than an hour. We were ſoon in the ſhip, wherein we found about threeſcore paſſengers. The ſun ſhone bright, the wind was moderate, the ſea ſmooth, and we wanted nothing but room to ſtir ourſelves: the cabin being filled with hops, ſo that we could not get into it, but by climbing over them, on our hands and knees. In the afternoon we were abreaſt of Holyhead. But the ſcene was quickly changed: the wind roſe higher and higher, and by ſeven o'clock blew a ſtorm. The ſea broke over us continually, and ſometimes covered the ſhip which both pitched and rolled in an uncommon manner. So I was informed: for being a little ſick, I lay down at ſix and ſlept with little intermiſſion, till near ſix, in the morning. We were then near Dublin Bay, were we went into a boat, which carried us to Dunlary. There we met with a chaiſe juſt ready in which we went to Dublin.

I found much liberty of ſpirit in the evening while I was inforcing, *Now is the day of ſalvation.*

The

The congregaion was uncommonly large in the morning; and ſeemed to be much alive. Many children, I find, are *brought to the birth.* And ſhall there not be ſtrength to bring forth?

It was at this time that Mr. Grimſhaw fell aſleep. He was born Sept. 3. 1708, at Brindle, ſix miles ſouth of Preſton in Lancaſhire, and educated at the ſchools of Blackburn and Heſkin, in the ſame county. Even then the thoughts of death and judgment made ſome impreſſion upon him. At eighteen he was admitted at Chriſt's College in Cambridge. Here bad example ſo carried him away, that for more than two years he ſeemed utterly to have loſt all ſenſe of ſeriouſneſs; which did not revive, 'till the day he was ordained deacon, in the year 1731. On that day he was much affected with the ſenſe of the importance of the miniſterial office. And this was increaſed by his converſing with ſome at Rochdale, who met once a week to read, and ſing and pray. But on his removal to Todmorden ſoon after, he quite dropped his pious acquaintance, conformed to the world, followed all its diverſions, and contented himſelf with "doing his duty" on Sundays.

But about the year 1734, he began to think ſeriouſly again. He left off all his diverſions; he began to catechiſe the young people, to preach the abſolute neceſſity of a devout life; and to viſit his people, not in order to be merry

with them as before, but to preſs them to ſeek the ſalvation of their ſouls.

At this period alſo, he began himſelf to pray in ſecret four times a day. And the God of all grace, who prepared his heart to pray, ſoon gave the anſwer to his prayer; not indeed as he expected: not in joy or peace, but by bringing upon him, very ſtrong and painful convictions of his own guilt, and helpleſſneſs, and miſery; by diſcovering to him what he did not ſuſpect before, that his heart was deceitful and deſperately wicked, and what was more afflicting ſtill, that all his duties and labours could not procure him pardon or gain him a title to eternal life. In this trouble he continued more than three years, not acquainting any one with the diſtreſs he ſuffered; 'till one day, (in 1742) being in the utmoſt agony of mind, there was clearly repreſented to him, Jeſus Chriſt pleading for him with God the father, and gaining a free pardon for him. In that moment all his fears vaniſhed away, and he was filled with joy unſpeakable. "I was now, ſays he, willing to renounce myſelf, and to embrace Chriſt for my all in all. O what light and comfort did I enjoy in my own ſoul, and what a taſte of the pardoning love of God!"

All this time he was an entire ſtranger to the people called Methodiſts, whom afterwards he thought it his duty to countenance, and to labour with them in his neighbourhood. He was an entire ſtranger alſo to all their writings; 'till he came

came to Haworth, May 26. of this year. And the good effects of his preaching ſoon became viſible. Many of his flock were brought into deep concern for ſalvation, were in a little time after filled with peace and joy thro' believing. And (as in antient times) the whole congregation have been often ſeen in tears on account of their provocations againſt God, and under a ſenſe of his goodneſs in yet ſparing them.

His lively manner of repreſenting the truths of God could not fail of being much talked of, and bringing many hunderds out of curioſity to Haworth church: who received ſo much benefit by what they heard, that when the novelty was long over, the church continued to be full of people many of whom came from far, and this for twenty years together.

Mr. Grimſhaw was now too happy himſelf in the knowledge of Chriſt to reſt ſatisfied, without taking every method, he thought likely to ſpread the knowledge of his God and Saviour. And as the very indigent, conſtantly make their want of better cloaths to appear in, an excuſe for not coming to church in the day time, he contrived, for them chiefly, a lecture on Sunday evenings, tho' he had preached twice in the day before. God was pleaſed to give great ſucceſs to theſe attempts, which animated him ſtill more to ſpend and be ſpent for Chriſt. So the next year he began a method, which was continued by him for ever after; of preaching in each of the four ham-

lets he had under his care three times every month. By this means the old and infirm, who could not attend the church, had the truth of God brought to their houſes; and many, who were ſo profane as to make the diſtance from the houſe of God a reaſon for ſcarce ever coming to it, were allured to hear. By this time, the great labour with which he inſtructed his own people; the holineſs of his converſation, and the benefit, which very many from the neighbouring pariſhes had obtained by attending his miniſtry; concurred to bring upon him many earneſt intreaties to come to their houſes, who lived in neighbouring pariſhes, and expound the word of God to ſouls as ignorant as they had been themſelves. This requeſt he did not dare to refuſe: ſo that while he provided abundantly for his own flock, he annually found opportunity of preaching near three hundred times, to congregations in other parts.

And for a courſe of fifteen years, or upwards, he uſed to preach every week, fifteen, twenty, and ſometimes thirty times, beſide viſiting the ſick, and other occaſional duties of his function. It is not eaſy to aſcribe ſuch unwearied diligence, chiefly among the poor, to any motive but the real one. He thought he would never keep ſilence, while he could ſpeak to the honour of that God, who had done ſo much for his ſoul. And while he ſaw ſinners periſhing for lack of knowledge, and no one breaking to them the

bread

bread of life, he was conſtrained, notwithſtanding the reluctance he felt within, to give up his name to ſtill greater reproach, as well as all his time and ſtrength, to the work of the miniſtry.

During this intenſe application to what was the delight of his heart, God was exceeding favourable to him. In ſixteen years he was only once ſuſpended from his labour by ſickneſs, though he dared all weathers, upon the bleak mountains, and uſed his body with leſs compaſſion, than a merciful man would uſe his beaſt. His ſoul at various times enjoyed large manifeſtations of God's love; and he drank deep into his Spirit. His cup ran over, and at ſome ſeaſons, his faith was ſo ſtrong, and his hope ſo abundant, that higher degrees of ſpiritual delight would have overpowered his mortal frame.

In this manner Mr. Grimſhaw employed all his powers and talents even to his laſt illneſs. And his labours were not in vain in the Lord. He ſaw an effectual change take place in many of his flock; and a reſtraint from the commiſſion of ſin brought upon the pariſh in general. He ſaw the name of Jeſus exalted, and many ſouls happy in the knowledge of him, and walking as became the goſpel. Happy he was himſelf, in being kept by the power of God, unblameable in his converſation. Happy in being beloved in ſeveral of the laſt years of his life, by every one

in his pariſh; who, whether they would be perſuaded by him to forſake the evil of their ways, or no, had no doubt that Mr. Grimſhaw was their cordial friend. Hence, at his departure, a general concern was viſible through his pariſh. Hence his body was interred with what is more ennobling than all the pomp of a royal funeral: for he was followed to the grave by a great multitude, with affectionate ſighs, and many tears; who cannot ſtill hear his much-lov'd name, without weeping for the guide of their ſouls, to whom each of them was dear as children to their father.

His behaviour, throughout his laſt ſickneſs, was of a piece with the laſt twenty years of his life; from the very firſt attack of his fever, he welcomed its approach. His intimate knowledge of Chriſt, aboliſhed all the reluctance nature feels to a diſſolution, and triumphing in him, who is the reſurrection and the life. He departed April the 7th, in the 55th year of his age, and the 21ſt of eminent uſefulneſs.

It may not be unacceptable to ſubjoin here one of his plain, rough letters, to the ſociety in London.

Haworth, January 9, 1760.

My dear brethren,

" Grace, mercy and peace be to you from God our Father and from our Lord Jeſus.—— It is well with four ſorts of people, that you have had,

had, or now have, to do with.—— It is well with thoſe of you *in Chriſt, who are gone to God.*—— It is well with thoſe of you *in Chriſt, who are not gone to God.*—It is well with thoſe, who earneſtly *long to be in Chriſt,* that they may go to God.——It is well with thoſe, who *neither deſire to be in Chriſt, nor to go to God.*—— And 'tis only bad with ſuch, who, being out of Chriſt, are gone to the devil.——Theſe 'tis beſt to let alone and ſay no more about them.

" But to be ſure, it is well with the other four.——It is well with thoſe of you, who being *in Chriſt, are gone to God.*—You miniſters and members of Chriſt have no more doubt, or pain about them.—They are now, and for ever, out of the reach of the world, fleſh and devil.—They are gone, *where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the weary are at reſt.*—They are ſweetly repoſed in Abraham's boſom.—They dwell in his preſence who hath redeemed them, where *there is fulneſs of joy and pleaſures for evermore.*—They are waiting the joyful morning of the reſurrection, when their vile bodies ſhall be made like unto his glorious body, ſhall be reunited to their ſouls, ſhall receive the joyful ſentence, and *inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.*

" It is well alſo with thoſe of you, who are *in Chriſt, though not gone to God.*—You live next door to them.—Heaven is begun with you too.

—The kingdom of God is within you.—You feel it.—This is a kingdom of righteouſneſs, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt.—It is begun in grace and ſhall terminate in glory.—Yea; it is Chriſt within you the hope of glory.—Chriſt the rock, the foundation, laid in your hearts.—Hope in the middle, and glory at the top. Chriſt, hope, glory; Chriſt, hope, glory.—You are waſhed in the blood of the Lamb, juſtified, ſanctified; and ſhall ſhortly be glorified.—Yea, your lives are already *hid with Chriſt in God.*—You have your converſation already in heaven.—Already you *ſit in heavenly places in Chriſt Jeſus.*—What heavenly ſentences are theſe?—What can come nearer paradiſe?—Bleſs the Lord, O ye happy ſouls, and let all that is within you bleſs his holy name.—Sing unto the Lord, ſo long as you live, and praiſe your God, while you have your being.—And how long will that be? Through the endleſs ages of a glorious eternity.

" O my dear brothers and ſiſters, this is my hope, and this is my purpoſe.—But to whom and to what are we indebted for all this, and infinitely more than all the tongues and hearts of men or angels can tell or conceive?—To our Redeemer only, and to his merits.—Chriſt within us is Jeſus to us.—We were poor, loſt, helpleſs ſinners, aliens from the commonwealth of Iſrael, and children of wrath.—But Jeſus lived,

and

and Jesus died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to the enjoyment of it.

" And what does all this require at our hands? Why infinitely more than we can render him to all eternity.—However let us praise and glorify God in the best manner, and with the best member that we have.—Let us do it constantly, cordially, chearfully, so long as we live; and then no doubt we shall do it in heaven for ever.

" Keep close, I beseech you, to every means of grace. Strive to walk in all the ordinances and commandments of God blameless, giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure: add to your faith virtue; to virtue knowledge; to knowledge temperance; to temperance patience; to patience godliness; to godliness brotherly kindness; to brotherly kindness charity.—For *if these things*, says St. Peter, *be in you, and abound, they make you that you should neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Thus you will give the best token of your thankfulness to him, for what he hath done for your souls; and you shall not long hence in heaven, sing his praise with your happy brethren, gone thither before you.

" It is well likewise with all those of you, who do truly *desire to be in Christ*, that you may go to God.—Surely he owns you.—Your desires are from him: you shall enjoy his favour. By and by you shall have peace with him through our

Lord Jeſus Chriſt.—Go forth by the footſteps of the flock: and feed ye by the ſhepherd's tents. —Be conſtant in every means of grace. He will be found of them that diligently ſeek him.—Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.—Though your ſins be never ſo many, never ſo monſtrous, all ſhall be forgiven.—He will have mercy upon you and will abundantly pardon. For where ſin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound.—He who hath begun this good work in you will accompliſh it to your eternal good, and his eternal glory.—Therefore doubt not, fear not. A broken and a contrite heart God will not deſpiſe. The deeper is your ſorrow; the nearer is your joy. Your extremity is God's opportunity.—'Tis uſually darkeſt before day-break.—You ſhall ſhortly find pardon, peace, and plenteous redemption, and at laſt rejoice in the common and glorious ſalvation of his ſaints.

* "And laſtly; it is well for you, who *neither truly deſire to be in Chriſt*, nor to go to God.—For 'tis well for you that you are out of hell.—'Tis well, your day of grace is not utterly paſt.—Behold, now is your accepted time: behold, now is the day of your ſalvation! O that you may employ the remainder of it in working out your ſalvation with fear and trembling. Now is faith to be had, ſaving faith.—Now you may be waſhed from all your ſins in the Redeemer's blood, juſtified, ſanctified, and prepared for heaven.—Take, I beſeech

beſeech you, the time while the time is.—You have now the means of grace to uſe;—The ordinances of God to enjoy;—His word to read and hear;—His miniſters to inſtruct you, and his members to converſe with.—You know not what a day may bring forth.—You may die ſuddenly.—As death leaves you; judgment will find you.—And if you die, as you are, *out of Chriſt*, void of true faith, unregenerate, unſanctified, ſnares, fire and brimſtone, ſtorm and tempeſt God will rain upon you. Pſal. xi. 7. as your eternal, intolerable portion to drink.

"Suffer me therefore thus far, one and all of you. God's glory and your everlaſting welfare is all I aim at.—What I look for in return from you, is, I confeſs much more than I deſerve, your prayers. Pray for me and I will pray for you, who am,

Your affectionate brother,

W. GRIMSHAW."

Friday 9. (Being Good-Friday) I had almoſt loſt my voice by a cold. However I ſpoke as I could, till before twelve, (it being a watch-night) I could ſpeak near as well as ever.

On Eaſter-day we had uncommon congregations, as indeed we have had all the week. And I obſerved a more ſtayed and ſolid behaviour in moſt, than is uſual in this kingdom. Monday and

Tuesday I was employed in visiting the classes: and I was much comforted among them: there was such an hunger and thirst in all who had tasted of the grace of God, after a full renewal in his image.

Sunday 18. As often as I have been here, I never saw the house throughly filled before. And the multitude did not come together in vain. I think, many will remember this day.

* Monday 19. I left Dublin. And I could look back with satisfaction on the days I had spent therein. I had reason to believe, that God had been at work in a very uncommon manner. Many of those who once contradicted and blasphemed, were now convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus. Many who had long revolted from God, had returned to him with full purpose of heart. Several mourners had found peace with God, and some believe, he has saved them from all sin. Many more are all on fire for this salvation: and a spirit of love runs through the whole people.

I came in the evening to Newry, where I found a far different face of things. Offences had broke the society in pieces, only two and thirty being left of near an hundred. But God has a few names left here also. Let these stand firm, and God will maintain his own cause.

Wednesday 21. I rode to Carrick fergus. The violent

violent rain kept away the delicate and curious hearers. For the ſake of theſe I delayed the morning preaching, till a quarter before nine. But it was too early ſtill for a great part of the town, who could not poſſibly riſe before ten. I added a few members to the ſociery, and left them in peace and love.

Where to preach in Belfaſt, I did not know. It was too wet to preach abroad. And a dancing-maſter was buſily employed in the upper part of the market-houſe: till at twelve, the ſovereign him out, by holding his court there. While he was above, I began below, to a very ſerious and attentive audience. But they were all poor: the rich of *Belfaſt cared for none of theſe things.*

After dinner we rode to Newtown, and found another poor, ſhattered ſociety, reduced from fifty to eighteen members, and moſt of thoſe cold enough. In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-houſe, on, *I will heal their backſliding.* God fulfilled his word. Many were healed, and many more deeply wounded. I had full employment among them the next day. And on Saturday 24. I left between thirty and forty members, full of deſire, and hope, and earneſt reſolutions, not to be *almoſt, but altogether Chriſtians.*

About ten I preached at Comber, and then rode to Liſburn, where in the evening I had many rich and genteel hearers. Sunday 25. The congregation was larger in the morning, than the evening

evening before. And many appeared to be deeply wounded: O may none heal their wound ſlightly! But far the largeſt congregation of all met in the evening: and yet I ſaw not a ſcoffer, no nor trifler among them.

Mon. 26. In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-houſe at Lurgan. * I now embraced the opportunity which I had long deſired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that ſtatue, which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, ſtanding in a caſe, with a curtain drawn before him, over againſt a clock which ſtood on the other ſide of the room. Every time the clock ſtruck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then ſaid with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "Paſt one, two, three," and ſo on. But ſo many came to ſee this (the like of which all allowed was not to be ſeen in Europe) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend his own buſineſs. So, as none offered to purchaſe it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine in pieces: nor has he any thought of ever making any thing of the kind again.

Tueſday 27. I preached in Lurgan at five, in Terryhugan at ten, and at two in the market-houſe at Richill. I have rarely ſeen ſo ſerious a congregation at a new place. At ſix I preached

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in the new preaching houſe at Clanmain, the largeſt in the north of Ireland. And the people were all alive, being ſtirred up by Mr. Ryan, once an attorney, but now living upon his own eſtate.

* Wedneſday 28. The rain kept off the curious hearers, ſo that we had few in the evening, but earneſt ſouls: after ſermon we had a love-feaſt. It was a wonderful time. God poured out his ſpirit abundantly. Many were filled with conſolation, particularly two, who had come from Liſburn, (three and twenty Iriſh miles) one a lifeleſs backſlider, the other a girl of ſixteen, who had been ſome time ſlightly convinced of ſin. God reſtored him to the light of his countenance, and gave her a clear evidence of his love: and indeed in ſo uncommon a manner, that it ſeemed, her ſoul was all love. One of our brethren was conſtrained openly to declare, he believed God had wrought *this change* in him. I truſt he will not lightly caſt away the gift which God has given him. In the morning I left them rejoicing and praiſing God, and rode to Monaghan.

The commotions in Munſter having now alarmed all Ireland, we had hardly alighted, when ſome wiſe perſons informed the provoſt, there were three ſtrange ſort of men come to the King's-arms. So the provoſt with his officers came without delay, to ſecure the north from ſo imminent a danger. I was juſt come out, when I was

I was required to return into the houſe. The provoſt aſked me many queſtions, and perhaps the affair might have turned ſerious, had I not had two letters with me, which I had lately received, one from the biſhop of Londonderry, the other from the Earl of Moyra. Upon reading theſe, he excuſed himſelf for the trouble he had given, and wiſhed me a good journey.

Between ſix and ſeven I preached at Coot-hill, and in the morning rode on to Iniſkillin: the ſituation of which is both pleaſant and ſtrong, as it is ſurrounded by a deep and broad river. But fortifications it has none; no, nor ſo much as an old caſtle. The inhabitants glory that they have no papiſt in the town.

After riding round, and round, we came in the evening to a lone houſe called Carrick-a-biggan. It lay in the midſt of horrid mountains; and had no very promiſing appearance. However it afforded corn for our horſes, and potatoes for ourſelves. So we made an hearty ſupper, called in as many as pleaſed of the family to prayers, and tho' we had no faſtning either for our door, or our windows, ſlept in peace.

Saturday, May 1. We took horſe at five, the north eaſt-wind would have ſuited the firſt of January. And we had ſoaking rain on *the black mountains*. However before noon we came well to Sligoe.

None in Sligoe, when I was there laſt, profeſt ſo much love to me as Mr. Knox's family. They would

would willingly have had me with them morning, noon, and night, and omitted no poſſible mark of affection. But what a change? Mrs. K— went into the country, the day before I came. Her brother and his wife ſet out for Dublin, at the ſame time. He himſelf, and the reſt of his family ſaw me, that is at church, becauſe they could not help it;

"But wonder'd at the ſtrange man's face,
As one they ne'er had known."

I am ſorry for their ſake, not my own. Perhaps they my wiſh to ſee me when it is too late.

Sunday 2. I preached in the market-houſe, morning and evening. Abundance of the dragoons were there: ſo were many of the officers, who behaved with uncommon ſerioufneſs.

Monday 3. In the evening a company of players began acting, in the upper part of the market-houſe, juſt as we began ſinging in the lower. The caſe of theſe is remarkable. The preſbyterians for a long time had their public worſhip here. But when the ſtrollers came to town, they were turned out: and from that time had no public worſhip at all. On Tueſday evening the lower part too was occupied by buyers and ſellers of oatmeal. But as ſoon as I began, the people quitted their ſacks, and liſtened to buſineſs of greater importance.

On the following days, I preached at Carrick

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on Shannon, Drumnerſnave, Cleg-hill, Lonford, and Abidarring. Saturday 8. Calling on a friend in our way, we had not ſat down, before ſeveral of the neighbours, papiſts as well as proteſtants came in, ſuppoſing I was to preach. I was not willing to diſappoint them. And they all liſtened with deep attention.

Hence I rode to Athlone, I intended on Sunday 9. to preach abroad as uſual. But the ſharp wind made it impracticable; and obliged me to keep in the houſe. The congregations however were large, both morning and evening: and I found a little fruit of my labour.

Thurſday 13, I was in hopes even the papiſts here had at length a ſhepherd who cared for their ſouls. He was ſtricter than any of his predeceſſors, and was eſteemed a man of piety as well as learning. Accordingly he had given them ſtrict orders, not to work on the Lord's day. But I found he allowed them to play, as much as they pleaſed, at cards in particular; nay, and averred "It was their duty ſo to do," to "refreſh both their bodies and minds." Alas, for the blind leader of the blind! Has not he the greater ſin!

Sunday 16, I had obſerved to the ſociety laſt week, that I had not ſeen one congregation ever in Ireland, behave ſo ill at church as that at Athlone, laughing, talking and ſtaring about during the whole ſervice; I had added, "This is your fault: for if you had attended, the church as

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you ought to have done, your preſence and example would not have failed to influence the whole congregation". And ſo it appeared. I ſaw not one to day either laughing, talking or ſtaring about: but a remarkable ſerioufneſs was ſpread, from the one end of the church to the other.

Monday 17. I preached at Ahaſkra, to all the proteſtants in or near the town. But their prieſts would not ſuffer the papiſts to come. What could a magiſtrate do in this caſe? Doubtleſs he might tell the prieſt, "Sir, as you enjoy liberty of conſcience, you ſhall allow it to others. You are not perſecuted yourſelf. You ſhall not perſecute them."

Tueſd. 18. I preached at Ballinaſlo' about ten in the morning, and in the evening at Aghrim. Thurſday 20. I rode on to Hollymount. The ſun was extremely hot, ſo that I was much exhauſted. But after a little reſt, I preached in the churchyard, without any wearineſs.

Friday 21. I preached at Balcarrow church at ten to a deeply ſerious congregation, and in the court-houſe at Caſtlebarr in the evening. Sunday 23. The chief family in the town made a part of our congregation. And whether they received any benefit thereby or no, their example may bring others, who will receive it.

Monday 24. I went with two friends, to ſee one of the greateſt natural wonders in Ireland, Mount Eagle vulgarly called Crow-Patrick. The foot of it is fourteen miles from Caſtlebarr. There we

we left our horſes, and procured a guide. It was juſt twelve when we alighted; the ſun was burning hot, and we had not a breath of wind. Part of the aſcent was a good deal ſteeper than an ordinary pair of ſtairs. About two we gained the top, which is an oval, graſſy plain, about an hundred and fifty yards in length, and 70 or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much reſembles the Pike of Teneriff. I think, it cannot riſe much leſs than a mile perpendicular from the plain below. There is an immenſe proſpect, on one ſide toward the ſea, and on the other over the land. But as moſt of it is waſte and uncultivated, the proſpect is not very pleaſing.

At ſeven in the evening I preached at Newport and at ſix in the morning. I then returned to Newport, and began reading prayers at ten. After ſermon I had a little converſation with Lord Weſhport, an extremely ſenſible man, and would gladly have ſtayed with him longer, but that I had promiſed to be at Caſtlebarr; where in the evening I preached my farewel ſermon, to a numerous congregation.

Wedneſday 26. We took horſe at four, to enjoy the cool of the morning. At ſeven the ſun was warm enough: I verily think as warm as in Georgia. We could not have borne it, but the wind was in our face. However in the afternoon we got well to Galway. There was as ſmall ſociety here, and (what is not common) all of them were young women. Between ſeven and

eight

eight I began preaching in the court-houſe, to a mixt multitude of papiſts and proteſtants, rich and poor, who appeared to be uterly aſtoniſhed. At five in the morning I preached again, and ſpoke as plain as I poſſibly could. But to the far greater part it ſeemed to be only *as the ſound of many waters.*

Thurſday 27. We had another Georgian day. But having the wind again, full in our face, after riding about fifty Engliſh miles, we got well to Ennis in the afternoon. Many being ready to make a diſturbance at the court-houſe I left them to themſelves, and preached over againſt Mr. Bindon's houſe, in great quietneſs.

Friday 28. I was informed, that a few days before, two of Mr.——'s maids, went to bathe, (as the women here frequently do) in the river near his houſe. The water was not above a yard deep: but there was a deep hole at a little diſtance. As one of them daſhed water at the other, ſhe endeavouring to avoid it, ſlipped into the hole, and the firſt ſtriving to help her ſlipt in too: nor was either of them ſeen any more, 'till their bodies floated upon the water. Yet after ſome hours, one of them was brought to life. But the other could not be recovered.

The violent heat, which had continued for eight days, was now at an end, the wind turning north. So on Saturday 29. we had a pleaſant ride to Limerick. Sunday 30. I preached in the old camp. The pleaſantneſs of the place, the calm-

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nefs of the evening and the convenient diſtance from the town all conſpired to draw the people together, who flocked from every quarter. Many officers, as well as abundance of ſoldiers were among them, and behaved with the utmoſt decency. I preached the following evenings at the ſame place, and that in great meaſure for the ſake of the ſoldiers, it being within a muſket-ſhot of the place where they were exerciſing. Nay, two evenings an officer ordered a large body to exerciſe on the very ſpot. But the moment I began they laid down their arms, and joined the reſt of the congregation.

Friday, June 5. I preached at noon in Balligarane, to a large congregation, chiefly of Palatines. And ſo at New-market in the evening, and the morning following. Theſe have quite a different look from the natives of the country, as well as a different temper. They are a ſerious, thinking people. And their diligence turns all their land into a garden.

Monday 7. I met a large number of children, juſt as much acquainted with God, and with the things of God as *wild aſſes colt*, and juſt as much concerned about them. And yet who can believe, that theſe pretty little creatures, have *the wrath of God abiding on them?*

Numberleſs crowds ran together about this time, to ſee the execution of the poor deſerter. And I believe ſome of them retained ſerious impreſſions, for near four and twenty hours! But

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it was not ſo with the ſoldiers: although they walked one by one, cloſe to the bleeding, mangled carcaſe, moſt of them were as merry within ſix hours, as if they had only ſeen a puppet-ſhew.

Tueſday 8. I viſited the claſſes, and wondered to find no witneſs of the great ſalvation. Surely the flame which is kindled in Dublin, will not ſtop there. The next evening God did indeed kindle it here: a cry went up on every ſide: and the lively believers ſeemed all on fire, to be *cleanſed from all unrighteouſneſs.*

On Friday and Saturday, I had much converſation with a very noted perſon. But I found none in town who expected, that any good could be done, to ſuch a ſinner as him! *Such a ſinner?* Why, were we not all *ſuch?* We were *dead in ſin.* And is he more than dead?

Sunday 13. Being informed, I had ſhot over the heads of the ſoldiers, who did not "underſtand any thing but hell and damnation," I took my leave of them this evening, by ſtrongly applying the ſtory of Dives and Lazarus. They ſeemed to underſtand this: and all, but two or three boy-officers, behaved as men fearing God.

* Monday 14. I rode to Cork. Here I procured an exact account of the late commotions. About the beginning of December laſt, a few men met by night near Nenagh, in the county of Limerick, and threw down the fences of ſome commons, which had been lately incloſed. Near the

the ſame time others met, in the county of Tipperary, of Waterford, and of Cork. As no one offered to ſuppreſs or hinder them, they increaſed in number continually, and called themſelves White-boys, wearing white cockades, and white linen frocks. In February, there were five or ſix parties of them, two or three hundred men in each, who moved up and down, chiefly in the night; but for what end, did not appear. Only they levelled a few fences, dug up ſome grounds, and hamſtrung ſome cattle, perhaps fifty or ſixty in all. One body of them came into Cloheen, of about five hundred foot, and two hundred horſe. They moved as exactly as regular troops, and appeared to be throughly diſciplined. They now ſent letters to ſeveral gentlemen, threatning to pull down their houſes. They compelled every one they met to take an oath, "to be true to queen Sive (whatever that meant) and the white-boys: not to reveal their ſecrets, and to join them when called upon." It was ſuppoſed, eight or ten thouſand were now actually riſen, many of them well-armed: and that a far greater number were ready to riſe, whenever they ſhould be called upon. Thoſe who refuſed to ſwear, they threatened to bury alive. Two or three they did bury up to the neck and left them: where they muſt quickly have periſhed, had they not been found in time by ſome travelling by. At length, toward Eaſter, a body of troops, chiefly light horſe, were ſent againſt

againſt them. Many were apprehended and committed to goal: the reſt of them diſappeared. This is the plain, naked fact, which has been ſo variouſly repreſented.

Thurſday 17. I rode about thirty Engliſh miles, through a pleaſant and well-cultivated country to Youghall. It is finely ſituated on the ſide of an hill, ſo as to command a wide ſea-proſpect. I preached in the evening at the Exchange. Abundance of people attended: as did the far greater part of them, at five o'clock in the morning. I returned to Cork on Friday. Sunday 20. at the deſire of captain Taylor, I went to Paſſage, and preached to many of the town's people, and as many of the ſailors as could attend. *On Monday and Tueſday I viſited the claſſes, and obſerved what was very uncommon; in two years there was neither any increaſe, nor any decreaſe in this ſociety. Two hundred and thirty three members I left, and two hundred and thirty three I find.

Thurſday 24. I rode to Kinſale and preached in the Exchange, to a conſiderable number of attentive hearers. In the afternoon I rode to Bandon, and found the ſociety much leſſened, and dead enough. Yet the congregation in the main-ſtreet was remarkably large, as well as deeply attentive. So it was on Friday. Saturday 26. I viſited the claſſes, and exhorted them *to be zealous and repent.* The word ſunk into

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their hearts : ſo that when we met in the evening, they did not ſeem to be the ſame perſons. They appeared to breathe quite another ſpirit, every one ſtirring up his neighbour. I know not when I have ſeen ſo deep and general an impreſſion made in ſo ſhort a time.

Sunday 27. I returned to Cork, and in the afternoon preached on the Barrack-hill. The congregation was ſuch, as I had not ſeen at Cork, for at leaſt twelve years. One ſoldier made ſome noiſe : but the commanding officer ſoon ordered him into cuſtody. The top of the walls, being covered with ſoldiers, made a ſolemn appearance. Let this preaching be continued, and the work of God will quickly revive at Cork.

On Monday and Tueſday the congregation at the houſe was far larger than on any week-day before. And there was much life among the people, which perhaps was increaſed by the epidemic diſorder. This generally attacked firſt the head ; afterward the throat and the breaſt. Mr. Jones, who had been drooping for ſome time, was ſeized with this three weeks ſince : while I was at Youghal, he ſent for a phyſician, who applied a bliſter to his head. In two or three days a ſecond phſician was called in ;who told his relations, he was better and better. Returning from Bandon, and obſerving what was preſcribed, I could not help ſaying, " When a fever neither intermits, nor remits, the bark is

no

no better than poiſon." At hearing this, the doctors were much diſpleaſed, and declared again, "He was a great deal better." On Wedneſday morning a little before two, his ſpirit returned to God.

* So died honeſt Thomas Jones, *ſecundum artem!* A man whom God raiſed from nothing by a bleſſing on his unwearied diligence, to a plentiful fortune. Yet when riches increaſed on every ſide, he did not ſet his heart upon them. Some years ſince he retired from buſineſs, but was ſtill fully employed in building and in doing good. His natural temper was rough, and ſo was his ſpeech, which occaſioned him many trials. But notwithſtanding this, he was generous and compaſſionate, and never weary of well-doing. From the beginning of his illneſs, he was continually in prayer: for ſome time with much fear and diſtreſs. But I ſaw no ſigns of this, after I came from Bandon: I believe his fears were then all ſcattered; and he waited with calm, though earneſt, deſire for the ſalvation of God.

Wedneſday 30. I rode to Limerick. I had promiſed to come again, if our brethren found a convenient place to build a preaching-houſe. One now offered, proper in all reſpects. Saturday, July 3. I met the ſociety, and enquired, what each was willing to ſubſcribe? A conſiderable ſum was ſubſcribed immediately.

* Sunday 4. was a day of ſolemn joy, equal to any I had ſeen in Dublin. At the love-feaſt in the evening it appeared, that God had now viſited Limerick alſo. Five perſons deſired to return thanks to God, for a clear ſenſe of his pardoning love: ſeveral others, for an increaſe of faith, and for deliverance from doubts and fears. And two gave a plain, ſimple account, of the manner wherein God had cleanſed their hearts, ſo that they now felt no anger, pride or ſelf-will, but continual love, and prayer, and praiſe.

Monday 5. I rode to Clonmell, and preached in the evening near the Barrack-gate, to a wild, ſtaring multitude, many of whom would have been rude enough; but they ſtood in awe of the ſoldiers. Tueſday 6. I rode to Carrick on Sure. * Having been informed, there was one family here alſo, wherein both the man and his wife feared God, I immediately ſent to the houſe. The woman preſently came; from whom I learned, that her huſband died the Saturday before, and left her with nothing but four little children, and an unſhaken confidence in God. Her words, her look, her whole carriage were of a piece, and ſhewed the dignity of Chriſtian ſorrow. I could not but admire, that God ſhould ſend *me* juſt at ſuch a time! And her tears were turned into tears of joy.

In the evening I preached at Waterford, in a court, adjoining to the Main-ſtreet. Wedneſday 7. Four

7. Four of the *white-boys*, lately condemned for breaking open houſes, were executed. They were all, notwithſtanding the abſolution of their prieſt, ready to die for fear of death. Two or three of them laid faſt hold on the ladder, and could not be *perſuaded* to let it go. One in particular gave ſuch violent ſhrieks, as might be heard near a mile off. O what but love can caſt out the fear of death? And how inexpreſſibly miſerable is that bondage!

On this and the two following days, God remembered poor Waterford alſo. Several back-ſliders were healed: many awoke out of ſleep. And ſome mightily rejoiced in God their Saviour.

Saturday 10. We rode to Kilkenny, one of the pleaſanteſt, and the moſt antient cities in the kingdom: and not inferior to any at all in wickedneſs, or in hatred to *this way*. I was therefore glad of a permiſſion to preach in the Town-hall; where a ſmall, ſerious company attended in the evening. Sunday 11. I went to the cathedral, one of the beſt built which I have ſeen in Ireland. The pillars are all of black marble. But the late biſhop ordered them to be white-waſhed! Indeed marble is ſo plentiful near this town, that the very ſtreets are paved with it.

At ſix in the evening I began preaching in the old Bowling-green, near the caſtle. Abun-

dance of people, proteſtants and papiſts, gathered from all parts. They were very ſtill during the former part of the ſermon. Then the papiſts ran together, ſet up a ſhout, and would have gone further: but they were reſtrained, they knew not how. I turned to them and ſaid, "Be ſilent, or be gone!" Their noiſe ceaſed, and we heard them no more. So I reſumed, and went on with my diſcourſe, and concluded without interruption.

When I came out of the green, they gathered again and gnaſhed upon me with their teeth. One cried out, "O what is Kilkenny come to?" But they could go no farther. Only two or three large ſtones were thrown: but none was hurt, ſave he that threw them. For as he was going to throw again, one ſeized him by the neck, and gave him a kick and a cuff, which ſpoiled his diverſion.

* Monday 12. I went to Dunmore cave, three or four miles from Kilkenny. It is full as remarkable as Poole's-hole, or any other in The Peak. The opening is round, parallel to the horizon, and ſeventy or eighty yards acroſs. In the midſt of this, there is a kind of arch, twenty or thirty feet high. By this you enter into the firſt cave, nearly round, and forty or fifty feet in diameter. It is incompaſſed with ſpar ſtones, juſt like thoſe on the ſides of Poole's-hole. On one ſide of the cave is a narrow paſſage, which goes under the rock

two

two or three hundred yards: on the other, an hollow, which no one has ever been able to find an end of. I ſuppoſe the hole too, as well as many others, was formed by the waters of the deluge, retreating into the great abyſs, with which probably it communicates.

Tueſday 13. I rode to Birr. About forty perſons attended in the evening, and half as many in the morning. I ſaw there was but one way to do any good. So in the evening I preached abroad. I had then hundreds of hearers, and God himſelf ſpoke to many a cold heart. The next morning at five, the room was full, and light ſprung out of darkneſs: ſo that many poor, withered ſouls began to revive, and rejoice again in God their Saviour.

Thurſday 15. I took my old ſtanding in the market-place at Mountmelick. But the next evening the rain drove us into the market-houſe. Afterward we had a joyful love-feaſt. Indeed hitherto God has been pleaſed to mark all our way with bleſſings.

* Saturday 17. I went on to poor dead Portarlington. And no wonder it ſhould be ſo, while the preachers coop themſelves up in a room with twenty or thirty hearers. I went ſtrait to the market-place, and cried aloud, *Hearken! Behold, a ſower went forth to ſow.* God made his word *quick and powerful*, and *ſharp as a two-edged ſword.* Abundantly more than the room could contain, were preſent, at five in the morning.

At eight I began in the market-place again, on, *How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Solemn attention ſat on every face, and God repeated his call to many hearts.

In the evening I preached in the market-place at Tullamore. Monday 19. Between two and three in the morning, was ſuch thunder and lightning as I never knew in Europe. The crack and the flaſh were in the ſame inſtant. Moſt of the houſes ſhook: and yet no hurt was done in the whole town. But ſome good was done; for at five o'clock, the preaching-houſe was quite filled. And the inward *voice of the Lord* was *mighty in operation:* this alſo was *a glorious voice!*

Tueſday 20. We had our quarterly meeting at Cooly-lough. On Wedneſday, I preached at Clara: Thurſday 22, at Tyrrel's-paſs, and on Friday went on to Edinderry. Here I found ſome who had been long labouring in the fire, and toiling to *work themſelves* into holineſs. To ſhew them a more excellent way, I preached on Rom. x. 6, 7, 8. They found this was the very thing they wanted: and at the meeting of the ſociety, God confirmed the word of his grace in ſo powerful a manner, that many wondered, how they could help believing.

* Saturday 24. I rode to Dublin, and found the flame not only continuing, but increaſing. The congregation uſed to be ſmall on Saturday night:

night: but it was as large now as formerly on Sunday. Monday 26. At five in the morning the congregation was larger than it uſed to be in the evening. And in theſe two days and an half, four perſons gave thanks, for a ſenſe of God's pardoning mercy: and ſeven (among whom were a mother and her daughter) for being *perfected in love.*

* The perſon by whom chiefly it pleaſed God to work this wonderful work, was John Manners, a plain man, of middling ſenſe, and not eloquent, but rather rude in ſpeech: one who had never before been remarkably uſeful, but ſeemed to be raiſed up for this ſingle work. And as ſoon as it was done, he fell into a conſumption, languiſhed a while, and died.

I now found he had not at all exceeded the truth, in the accounts he had ſent me from time to time. In one of his firſt letters, after I left the town, he ſays, * "The work here is ſuch as I never expected to ſee. Some are juſtified or ſanctified almoſt every day. This week three or four were juſtified, and as many, if not more, renewed in love. The people are all on fire. Such a day as laſt Sunday I never ſaw. While I was at prayer in the ſociety, the power of the Lord overſhadowed us, and ſome cried out, "Lord, I *can* believe." The cry ſoon became general with ſtrong prayers. Twice I attempted to ſing; but my voice could not be heard. I

then desired them to restrain themselves, and in stillness and composure to wait for the blessing: on which all but two or three, who could not refrain, came into a solemn silence. I prayed again, and the softning power of grace was felt in many hearts. Our congregations increase much, and I have no doubt, but we shall see greater things than these."

Four days after he writes, "The work of God increases every day. There is hardly a day, but some are justified, or sanctified, or both. On Thursday, three came and told me, that *the blood of Jesus Christ* had *cleansed* them *from all sin*. One of them told me, she had been justified seven years, and had been five years convinced of the necessity of sanctification. But this *easy* conviction availed not. A fortnight since she was seized with so *keen* a conviction, as gave her no rest, till God had sanctified her, and witnessed it to her heart."

Three days after (May 11.) he writes thus: "God still continues his marvellous loving kindness to us. On Sunday last Dor. King entered into *the rest*. She had been seeking it for some time. But her convictions and desires grew stronger and stronger, as the hour approached. A while ago she told me, she grew worse and worse, and her inward conflicts were greater than ever. But on the Lord's day she felt an entire change, while these words were spoke to her heart, *Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot*

in

in thee. She now walks in ſweet peace and rejoices evermore. Her father received the bleſſing a few days before her, and is exceeding happy.

" The fire catches all that come near. An old ſoldier, in his return from Germany to the north of Ireland, fell in one night with theſe wreſtling Jacobs, to his great aſtoniſhment. He was juſtified ſeventeen years ago, but afterward fell from it for five years. As he was going to Germany, in the beginning of the war, the Lord healed him in Dublin: and in ſpite of all the diſtreſſes of a ſevere campaign, he walked in the light continually. On his return through London he was convinced of the neceſſity of ſanctification. And ſoon after he came hither, his heart was broken in pieces, while he was with a little company, who meet daily for prayer. One evening as they were going away he ſtopped them, and begged they would not go till the Lord had bleſſed him. They kneeled down again, and did not ceaſe wreſtling with God, till he had a witneſs, that he was ſaved from all ſin.

* " The caſe of Mr. Timmins is no leſs remarkable. He had been a notorious ſinner. He was deeply wounded two months ſince. Ten days ago, on a Friday, God ſpake peace to his ſoul. The Sunday following, after a violent ſtruggle, he ſunk down as dead. He was cold as clay. After about ten minutes he came to himſelf, and cried, " A new heart, a new heart."

He ſaid, " He felt himſelf in an inſtant entirely emptied of ſin and filled with God." Brother Barry likewiſe had been juſtified but a few days, before God gave him purity of heart.

May 15. He writes, " God ſtill makes me a meſſenger of good tidings. His work goes on. Our laſt night's meeting was remarkable for the preſence and power of God, while ſeveral were relating what he had done. One ſaid, " All that day in which God delivered me, I felt the bleſſing juſt at hand, but could not open my heart to receive it. I was faſt ſhut up, till under the ſermon in the evening, I felt God open my heart, remove the bar of unbelief, and gave me power to receive the bleſſing freely.

" There are now three places in the city, wherein as many as have opportunity aſſemble day and night, to pour out their ſouls before God, for the continuance and enlargement of his work."

May 29. " Since my laſt account many have been ſanctified and ſeveral juſtified. One of the former is Wm. Moor. He was a long time ſtruggling for the bleſſing. And one night he was reſolved, not to go to bed without it. He continued wreſtling with God for two hours, when he felt a glorious change, and the Spirit of God witneſſing that the work was done.

" We begin now to meet with oppoſition from every quarter. Some ſay, " This is rank enthuſiaſm :" others, that it is " either a cheat,

or

or mere pride :" others, that it is " a new thing," and that they " can find no ſuch thing in the bible."

June 3. " The Lord increaſes his work, in proportion to the oppoſition it meets with. Between Monday morning and Tueſday night, I have had eight bills of thankſgiving: for two juſtified, three renewed in love, and three backſliders healed.

June 15. " There is no end to the mercies of God. Three days of this week are gone, in which God has juſtified five ſinners. On Sunday in the afternoon, I preached at three in the Barrack-ſquare. And a more ſolemn time I have not ſeen. The hearers were as many as my voice could reach, and all remarkably attentive.

" In the evening a cry ran through the ſociety, and four were juſtified that night. Two of theſe, Alexander Teate and his wife, were but lately joined. The power of God firſt ſeized her, and conſtrained her to cry aloud, till ſhe heard the ſtill, ſmall voice. He continued calling upon God, and would not ceaſe before God anſwered him alſo in the joy of his heart."

Saturday, June 19. " We have had eight this week, whoſe ſins are blotted out, and two more have entered into that reſt. One of them ſays, ſhe has enjoyed the love of God nine years; but felt as great a difference between that ſtate; and the ſtate ſhe is now in, as if her ſoul was taken into heaven!"

June 26. "Laſt week eleven were juſtified, or ſanctified, and this week eleven more; eight of whom received remiſſion of ſins, and three a clean heart. And a troop are waiting for the moving of the water. Among them whom the power of God has ſeized lately, are two eminent ſinners, each of whom lived with a woman to whom he was never married. One of them already rejoices in God; the other mourns and will not be comforted. But the women are gone: they put away the accurſed thing immediately.

* "I had much fear about the children, leſt our labour ſhould be loſt upon them. But I find, we ſhall reap, if we faint not. Margaret Roper, about eight years old, has been thoughtful for ſome time. The other day, while they were at family-prayer, ſhe burſt into tears, and wept bitterly. They aſked, what was the matter? She ſaid, "ſhe was a great ſinner, and durſt not pray." They bad her go to bed. She no ſooner came into the chamber, than ſhe began crying, and clapping her hands, ſo that they heard her acroſs the ſtreet. But God ſoon bound up her broken heart. Being aſked, how ſhe felt herſelf? She ſaid, "Ten times better. Now I can love God. I wiſh you would ſit up and ſing with me all night." She has been happy ever ſince, and as ſerious as one of forty."

July 3. "Our joy is now quite full. The flame riſes higher and higher. Since Saturday laſt,

laſt, eight ſinners more are freely juſtified, and two more renewed in love. Our houſe was once large enough: now it is ſcarce able to contain us. And we have not many in the ſociety, who are not either wreſtling with God for his love or rejoicing therein."

Thus far the account of John Manners, quite unadorned, but plain and ſenſible.

* Upon farther examination I found three or four and forty in Dublin, who ſeemed to enjoy the pure love of God. At leaſt forty of theſe had been ſet at liberty within four months. Some others, who had received the ſame bleſſing, were removed out of the city. The ſame, if not a larger number, had found remiſſion of ſins. Nor was the hand of the Lord ſhortened yet: he ſtill wrought as ſwiftly as ever.

* In ſome reſpects the work of God in this place was more remarkable than even that in London. 1. It is far greater, in proportion to the time, and to the number of people. That ſociety had above ſeven and twenty hundred members: this, not a fifth part of the number. Six months after the flame broke out there, we had about thirty witneſſes of the great ſalvation. In Dublin there were above forty, in leſs than four months. 2. The work was more pure. In all this time, while they were mildly and tenderly treated, there were none of them headſtrong or unadviſeable, none that were wiſer than their

teachers:

teachers: none who dreamed of being immortal or infallible, or incapable of temptation: in ſhort, no whimſical or enthuſiaſtic perſons. All were calm, and ſober-minded.

I know, ſeveral of theſe were in proceſs of time *moved from their ſtedfaſtneſs.* * I am nothing ſurprized at this: it was no more than might be expected: I rather wonder, that more were not moved. Nor does this in any degree alter my judgment, concerning the great work which God then wrought.

Tueſday 27. I received a comfortable letter from Edinderry. "When you came hither, Satan had gained ſuch an advantage over us, that few even of the ſociety would read your ſermons, ſaying, they were nothing but the law. But God has now taught us better." His power fell upon us firſt in the preaching, but abundantly more when the ſociety met. At that time many who were in heavineſs, were filled with conſolation. And two of the old believers were conſtrained to declare, they believed God had cleanſed them from all ſin.

Wedneſday 18. I received farther accounts from Limerick: one letter ran thus,

July 20, 1762.

* "There is a glorious work going on at Limerick. Twelve or fourteen have a clear ſenſe of being renewed. Several have been juſtified this

this week: and on Sunday night, at the meeting of the ſociety, there was ſuch a cry as I ſcarce ever heard before, ſuch confeſſion of ſins, ſuch pleading with the Lord, and ſuch a ſpirit of prayer, as if the Lord himſelf had been viſibly preſent among us. Some received remiſſion of ſins, and ſeveral were juſt brought to the birth. All were in floods of tears; they trembled, they cried, they prayed, they roared aloud; all of them lying on the ground. I began to ſing: yet they could not riſe, but ſang as they lay along. When we concluded, ſome of them could not go away, but ſtayed in the houſe all night. And bleſſed be our Lord, they all hitherto walk worthy of their calling."

Another writes,

"I will juſt tell you, the Lord has made your laſt viſit to us a great bleſſing. Such times were never before in Limerick. The fire which broke out before you left us, is now ſpreading on every ſide. Four were happy before you left us; ſeveral others can now rejoice evermore, and pray without ceaſing. And this certainly they could not do, did they not love God with all their heart."

A third letter, dated July 25, ſays,

* "Bleſſed be God, his word runs ſwiftly. Laſt night his power was preſent indeed: and another

was aſſured, that God who had before forgiven his ſins, had now *cleanſed* him *from all unrighteouſneſs*. There are now ten women and thirteen men, who witneſs the ſame confeſſion. And their lives agree thereto. Eight have lately received the remiſſion of their ſins. And many are on the full ſtretch for God, and juſt ready to ſtep into the pool." Hence it appears, that in proportion to the time, which was only three or four weeks, and the number of hearers, (not one half, if a third part) the work of God was greater in Limerick, than even in Dublin itſelf.

Thurſday 29. I was informed of a remarkable inſtance of divine mercy. An harmleſs unawakened young woman came to one of the meetings for prayer in Dublin. While they were praying ſhe felt herſelf a ſinner, and began crying aloud for mercy. And when they roſe to go away, ſhe cried with a bitter cry, "What, muſt I go without Chriſt?" They began praying again; and in a ſhort time, ſhe was as loud in praiſing God for his pardoning mercy.

No leſs remarkable was the caſe of Alexander Tate. He and his wife were preſent, where a few were met for prayer. Her ſorrow was quickly turned into joy. Her huſband, who was before little awakened, was juſt then cut to the heart, and felt the wrath of God abiding on him. Nor did he ceaſe crying to God, 'till his prayers and tears were ſwallowed up in thankſgiving. So here

here are two inſtances of perſons both convinced and converted in the ſame hour.

Saturday 31. Altho' I never before felt ſuch an union of heart with the people of Dublin, yet believing my preſent work in Ireland was ended, I chearfully commended them to God, and embarked on board the Dorſet for Park-gate. We weighed anchor at eight in the evening. Between nine and ten on Sunday morning, the captain aſked me, "If I would not go to prayers with them?" All who were able to creep out were willingly preſent. After prayers I preached on Pro. iii. 17. We had ſcarce any wind when I began. But while I was preaching it ſprung up, and brought us to Park-gate between ſix and ſeven.

Mond. 2. I rode on to Cheſter. Never was the ſociety in ſuch a ſtate before. Their jars and contentions were at an end, and I found nothing but peace and love among them. About twelve of them believed they were ſaved from ſin, and their lives did not contradict their profeſſion. Moſt of the reſt were ſtongly athirſt for God, and looking for him continually.

Tueſd. 3. I was deſired to preached at Northwich. And one had ſtuck up notices in all parts of the town. But what place had they for me to preach in? Only a little room, which would hold about fifty people. Between twelve and one they gathered from all parts, noiſy and rude enough, I could not ſtand in the yard, without

juſt

juſt facing the ſun. So I ſtood at the caſement, that thoſe without might hear, that is if, they had a mind to it. But a great part of them had no ſuch intention. They came only, either for ſport or miſchief. However they were pretty quiet, 'till I had done. Our friends would then have perſuaded me to ſtay, 'till the mob was diſperſed. But as they grew lounder and louder I judged it beſt, to walk immediately thro' the midſt of them. Many things were thrown, but nothing touched me, 'till I took horſe, and rode to Mancheſter.

Here I received letters from Congleton in Cheſhire, and Burſlem in Staffordſhire, part of the former ran thus.

Auguſt 1, 1762.

" The work of God for ſome time ſtood ſtill here. But at the love-feaſt, on the 21ſt of March laſt, (glory for ever be to God !) there was an out-pouring of his ſpirit among us. Five perſons were aſſured of their acceptance with God, of whom, by his free grace, I was one ; four believed, he had not only *forgiven* their ſins, but likewiſe *cleanſed them from all unrighteouſneſs*. Many more have ſince found him gracious and merciful : nor is his hand yet ſtayed at all."

Part of the other is as follows.

" Before Mr. Furz came into theſe parts, we were biting and devouring one another. And many

many who once had known God, were *in their works denying him.* The ſociety in general was cold and dead, and only two were converted to God in a whole year. But, glory be to God, the caſe is now altered. Thoſe grievances are removed. The power of God is preſent with us, and the fire of his love is kindled among us. We are very weak but, bleſſed be God, we are all alive. Many are crying out in the bitterneſs of of their ſouls; "God be merciful to me a ſinner." Sometimes we have had two, at other times ſix or ſeven juſtified in one week. Others find the very remains of ſin deſtroyed, and wait to be filled *with all the fulneſs of God.*"

Wedneſday 4. I rode to Liverpool, where alſo was ſuch a work of God, as had never been known there before. We had a ſurprizing congregation in the evening, and as it ſeemed, all athirſt for God. This, I found, had begun here likewiſe, in the latter end of March. And from that time it had continually increaſed, 'till a little before I came, nine were juſtified in one hour. The next morning I ſpoke ſeverally with thoſe who believed they were ſanctified. They were fifty one in all, twenty one men, twenty one widows or married women, and nine young women or children. In one of theſe the change was wrought three weeks after ſhe was juſtified, in three, ſeven days after it, in one, five days, and in S. Lutwich, aged fourteen, two days only. I aſked Hannah Blakely, aged eleven, "what do you

you want now ?" She ſaid, with amazing energy, the tears running down her cheeks, " nothing in this world : nothing but more of my Jeſus." How often *out of the mouth of babes and ſucklings doſt thou perfect praiſe !*

* Friday 6. I was informed of the flame, which had broken out at Bolton. One writing to Mr. Furz, deſcribed a little of it in the following words. " Glory be to God, he is doing wonders among us. Since you left us, there have been ſeven (if not more) juſtified, and ſix ſanctified at one meeting. Two of theſe were (I think) juſtified and ſanctified, in leſs than three days. O what a meeting was our laſt claſs-meeting! In three minutes or leſs, God, quite unexpectedly convinced an old oppoſer of the truth, and wounded many. I never felt the abiding preſence of God ſo exceeding powerful before."

I preached at Macclesfield in the evening, to a people ready prepared for the Lord. An impetuous ſhower began, juſt as we came into the town : but it did us no hurt. Enquiring how the revival here began, I received the following account. In March laſt, after a long ſeaſon of dryneſs and barrenneſs, one Monday night John Oldham preached. When he had done, and was going away a man fell down, and cried aloud for mercy. In a ſhort time, ſo did ſeveral others. He came back, and wreſtled with God in prayer for them. About twelve he retired, leaving ſome of the brethren, who reſolved to wreſtle on, 'till they

they had an anſwer of peace. They continued in prayer 'till ſix in the morning, and nine priſoners were ſet at liberty.

They met again the next night, and ſix or ſeven more were filled with peace and joy in believing. So were one or two more every night 'till the Monday following, when there was another general ſhower of grace. And many believed that *the blood of Chriſt hah cleanſed them from all ſin.*

I ſpoke to theſe (forty in all) one by one. Some of them ſaid, they received that bleſſing, ten days, ſome ſeven, ſome four, ſome three days after they found peace with God. And two of them the next day. What marvel? Since one day is with God as a thouſand years?

The caſe of Ann Hooly was peculiar. She had often declared, "The Methodiſt's God ſhall not be my God. I will ſooner go to hell, than I will go to heaven in their way." She was ſtanding in the ſtreet with two young women when John Oldham paſſing by, ſpoke to one and the other, and went on. She burſt into tears, and ſaid, "What, am I ſo great a ſinner, that he won't ſpeak to me?" About twelve, has was ſent for in haſte. He found her in deep diſtreſs, but continued in prayer, 'till all her trouble was gone, and her ſpirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. Yet three nights after ſhe was in much diſtreſs again, crying, "I have a wicked heart, and I cannot reſt 'till God takes it away." He did ſo in a few hours.

hours. Ever ſince ſhe has been a pattern to all the young people in the town. She was thirteen years old. In about a year, her ſpirit returned to to God.

Saturday 7. I made one more trial at Northwich, preaching in Mr. Page's yard. Abundance of people flocked together, nor did any one oppoſe, or make the leaſt diſturbance. And when I afterward rode quite thro' the town, I had not one uncivil word.

In the evening I ſpoke with thoſe at Mancheſter who believed God had cleanſed their hearts. They were ſixty three in number: to about ſixty of whom I could not find there was any reaſonable objection.

Monday 9. I preached at Eland and Birſtal in my way to Leeds, where our conference began on Tueſday morning. And we had great reaſon to praiſe God for his gracious preſence, from the beginning to the end.

Sund. 15. I preached about one at Briſtal, and in the morning and evening at Leeds. I then rode about eighteen miles: on Monday morning I preached at Sheffield, and in the evening came to Derby. I had ſent word, that I did not intend to preach. But after I had reſted a while in my chamber, coming down and finding the houſe full of people, I ſpoke to them half an hour in a familiar manner, and then ſpent ſome time in prayer. I believe, God touched ſome of their hearts.

hearts. Indeed it ſeemed, none were unmoved.

Tueſday 17. We rode to Northampton, the next day to Sundon, and on Thurſday 19. to London. Friday 20. As I expected, the ſower of tares had not been idle during my five month's abſence. But I believe great part of his work was undone in one hour, when we met at Weſt-ſtreet. I pointed out to thoſe who had more heat than light, the ſnares which they had well nigh fallen into. And hitherto they were of an humble teachable ſpirit. So for the preſent the ſnare was broken.

Saturd. 21. My brother and I had a long converſation with Mr. Maxfield, and freely told him what ever we diſliked. In ſome things we found he had been blamed without cauſe: others he promiſed to alter: ſo we were throughly ſatisfied with the converſation, believing all miſunderſtandings were now removed.

Monday 23. I ſet out, and on Tueſday reached Briſtol. After ſpending two days there, on Friday 27, I ſet out for the weſt, and having preached at Shepton and Middleſey in the way, came on Saturday to Exeter. When I began the ſervice there, the congregation, (beſide ourſelves) were two women, and one man. Before I had done, the room was about half-full. This comes of omitting field-preaching.

Sunday 29. I preached at eight on Southney-Green, to an extremely quiet congregation. At

the cathedral we had an uſeful ſermon, and the whole ſervice was performed with great ſeriouſneſs and decency. Such an organ I never ſaw or heard before, ſo large, beautiful and ſo finely toned. And the muſic of "Glory be to God in the higheſt," I think exceeded the Meſſiah itſelf. I was well pleaſed to partake of the Lord's Supper, with my old opponent, Biſhop Lavington. O may we ſit down together, in the kingdom of our Father!

At five I went to Southney-Green again, and found a multitude of people. But a lewd, profane, drunken vagabond had ſo ſtirred up many of the baſer ſort, that there was much noiſe, hurry, and confuſion. While I was preaching, ſeveral things were thrown, and much pains taken to overturn the table. And after I concluded, many endeavoured to throw me down, but I walked thro' the midſt and left them.

Monday 30. We rode to Plymouth-dock. Wedneſday 2. I came about two to Poleperrow, a little village, four hours ride from Plymouth-paſſage, ſurrounded with huge mountains. However abundance of people had found the way thither. And ſo had Satan too. For an old, grey-headed ſinner, was bitterly curſing all the Methodiſts, juſt as we came into the town. However, God gave his bleſſing, both to us and the congregation.

In the evening I preached at Medras, the next evening in St. Auſtle, and on Friday 4. at Mevagizzy.

gizzy. Saturday 5. After preaching in Grampond, I rode on to Truro. I almoſt expected, there would be ſome diſturbance, as it was market-day, and I ſtood in the ſtreet at a ſmall diſtance from the market. But all was quiet. Indeed both perſecution and popular tumlt ſeem to be forgotten in Cornwall.

Sunday 6. As I was inforcing in the ſame place thoſe ſolemen words, *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, a poor man began to make ſome tumult. But many cried out, "Conſtables, take him away." They did ſo, and the hurry was over. At one I preached in the main ſtreet at Redruth, where rich and poor were equally attentive. The wind was ſo high at five, that I could not ſtand in the uſual place at Gwenap. But at a ſmall diſtance was a hollow, capable of containing many thouſand people. I ſtood on one ſide of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all ſides, and enlarged on thoſe words in the goſpel for the day, *Luke* x. 23. *Bleſſed are the eyes which ſee the things that ye ſee, and which hear the things that ye hear.*

Monday 7. I preached at Penryn; Tueſday 8. at Portkellis about one o'clock. Thence I rode on to Mullion, near the Lizard-point. A man who was a ſinner, gladly received us. For he knew, God had received him; having been deeply convinced of ſin, the laſt time I preached

near Helſton, and not long after filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghoſt.

A flame was kindled almoſt as ſoon as I began to ſpeak, which increaſed more and more, all the time I was preaching, as well as during the meeting of the ſociety. How tender are the hearts of the people! Such is the advantage of true, Chriſtian ſimplicity!

Wedneſday 8. The congregation at St. John's near Helſton, was thrice as large as when I was there before. The next day, I preached at Coowan at noon, and at Penhale (in Breag) in the evening. Friday 10. I preached on St. Hilary-downs, to a congregation gathered from all parts. Abundance of them were athirſt for God. And he did not deceive their hope. The cry of the mourners went up before him. And he ſent down an anſwer of peace.

Saturday 11. I preached at one on the cliff, near Penzance, and in the evening at Newlin. Sunday 12. At eight God was in the midſt, and many hearts were broken in pieces. Between one and two I preached at St. Creet, where I never was before. Abundance of ſtrangers came from every ſide. And I believe not many went empty away. Hence we rode to St. Juſt, where I ſpent two comfortable nights, the congregations being very large, evening and morning. Tueſday 14. I preached in Lelant about one, and in the evening, near the key at St Ives. Two or three pretty butterflies came, and look-

ed,

ed, and ſmiled, and went away. But all the reſt of the numerous congregation, behaved with the utmoſt ſerioufneſs.

Wedneſday 15. We had our quarterly meeting. The next day I appointed the children to meet. I expected twenty. But I ſuppoſe we had fourſcore; all of them wanting, many deſiring inſtruction.

* The more I converſe with the believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced, that they have ſuſtained great loſs, for want of hearing the doctrine of Chriſtian Perfection clearly and ſtrongly inforced. I ſee, wherever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I ſay, an *hourly expectation*; for to expect it *at death*, or *ſome time hence*, is much the ſame as not expecting it at all.

Frid. 17. At one I preached in Illuggan; at ſix near Redruth, at a gentleman's houſe, in a large court, ſhaded with trees. It was ſo calm that hardly a leaf moved. Satur. 18. I preached once more in the ſtreet at Redruth, and in St. Agnes, in the evening. I preached again at eight in the morning, and afterwards heard an excellent ſermon at church, preached by the rector Mr. Walker, elder brother to the late Mr. Walker of Truro. He likewiſe gave notice of his deſign to preach in the afternoon, a funeral ſermon for

Mr. Phelps, his late curate, a man eminently humble, ſerious and zealous for God. He was ſnatched away by a fever three weeks ſince, as was his predeceſſor, Mr. Vowler, three or four years before: another upright, zealous ſervant of God, and indefatigable in his labour. How ſtrange a providence is this? Who can account for it? Did the God of love take them away, that they might not out of zeal for him, continue to oppoſe their fellow-labourers in the goſpel?

Mr. Walker gave him his due praiſe, in a ſtrong and pathetic ſermon, well wrote and well pronounced. Concluding with, "God grant *me*, (and I believe you will all join in the petition) like him to live, like him to die."

Juſt as the ſervice was ended, it began to rain. The wind alſo was exceeding high. This created ſome difficulty. No houſe could contain the people, neither could I preach, as before, on the top of the hill. I therefore made a halt at the bottom. The congregation gathered round me in a few minutes. We were tolerably ſheltered from the wind, and the rain ceaſed till I had done. I particularly adviſed all that feared God, to confirm their love to each other, and to provoke each other, not to doubtful diſputations, but to love, and to good works.

The night came on ſoon after we were on horſeback, and we had eight miles to ride. In about half an hour, it was ſo dark, I could not

ſee

ſee my hand; and it rained inceſſantly. However, a little after eight, God brought us ſafe to St. Kubert. I preached at the Church-town the next day, and on Tueſday 21, rode on to Port-Iſaac. Here the ſtewards of the eaſtern circuit met. What a change is wrought in one year's time! That deteſtable practice of cheating the king is no more found in our ſocieties. And ſince that accurſed thing has been put away, the work of God has every where increaſed. This ſociety, in particular, is more than doubled: and they are all alive to God. Friday 24. About two I preached at Trewalder, and found God was there alſo; but more abundantly at Camelford, in the evening, as well as at five on Saturday morning. In the afternoon, the rain intermitting, I preached in the market-place. And it was a ſolemn ſeaſon.

Sunday 26. After preaching at eight I left Camelford, now one of the livelieſt places in Cornwall. About noon I preached at Trewint. It was fifteen years ſince I preached there before. Hence I rode to Launceſton to a people as dead, as thoſe at Camelford were once. Yet how ſoon may theſe alſo be quickened, by the voice that raiſeth the dead!

Monday 27. I rode to Mary-Week, It was a kind of fair-day: and the people were come far and near, for wreſtling and other diverſions. But they found a better way of employing their time. For young and old flocked to church from all

quarters. The next day I preached at Mill-houſe, on Wedneſday, at Collumpton, and on Thurſday 30, in the market-houſe at Tiverton.

About midnight I was waked by loud thunder which continued about a quarter of an hour at Tiverton. In other places, we were afterwards informed, it continued great part of the night. Yet by comparing various accounts, I found the main ſhock was at the ſame time for near an hundred miles. So it ſeems there was a train of clouds for at leaſt that ſpace, which by an electrical touch, were all diſcharged at once.

Friday, October 1. I preached at Taunton and Shepton-Mallet, and on Saturday 2, rode on to Briſtol. In the two following weeks I viſited as many as I could of the ſocieties in the country, as well as regulated thoſe of Briſtol and Kingſwood. Saturday 19. Being informed, that James Oddie coming to Briſtol, was ſtopped at Newport by a pleuritic fever. I went to him directly. He recovered from that hour, and in two or three days followed me to Briſtol.

The next week I went to many of the ſocieties in Somerſetſhire. Monday 25. I preached at one in the ſhell of the new houſe at Shepton-Mallet. In digging the foundation, they found a quarry of ſtone, which was more than ſufficient for the houſe. Thence I rode to Wincanton. The rain prevented my preaching abroad. So I willingly accepted the offer of a large meeting-houſe where I preached to a crowded audience, with much

much ſatisfaction: and again, at ſeven in the morning.

Abundance of rain fell in the night: ſo that in the morning we were blocked up: the river which runs by the ſide of the town, not being fordable. At length we made a ſhift to lead our horſes over the foot-bridge. I preached at Coleford about noon, and at Briſtol in the evening.

Thurſday 28. One who had adorned the goſpel in life and in death, having deſired that I ſhould preach her funeral ſermon, I went with a few friends to the houſe, and ſang before the body to the room. I did this the rather, to ſhew my approbation of that ſolemn cuſtom, and to encourage others to follow it. As we walked, our company ſwiftly increaſed, ſo that we had a very numerous congregation at the room. And who can tell, but ſome of theſe, may bleſs God for it to all eternity?

* Many years ago my brother frequently ſaid, "Your day of Pentecoſt is not fully come. But I doubt not, it will. And you will then hear of perſons ſanctified, as frequently as you do now of perſons juſtified." Any unprejudiced reader may obſerve, that it was now fully come. And accordingly we did hear of perſons ſanctified, in London, and moſt other parts of England, and in Dublin, and many other parts of Ireland, as frequently as of perſons juſtified: although inſtances of the latter were far more frequent than

they had been for twenty years before. That many of theſe did not retain the gift of God, is no proof, that it was not given them. That many do retain it at this day, is matter of praiſe and thankſgiving. And many of them are gone to him whom they loved, praiſing him with *their* lateſt breath: juſt in the ſpirit of Ann Steed, the firſt witneſs in Briſtol of the great ſalvation; who being worn out with ſickneſs and racking pain, after ſhe had commended to God all that were round her, lifted up her eyes, cried aloud, "Glory! Hallelujah," and died.

AN EXTRACT OF THE Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL,

From OCTOBER 29, 1762, to MAY 25, 1765.

NUMBER XII.

FRIDAY, October 29, 1762.

I Left Briſtol, and the next day came to London. Monday, November 1. I went down to Canterbury. Here I ſeriouſly reflected on

ſome late occurrences, and after weighing the matter thoroughly, wrote as follows :

" WITHOUT any preface or ceremony, which is needleſs between you and me, I will ſimply and plainly tell what I diſlike, in your doctrine, ſpirit, or outward behaviour. When I ſay *your's*, I include brother Bell and Owen, and thoſe who are moſt cloſely connected with them.

1. I like your doctrine of *perfection*, or pure love : love excluding ſin. Your inſiſting that it is merely by *faith :* that conſequently it is *inſtantaneous*, (though preceded and followed by a gradual work) and that it may be *now*, at this inſtant.

But I diſlike, your ſuppoſing man may be as perfect *as an angel*, that he can be *abſolutely* perfect : that he can be *infallible*, or above being *tempted :* or, that the moment he is pure in heart, he *cannot fall* from it.

I diſlike the ſaying, This was not known or taught among us, till within two or three years. I grant, *you* did not know it. You have over and over denied inſtantaneous ſanctification to *me*. But I have known and taught it, (and ſo has my brother, as our writings ſhew) above theſe twenty years.

I diſlike your directly or indirectly depreciating juſtification : ſaying, a juſtified perſon is not *in Chriſt*, is not *born of God*, is not *a new creature*, has

has not a *new heart*, is not *ſanctified*, not a *temple of the Holy Ghoſt*; or that he *cannot pleaſe God*, or cannot *grow in grace*.

I diſlike your ſaying, That one ſaved from ſin, needs nothing more than *looking to Jeſus*, needs not to hear or think of any thing elſe: *believe*, *believe* is enough: that he needs no *ſelf-examination*, no times of *private prayer*; needs not mind *little*, or *outward* things: and that he *cannot be taught* by any perſon, who is not in the ſame ſtate.

I diſlike your affirming, that "juſtified perſons in general perſecute them that are ſaved from ſin: that *they* have perſecuted *you* on *this* account: and that for *two years* paſt, *you* have been more perſecuted by *the two brothers*, than ever you was by the world in all your life."

2. As to your ſpirit, I like your confidence in God, and your zeal for the ſalvation of ſouls.

But I diſlike ſomething which has the appearance of *pride*, of overvaluing yourſelves and undervaluing others; particularly the preachers, thinking not only that they are *blind*, and that they are not ſent of God; but even that they are *dead*; dead to God, and walking in the way to hell: that "they are going *one* way, you *another*;" that "they have *no life* in" them! Your ſpeaking of *yourſelves*, as though *you* were the *only men* who knew and taught the goſpel; and

as

as if, not only *all the clergy*, but *all the Methodiſts* beſides, were in utter darkneſs.

I diſlike ſomething that has the appearance of *enthuſiaſm:* overvaluing *feelings* and inward *impreſſions*; miſtaking the mere work of *imagination*, for the voice of the Spirit: expecting the end without the means, and undervaluing *reaſon*, *knowledge* and *wiſdom*, in general.

I diſlike ſomething that has the appearance of *antinomianiſm*; not magnifying the law and making it honourable: not enough valuing *tenderneſs of conſcience*, and exact *watchfulneſs* in order thereto: uſing *faith* rather as contradiſtinguiſh'd from *holineſs*, than as productive of it.

* But what I moſt of all diſlike is, your *littleneſs of love* to your brethren, to your own ſociety: your want of *union of heart* with them, and *bowels of mercies* toward them: your want of *meekneſs*, *gentleneſs*, *long ſuffering*; your *impatience of contradiction*: your counting every man your enemy that reproves, or admoniſhes you in love: your *bigotry* and *narrowneſs* of ſpirit, loving in a manner only thoſe that love *you:* your *cenſorioufneſs*, proneneſs to *think hardly* of all, who do not exactly agree with you: in one word, your *diviſive ſpirit*. Indeed I do not believe, that any of you either deſign or deſire a ſeparation. But you do not enough *fear*, *abhor*, and *deteſt* it, ſhuddering at the very thought. And all the preceding tempers tend to it, and gradually prepare you for it. Obſerve I tell you

before!

before! God grant you may immediately and affectionately take the warning!

3. As to your outward behaviour, I like the general tenor of your life, devoted to God, and spent in doing good.

But I dislike your slighting any, the very least rules of the bands or society; and your doing any thing that tends to hinder others, from exactly observing them. Therefore

I dislike your appointing such meetings, as hinder others from attending either the public preaching, or their class or band; or any other meeting, which the rules of the society, or their office requires them to attend.

I dislike your spending so *much time* in several meetings, as many that attend can ill spare, from the other duties of their calling, unless they omit either the preaching, or their class, or band. This naturally tends to dissolve our society, by cutting the sinews of it.

As to your more public meetings, I like the praying fervently and largely, for all the blessings of God. And I know much good has been done hereby, and hope much more will be done.

But I dislike several things therein: 1. The singing, or speaking, or praying, of several at once: 2. The praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father: 3. The using improper expressions in prayer: sometimes too bold, if not irreverent; sometimes too pompous

and

and magnificent, extolling yourſelves rather than God, and telling him what you *are*, not what you *want:* 4. Uſing poor, flat, bald hymns: 5. The never kneeling at prayer; 6. Your uſing poſtures or geſtures highly indecent: 7. Your ſcreaming, even ſo as to make the words unintelligible: 8. Your affirming, people *will* be juſtified or ſanctified juſt now: 9. The affirming *they are*, when they are not: 10. The bidding them ſay, I believe: 11. The bitterly condemning any that oppoſe, calling them wolves, &c. and pronouncing them hypocrites, or not juſtified.

Read this calmly and impartially before the Lord in prayer. So ſhall the evil ceaſe and the good remain. And you will then be more than ever united to

Your affectionate brother,

J. WESLEY.

Canterbury, November 2, 1762.

Saturday 6. Having had more ſatisfaction here, than I had had for many years, I chearfully commended the little flock to God. In the way to London I read *The Death of Abel.* That manner of writing, in *proſe run mad*, I cordially diſlike. Yet with all that diſadvantage, it is excellent in its kind: as much above moſt modern poems, as it is below *Paradiſe Loſt.*

I had hopes of ſeeing a friend at Lewiſham in

in my way. And so I did; but it was in her coffin. It is well, since she finished her course with joy. In due time I shall see her in glory.

Monday 8. I began visiting the classes; in many of which we had hot spirits to deal with. Some were vehement for, some against the meetings for prayer, which were in several parts of the town. I said little; being afraid of taking any step, which I might afterwards repent of. One I heard of on Friday, and five on Saturday, who if I did not act as *they* thought best,-" would leave the society." I cannot help it. I must still be guided by *my own* conscience.

Tuesday 16. I preached at Deptford and Welling, and Wednesday 17, rode on to Sevenoaks. But it was with much difficulty; for it was a sharp frost, and our horses could very hardly keep their feet. Here likewise I found several who believed, that God had *cleansed* them *from all sin*. And all of them (except perhaps one) " lived so, that one might believe them."

Friday 19. I called upon Jane Cooper, praising God in the fires. The next day I saw her for the last time, *in every thing giving thanks*, and overcoming all by the blood of the Lamb. A day or two after she fell asleep.

From Monday the 22d, to Friday 26th, I was employed in answering the Bp. of Gloceſter's book.

book. Wednesday 24, being determined to hear for myself, I stood where I could hear and see, without being seen. George Bell prayed, in the whole, pretty near an hour. His fervour of spirit I could not but admire. I afterwards told him what I did not admire: namely, 1. His screaming every now and then in so strange a manner, that one could scarce tell what he said: 2. His thinking, he had the miraculous discernment of spirits: and 3. His sharply condemning his opposers.

Thursday 25. I buried the remains of Jane Cooper, a pattern of all holiness, and of the wisdom which is from above, who was snatched hence before she had lived five and twenty years. In good time! God who knew the tenderness of her spirit, took her *away from the evil to come.*

* Monday 29. I retired to transcribe my answer to Bishop Warburton. My fragments of time I employed in reading, and carefully considering, the lives of Magdalen de Pazzi, and some other eminent Romish saints. I could not but observe, that many things related therein, are highly improbable. I fear the relators did not scruple lying *for the church*, or for the credit of their order. 2. That many of their reputed virtues, were really no virtues at all; being no fruits of the love of God or man, and no part of the mind which was in Christ Jesus: 3. That many of their applauded actions, were neither

ther commendable, nor imitable: 4. That what was really good in their tempers or lives, was so deeply tinctured with enthusiasm, that most readers would be far more likely to receive hurt than good from these accounts of them.

Saturday 4. At the desire of Mr. M. and *the seeming* desire of themselves, I baptized two foreigners, (one of them in a Turkish habit) who professed themselves to have been Turks. On this I then remarked, "They *may be* what they profess: but I wait for farther evidence. Their story is extremely plausible: it may be true, or it may not."

Sunday 5. To take away one ground of contention from many well-meaning people, in preaching on, *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed*, I endeavoured to shew at large, in what sense sanctification is gradual, and in what sense it is instantaneous. And (for the present at least) many were delivered from vain reasonings and disputings.

* Monday 6. and the following days, I corrected the notes upon the Revelation. O how little do we *know* of this deep book! At least, how little do *I* know? I can barely conjecture, not affirm any one point, concerning that part of it which is yet unfulfilled.

Wednesday 8. I had a second opportunity of hearing George Bell. "I believe part of what he said was from God (this was my reflection *at that time*) part from an heated imagination. But

as

as he did not *scream*, and there was nothing dangerously wrong, I did not yet see cause to hinder him."

All this time I observed a few of our brethren were diligently, propagating that principle, "That none can teach those who are renewed in love, unless he be in the state himself." I saw the tendency of this: but I saw, that violent remedies would not avail.

Monday 13. I mentioned this to some of my friends, and told them, what would be the consequence. But they could not believe it. So I let it rest: only desiring them, to remember, I had told them before.

* Sunday 19. From Matt. xviii. 3. I endeavoured to shew those, who use the word without understanding it, what *Christian simplicity* properly is; and what it is not. It is not ignorance or folly: it is not enthusiasm, or credulity. It is faith, humility, willingness to be taught, and freedom from evil reasonings.

Tuesday 21. I had an opportunity of looking over the register of St. Luke's hospital. And I was surprized to observe, that three in four (at least) of those who are admitted, receive a cure. I doubt this is not the case of any other lunatic hospital, either in Great Britain or Ireland.

Wednesday 22. I heard George Bell once more, and was convinced he must not continue to

to pray at the Foundery. The reproach of Chriſt I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthuſiaſm, if I can help it.

Saturday 25. We met at the chappel in Spitalfields, to renew our covenant with God. And he did indeed appear in the midſt of the congregation, and anſwer as it were by fire.

Sunday 26. That I might do nothing haſtily, I permitted George Bell to be once more (this evening) at the chappel in Weſt-ſtreet, and once more (on Wedneſday evening) at the Foundery. But it was worſe and worſe. He now ſpoke as from God, what I knew God had not ſpoken. I therefore deſired, that he would come thither no more.

I well hoped this would a little repreſs the impetuoſity of a few good, but miſtaken men: eſpecially conſidering the caſe of Benjamin Harris, the moſt impetuous of them all. A week or two ago, as he was working in his garden, he was ſtruck raving mad. He continued ſo till Tueſday, December 21, when he lay ſtill and ſenſible: but could not ſpeak, till on Wedneſday morning his ſpirit returned to God.

* Friday 21. I now ſtood and looked back on the paſt year: a year of uncommon trials and uncommon bleſſings. Abundance have been convinced of ſin: very many have found peace with God. And in London only, I believe full two hundred have been brought into glorious liberty. And yet I have had more care and trouble

in

in six months, than in several years preceding. What the end will be, I know not. But it is enough that God knoweth.

Saturday, January 1, 1763. A woman told me, "Sir, I employ several men. Now if one of my servants will not follow my direction, is it not right for me to discard him at once? Pray, do *you* apply this to Mr. Bell." I answered, "It is right, to discard such a *servant*. But what would you do, if he were your *son?*"

Wednesday 3. Having procured one who understood Spanish to interpret, I had a long conversation with the supposed Turks. One account they gave of themselves then: a second they soon after gave to Mrs. G. I observed the account now given, which I read over to them, in some particulars differed from both. This increased my fear; though I still hoped the best: till Mr. B. procured a Jew to talk with them, who understood both Turkish and Spanish; upon whose questioning them thoroughly, they contradicted all the accounts given before. And upon the elder of them mentioning Solomon Selim, a Jewish merchant of Amsterdam, one who knew him, wrote to Solomon about him: who answered, "He had known him upwards of fourteen years; that he was a Spanish Jew, a physician by profession: that some years since he had cured him of a dangerous illness: in gratitude for which he had given him ten pounds, to carry him over to England."

* Friday

* Friday. 7. I desired George Bell with two or three of his friends, to meet me with one or two others. We took much pains to convince him of his mistakes, particularly that which he had lately adopted, " That the end of the world was to be on February the 28th." which at first he had earnestly withstood. But we could make no impression upon him at all. He was as unmoved as a rock.

Sunday 9. I endeavoured (from 1 Cor. xii. 11. and the following verses) to guard the sincere against all thoughts of separating from their brethren, by shewing what need all the members of the body have of each other. But those who wanted the caution most, turned all into poison.

Monday 10. I rode to Shoreham, and paid the last office of love to Mrs. Perronet. Wednesday 12. I returned to London, and the next day strongly inforced on a large congregation at the Foundery, the words of Isaiah (never more needful) *He that believeth shall not make haste.*

Monday 17. I rode to Lewisham, and wrote my sermon, to be preached before the society for reformation of manners. Sunday 23. in order to check, if not stop a growing evil, I preached on *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* But it had just the contrary effect on many, who construed it into a satire upon G. Bell: One of whose friends said, " If the devil himself had been in the

the pulpit, he would not have preached ſuch a ſermon."

All this time I did not want information from all quarters, "That Mr. M. was at the bottom of all this: That he was the life of the cauſe: That he was continually ſpiriting up all with whom he was intimate againſt me: That he told them I was not capable of teaching them, and inſinuated, that none was but himſelf: And that the inevitable conſequence muſt be, a diviſion in the ſociety."

Yet I was not without hope, that by bearing all things, I ſhould overcome evil with good, till on Tueſday 25, while I was ſitting with many of our brethren Mrs. Coventy (then quite intimate with Mr. M.) came in, threw down her ticket, with thoſe of her huſband, daughters, and ſervants, and ſaid, "They would hear two doctrines no longer." They had often ſaid before "Mr. M. preached Perfection; but Mr. W. pulled it down." So I did, that perfection of Benjamin Harris, G. Bell, and all who abetted them. So the breach is made! The water is let out. Let thoſe who can, gather it up.

I think it was on Friday the 28th that I received a letter from John Fox, and another from John and Elizabeth Dixon, declaring the ſame thing. Friday February 4. Daniel Owens and G. Bell told me, "They ſhould ſtay in the ſociety no longer. The next day Robert Lee, with five or ſix of his friends ſpake to the ſame effect.

I now

I now ſeriouſly conſidered, whether it was in my power to have prevented this? I did not ſee that it was; for tho' I had heard from time to time many objections to Mr. M's. conduct, there was no poſſibility of clearing them up. Above a year ago I deſired him to meet me with ſome that accuſed him, that I might hear them face to face. But his anſwer was as follows.

Dec. 28, 1761.

" I have conſidered the thing, ſince you ſpoke to me, about meeting at Mrs. March's. And I don't think to be there, or to meet them at any time. It is enough that I was arraigned at the conference." (At which I earneſtly defended him and ſilenced all his accuſers.) " I am not convinced, that it is my duty, to make James Morgan, &c. my judges. If you Sir, or any one of them have any thing to ſay to me alone, I will anſwer as far as I ſee good."

The next month I wrote him a long letter, telling him mildly all I heard or feared concerning him. He took it as a deep affront; and in conſequence thereof wrote as follows:

Jan. 14, 1762.

—— " If you call me proud or humble, angry or meek, it ſeems to ſit much the ſame on my heart. If you call me John or Judas, Moſes or Korah, I am content.—As to a ſeparation, I have no ſuch thought, if you have, and

now (as it were) ſqueeze blood out of a ſtone, be it to yourſelf."——

Several months after, hearing ſome rumours, I again wrote to him freely. In his anſwer were the following words.

Sept. 23, 1762.

——" Experience, teaches me daily, that they that preach *Salvation from the nature of ſin*, will have the ſame treatment, from the others, as they had and have from the world. But I am willing to bear it." " Your brother is gone out of town. Had he ſtayed much longer, and continued, Sunday after Sunday, to hinder me from preaching, he would have forced me to have got a place to preach in, where I ſhould not have heard what I think the higheſt truths contradicted."——

In his next letter he explained himſelf a little farther.

Oct. 16, 1762.

——" We have great oppoſition on every ſide. Nature, the world and the devil will never be reconciled to Chriſtian perfection. But the great wonder is, that Chriſtians will not be reconciled to it: all, almoſt every one who call themſelves Miniſters of Chriſt, or preachers of Chriſt, contend for ſin to remain in the heart as long as we live, as tho' it were the only thing Chriſt delighted to behold in his members.

" I long to have your heart ſet at full liberty. I know you will *then ſee things* in a wonderful different

different light from what it is *poſſible* to *ſee them before.*"—

The day after the firſt ſeparation, viz. Jan. 26, I wrote him the following note.

My Dear Brother,

" For many years I, and all the preachers in connection with me have taught, that every believer may and ought to grow in grace. Lately you have taught or ſeemed to teach the contrary. The effect of this is, when I ſpeak as I have done from the beginning, thoſe who believe what you ſay will not bear it. Nay, they will renounce connexion with us: as Mr. and Mrs. Coventry did laſt night. This breach lies wholly upon you. You have contradicted what I taught from the beginning. Hence it is, that many cannot bear it, but when I ſpeak as I always have done, they ſeparate from the ſociety. Is this for your honour, or to the glory of God?

" O Tommy, ſeek counſel, not from man but God: Not from brother B——, but Jeſus Chriſt!

I am,

Your affectionate Brother

J. W.

Things now ripend apace for a farther ſeparation; to prevent which, (if it were poſſible) I deſired all our preachers, as they had time, to be preſent at all meetings, when I could not myſelf, particularly at the Friday meeting in the

chappel at Weſt-Street. At this Mr. M. was highly offended, and wrote to me as follows.

Feb. 5. 1763.

" I wrote to you to aſk if thoſe who before met at brother Guilford's might not meet in the chapel. Soon after you came to town, the preachers were brought into the meeting, tho' you told me again and again, they ſhould not come." (True; but ſince I ſaid this, there has been an entire change in the ſituation of things.) " Had I known this, I would rather have paid for a room out my own pocket. I am not ſpeaking of the people that met at the Foundery before : tho' I let ſome of them come to that Meeting.——If you intend to have the preachers there to watch, and others that I *think very unfit*, and will not give me liberty to give leave to ſome that I *think fit* to be there, I ſhall not think it my duty to meet them."—So from this time he kept a ſeparate meeting elſewhere.

Sunday 6. Knowing many were greatly tempted on occaſion of theſe occurrences, I preached on 1 Cor. 10. 13. *God is faithful who will not ſuffer you to be tempted above that ye are able : but will with every temptation alſo make a way to eſcape, that ye may be able to bear it.* In the evening we had a love-feaſt, at which many ſpoke with all ſimplicity. And their words were like fire.

fire. I hardly know when we have had ſo refreſhing a ſeaſon.

Mond. 7. One who is very intimate with them that had left us, told me in plain terms, "Sir, the caſe lies here; They ſay you are only an hypocrite, and *therefore* they can have no fellowſhip with you."

So now the wonder is over. Firſt it, was revealed to them, that *all the people* were dead to God. Then they ſaw, that *all the peracher*s were ſo too, only for a time they excepted me. At laſt they diſcern me to be *blind and dead* too. Now let him help them that can!

Thurſday 10. I rode to Brentford, expecting to find diſagreeable work there alſo. But I was happily diſappointed. Not one ſeemed inclined to leave the ſociety, and ſome were added to it. And the congregation was not only quiet, but more deeply attentive than is uſual in this place.

Hence I rode on Friday 11, to Shoreham, and buried the remains of Mrs. P. who after a long, diſtreſſing illneſs, on Saturday the 5th inſtant, fell aſleep.

Saturday 12. I viſited the claſſes at Snowfields where I was told many would go away. But the time is not come. As yet we have loſt none: tho' ſome are held as by a ſingle hair.

Tueſday 15. I rode to Deptford, and found the ſociety there united in faith and love. During the ſermon in the afternoon, one poor mourner

found peace with God. In the evening I preached at Willing, and on Thurſday 17, rode on to Sevenoaks. Here I was grieved to find one who *did run well* quite hardened by the deceitfulneſs of ſin. But in the evening, God looked upon him once more, and melted him into tears of love.

Thurſday 17. Light from above broke into the heart of another hard-hearted ſinner. At the ſame time many were delivered from doubts and fears, and *knew the things which were freely given them of God.* On Friday, I returned to London.

*Monday 21. Obſerving the terror occaſioned by that wonderful prophecy to ſpread far and wide, I endeavoured to draw ſome good therefrom, by ſtrongly exhorting the congregation at Wapping, To *ſeek the Lord while he might be found.* But at the ſame time I thought it incumbent upon me to declare (as indeed I had done from the hour I heard it) That " it muſt be falſe, if the bible be true."

The three next days I ſpent in the tedious work of tranſcribing the names of the ſociety. I found about thirty of thoſe who thought they were ſaved from ſin, had ſeparated from their brethren. But above four hundred, who witneſſed the ſame confeſſion, ſeemed more united than ever.

Monday 28. Preaching in the evening at Spittalfields, on *Prepare to meet thy God,* I largely ſhewed

ſhewed the utter abſurdity of the ſuppoſition, that the world was to end that night. But notwithſtanding all I could ſay, many were afraid to go to bed, and ſome wandered about in the fields, being perſuaded, that if the world did not end, at leaſt London would be ſwallowed up by an earthquake. I went to bed at my uſual time, and was faſt aſleep about ten o'clock.

Monday, March 8. I took the machine for Norwich, and after ſpending a few quiet, comfortable days, in Norwich, Yarmouth, and Colcheſter, without any jar or contention, on Saturday the 19th returned to London.

Monday 28. I retired to Lewiſham, and wrote the ſermon on Sin in Believers, in order to remove a miſtake, which ſome were labouring to propagate, That there is no ſin in any that are juſtified.

Monday, April 11. Leaving things as it ſeemed pretty well ſettled in London, I took the machine for Briſtol, where on Tueſ. 19. I paid the laſt office of love to Nicholas Gilbert, who was a good man, and an excellent preacher; and likely to have been of great uſe. But God ſaw it beſt, to ſnatch him hence by a fever, in the dawn of his uſefulneſs.

Saturday 23. I returned to London. On Thurſday 28. I was at Weſtminſter, where I had appointed to preach, when word was brought me, about five in the afternoon. "That Mr. M——d *would not* preach at the foundery." So the breach

is made. But I am clear, I have done all I poſſibly could to prevent it. I walked immediately away and preached myſelf on, *If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*

That I may conclude this melancholy ſubject at once, and have no need to reſume it any more, I add a letter which I wrote ſome time after, for the information of a friend.

"At your inſtance I undertake the irkſome taſk of looking back upon things, which I wiſh to forget for ever. I have had innumerable proofs (tho' ſuch as it would now be an endleſs taſk to collect together) of all the facts which I recite. And I recite them as briefly as poſſible, becauſe I do not deſire to aggravate any thing, but barely to place it in a true light.

1. Mr. Maxfield was juſtified while I was praying with him in Baldwin-ſtreet, Briſtol.

2. Not long after he was employed by me, as a preacher in London.

3. Hereby he had acceſs to Mrs. Maxfield, whom otherwiſe he was never likely to ſee, much leſs to marry; from whence all his outward proſperity had its riſe.

4. He was by me (by thoſe who did it at my inſtance) recommended to the biſhop of Derry, to be ordained prieſt, who told him then, (I had it from his own mouth) "Mr. M—, I ordain you, to aſſiſt that good man, that he may not work himſelf to death."

5. When a few years ago many cenſured him much,

much, I continually and ſtrenuouſly defended him; tho' to the diſguſting ſeveral of the preachers, and a great number of the people.

6. I diſguſted them, not barely by defending him, but by commending him in ſtrong terms, from time to time, both in public and private, with regard to his uprightneſs, as well as uſefulneſs.

7. All this time Mr. M— was complaining (of which I was frequently informed by thoſe to whom he ſpoke) That "he was never ſo ill perſecuted by the rabble in Cornwall, as by me and my brother."

8. Four or five years ſince, a few perſons were appointed to meet weekly at the Foundery. When I left London, I left theſe under Mr. M's. care, deſiring them, "To regard him juſt as they did me."

9. Not long after I was gone, ſome of theſe had dreams, viſions or impreſſions, as they thought, from God. Mr. M. did not put a ſtop to theſe: rather he encouraged them.

10. When I returned, I oppoſed them with my might, and in a ſhort time, heard no more of them. Meanwhile I defended and commended Mr. M. as before, and when I left the town, again, left them again under his care.

11. Preſently viſions and revelations returned; Mr. M. did not diſcourage them. Herewith was now joined a contempt of ſuch as had them not,

with a belief that they were proofs of the higheſt grace.

12. Some of our preachers oppoſed them roughly. At this they took fire, and refuſed to hear them preach, but crouded after Mr. M. He took no pains to quench the fire but rather availed himſelf of it to diſunite them from other preachers, and attach them to himſelf. He likewiſe continually told them, "They were not to be taught by man, eſpecially by thoſe who had *leſs grace than themſelves*." I was told of this likewiſe from time to time. But he denied it. And I would not believe evil of my friend.

13. When I returned in Oct. 1763, I found the ſociety in an uproar, and ſeveral of Mr. M's. moſt intimate friends, formed into a detached body. Enthuſiaſm, pride, and great uncharitableneſs appeared in many who once had much grace. I very tenderly reproved them. They would not bear it. One of them, Mrs. C. cried out, "We will not be brow-beaten any longer: we will *throw off the maſk*." Accordingly a few days after ſhe came, and before an hundred perſons brought me her's and her huſband's tickets, and ſaid, "Sir, we will have no more to do with you: Mr. M. is our teacher." Soon after ſeveral more left the ſociety. (One of whom was George Bell;) ſaying, "Blind John is not capable of teaching us: we will keep to Mr. M."

14. From the time that I heard of Geo. Bell's prophecy, I explicitly declared againſt it, both in private

private, in the ſociety, in preaching, over and over: and at length in the public papers. Mr. M. made no ſuch declaration: I have reaſon to think, he believed it. I know many of his friends did, and ſeveral of them ſat up the laſt of February, at the houſe of his moſt intimate friend, Mr. Biggs, in full expectation of the accompliſhment.

15. About this time, one of our ſtewards, who at *my deſire*, took the chappel in Snowfields *for my uſe*, ſent me word, "The chappel was *his*, and Mr. Bell ſhould exhort there, whether I would or no." Upon this, I deſired the next preacher there, to inform the congregation, "That while things ſtood thus, neither I nor our preachers could in conſcience preach there any more."

16. Nevertheleſs Mr. M. did preach there. On this I ſent him a note, deſiring him, not to do it; and adding, "If you do, you thereby renounce connexion with *me*."

17. Receiving this he ſaid, "I *will* preach at Snowfields." He did ſo, and *thereby* renounced connexion. On *this* point, and no other we divided. By *this* act the knot was cut. Reſolving to do this, he told Mr. Clementſon, "I am to preach at the Foundery no more."

18. From this time he has ſpoke all manner of evil of *me*, his Father, his friend, his greateſt earthly benefactor. I cite Mr. F—r for one witneſs of this, and Mr. M—n for another. Did he

ſpeak evil of me to Mr. F— one day only. Nay, but every day, for ſix weeks together. To Mr. M—n he ſaid, (among a thouſand other things, which he had been 20 years raking together) " Mr. W. *believed and countenanced all* which Mr. Bell ſaid. And the *reaſon* of our parting was *this*. He ſaid to me one day, " Tommy, I will tell the people, you are the greateſt goſpel preacher in England. And you ſhall tell them, I am the greateſt. *For refuſing to do this*. Mr. W. put me away!"

Now with perfect calmneſs, and I verily think, without the leaſt touch of prejudice. I refer it to your own judgment, what connection I ought to have with Mr. M. either till I am ſatisfied, theſe things are not ſo; or till he is thoroughly ſenſible of his fault."

Monday, May 2. and the following days, I was fully employed in viſiting the ſociety, and ſettling the minds of thoſe who had been confuſed and diſtreſt by a thouſand miſrepreſentations. Indeed a flood of calumny and evil-ſpeaking, (as was eaſily foreſeen) was poured out on every ſide. My point was ſtill, to go ſtrait forward in the work whereto I am called.

Monday 16. Setting out a month later than uſual, I judged it needful to make the more haſte. So I took poſt-chaiſes, and by that means eaſily reached Newcaſtle, on Wedneſday 18. Thence I went on at leiſure and came to Edinburgh, on Saturday 21. The next day I had the ſatisfaction of

of ſpending a little time with Mr. Whitefield. Humanly ſpeaking, he is worn out. But we have to do with him, who hath all power in heaven and earth.

Monday 23. I rode to Forfar, and on Tueſday the 24th rode on to Aberdeen.

Wedneſday 25. I enquired into the ſtate of things here. Surely never was there a more open door. The four miniſters of Aberdeen, the miniſter of the adjoining town, and the three miniſters of Old-Aberdeen hitherto ſeem to have no diſlike, but rather to *wiſh us good luck in the name of the Lord.* Moſt of the town's people as yet ſeem to wiſh us well, ſo that there is no open oppoſition of any kind. O what ſpirit ought a preacher to be of that he many be able to bear all this ſun-ſhine !

About noon I went to Gordon's hoſpital, built near the town for poor children. It is an exceeding handſome building, and (what is not common) kept exceeding clean. The gardens are pleaſant, well laid out, and in extremely good order. But the old batchelor who founded it, has expreſly provided, That no woman ſhould ever be there.

At Seven the evening being fair and mild, I preached to a multitude of people, in the college-cloſe, on *Stand in the ways and ſee, and aſk for the old paths.* But the next evening the weather being raw and cold, I preached in the college-

lege-hall. What an amazing willingneſs to hear runs thro' this whole kingdom! There want only a few zealous, active labourers, who deſire nothing but God, and they might ſoon carry the goſpel though all this country, even as high as the Orkneys.

Friday 27. I ſet out for Edinburgh again. About one I preached at Breechin. All were deeply attentive. Perhaps a few may not be forgetful hearers. Afterwards we rode on to Broughty-caſtle, two or three miles below Dundee. We were in hopes of paſſing the river here, though we could not at the town. But we found our horſes could not paſs, till eleven or twelve at night. So we judged it would be beſt, to go over ourſelves and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a London wherry, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off, I perceived it leaked on all ſides, nor had we any thing to lade out the water. When we came toward the middle of the river, which was three miles over, the wind being high, and the water rough, our boatmen ſeemed a little ſurprized. But we encouraged them to *pull away*, and in leſs than half an hour we landed ſafe. Our horſes were brought after us. And the next day we rode on to Kinghorn-ferry, and had a pleaſant paſſage to Leith.

Sunday 29. I preached at ſeven in the High-ſchool-

ſchool-yard, at Edinburgh. It being the time of the general aſſembly, which drew together, not the miniſters only, but abundance of the nobility and gentry, many of both ſorts were preſent: but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I ſpake as plain as ever I did in my life. But I never knew any in Scotland offended at *plain-dealing*. In this reſpect the North-Britons are a pattern to all mankind.

Monday 30. I rode to Dunbar. In the evening it was very cold, and the wind was exceeding high. Nevertheleſs I would not pen myſelf up in the room, but reſolved to preach in the open air. We ſaw the fruit: many attended, notwithſtanding the cold, who never ſet foot in the room. And I am ſtill perſuaded, much good will be done here, if we have zeal and patience.

Tueſday 31. I rode to Alnwick, and was much refreſhed, among a people, who have not the form only, but the ſpirit of religion, fellowſhip with God, the living power of faith divine. Wedneſday, June 1. I went on to Morpeth, and preached in a ground near the town, to far the moſt ſerious congregation which I had ever ſeen there. At one I preached to the loving colliers in Placey, and in the evening at Newcaſtle.

Saturday 3. I rode, though much out of order, to Sunderland, and preached in the evening at the

the room. I was much worſe in the night, but toward morning fell into a ſound ſleep, and was refreſhed. Sunday 4. I deſigned to preach abroad this morning; but the wind and rain hindered. So at eight I preached in the room again, purpoſing to preach in the ſtreet at noon. But Mr. Goodday ſent me word, "He was taken ill in the night, and begged I would ſupply his church. So at ten I began reading prayers; though I was ſo exceeding weak, that my voice could ſcarce be heard. But as I went on, I grew ſtronger, and before I had half done preaching, I ſuppoſe all in the church could hear.

The wind drove us into the houſe at Newcaſtle likewiſe, that is, as many as the houſe would contain. But great numbers were conſtrained to ſtand in the yard. However, I ſuppoſed all could hear. For my weakneſs was entirely gone, while I was inforcing thoſe important words, *If thou canſt believe, all things are poſſible to him that believeth.*

Monday 5. I rode to Barnard-caſtle and preached in the evening, but to ſuch a congregation, not only with reſpect to number, but to ſerioufneſs and compoſure, as I never ſaw there before. I intended after preaching to meet the ſociety: but the bulk of the people were ſo eager to hear more, that I could not forbear letting in almoſt as many as the room would hold. And it was a day of God's power. They all

ſeemed

ſeemed to take the kingdom by violence, while they beſieged heaven with vehement prayer.

Tueſday 6. So deep and general was the impreſſion now made upon the people, that even at five in the morning I was obliged to preach abroad, by the numbers who flocked to hear, although the northerly wind made the air exceeding ſharp. *A little after preaching one came to me, who believed God had juſt ſet her ſoul at full liberty. She had been clearly juſtified long before; but ſaid, "The change ſhe now experienced, was extremely different from what ſhe experienced then, as different as the noonday-light from that of day-break. That ſhe now felt her ſoul all-love, and quite ſwallowed up in God." Now ſuppoſe, ten weeks or ten-months hence, this perſon ſhould be cold or dead: ſhall I ſay, "She *deceived* herſelf; this was merely the work of her own *imagination?*" Not at all: I have no right ſo to judge, nor authority ſo to ſpeak. I will rather ſay, She was *unfaithful* to the grace of God, and ſo *caſt away* what was *really given.*

* Therefore that way of talking which has been very common, of "ſtaying to ſee, if the gift be really given," which ſome take to be exceeding wiſe, I take to be exceeding fooliſh. If a man ſays, "I now feel nothing but love," and I know him to be an honeſt man, I believe him.

What

What then ſhould I "ſtay to ſee?" Not whether he *has* ſuch a bleſſing: but whether he will *keep* it.

* There is ſomething remarkable in the manner wherein God revived his work in theſe parts. A few months ago the generality of people in this circuit were exceeding lifeleſs. Samuel Meggot perceiving this, adviſed the ſociety at Barnard-caſtle, to obſerve every Friday with faſting and prayer. The very firſt Friday they met together, God broke in upon them in a wonderful manner. And his work has been increaſing among them ever ſince. The neighbouring ſocieties heard of this: agreed to follow the ſame rule, and ſoon experienced the ſame bleſſing. Is not the neglect of this plain duty, I mean, faſting, ranked by our Lord with almſgiving and prayer, one general occaſion of deadneſs among Chriſtians? Can any one willingly neglect it, and be guiltleſs?

* In the evening I preached at Yarm. But I found the good doctrine of Chriſtian Perfection, had not been heard of there for ſome time. The wildneſs of our poor brethren in London, has put it out of countenance above two hundred miles off. So theſe ſtrange advocates for perfection have given it a deeper wound, than all its enemies together could do!

* Wedneſday 8. Juſt as I began preaching, (in the open air, the room being too ſmall even for the

the morning congregation) the rain began. But it ſtopped in two or three minutes, I am perſuaded, in anſwer to the prayer of faith. Incidents of the ſame kind I have ſeen abundance of times, and particularly in this journey. And they are nothing ſtrange to them who ſeriouſly believe, *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

After preaching at Potto about noon, I rode to Thirſk, intending to preach near the houſe where I alighted. But ſeveral gentlemen of the town, ſent to deſire, I would preach in the market-place. I did ſo, to a numerous congregation, moſt of whom were deeply attentive. I haſtened away after preaching, and between nine and ten came to York.

Saturday 11. I rode to Epworth, and preached at ſeven in the market-place. Sunday 12. I preached at the room in the morning, in the afternoon, at the market-place, and about one to the congregation gathered from all parts, in Haxey pariſh, near Weſtwood-ſide. At every place I endeavoured to ſettle the minds of the poor people, who had been not a little harraſſed, by a new doctrine, which honeſt Jonathan C———, and his converts, had induſtriouſly propagated among them, "That there is *no ſin* in believers, but the moment we believe, ſin is deſtroyed, root and branch." I truſt, this plague alſo is ſtayed. But how ought thoſe unſtable ones to be aſhamed, who are ſo eaſily *toſt about with every wind of doctrine?*

* I had

*I had desired Samuel Meggot, to give me some farther account of the late work of God at Barnard-castle. Part of his answer was as follows:

June 7, 1763.

"Within ten weeks, at least twenty persons in this town have found peace with God, and twenty-eight the pure love of God. This morning, before you left us, one found peace, and one the second blessing; and after you was gone two more received it. One of these had belonged to the society before: but after he turned back, had bitterly persecuted his wife, particularly after she professed the being saved from sin. May 29, he came, in a furious rage, to drag her out of the society. One cried out, "Let us go to prayer for him." Presently he ran away, and his wife went home. Not long after, he came in, like a madman, and swore he would be the death of her. One said, "Are you not afraid, lest God should smite you?" He answered, "No, let God do his worst. I will make an end of her, and the brats, and myself too, and we will all go to hell together." His wife and children fell down, and broke out into prayer. His countenance changed, and he was quiet as a lamb. But it was not long, before an horrible dread overwhelmed him: he was sore distressed. The hand of God was upon him, and gave him no rest, day or night. On Tuesday in the afternoon he went to her

her who prayed for him when he came to drag his wife out, begging her with a ſhower of tears, to pray for his deliverance. On Thurſday he wreſtled with God, till he was as wet all over with ſweat, as if he had been dipped in water. But that evening God wiped away his tears, and filled him with joy unſpeakable."

"This morning while brother Story was at prayer, God gave him a witneſs in himſelf, that he had purified his heart. When he was riſen from his knees, he could not help declaring it. He now ran to his wife, not to kill her, but to catch her in his arms, that they might praiſe God, and weep over one another with tears of joy and love."

Monday 13. Even in Epworth a few faithful ſervants of Satan were left, who would not leave any ſtone unturned, to ſupport his tottering kingdom. A kind of gentleman got a little party together, and took huge pains to diſturb the congregation. He hired a company of boys to ſhout, and made a poor man exceeding drunk, who bawled out much ribaldry and nonſenſe, while he himſelf played the French-horn. But he had little fruit of his labour. I ſpoke a few words to their champion, and he diſappeared. The congregation was not at all diſturbed, but quietly attended to the end.

Wedneſday 15. I rode to Doncaſter, and at ten ſtanding in an open place, exhorted a wild, yet

yet civil multitude, *To ſeek the Lord, while he might be found.* Thence I went on to Leeds, and declared to a large congregation, *Now is the day of ſalvation.* Thurſday 16, at five in the evening I preached at Dewſbury, and on Friday 17, reached Mancheſter. Here I received a particular account of a remarkable incident. * An eminent drunkard of Congleton, uſed to divert himſelf, whenever there was preaching there, by ſtanding over againſt the houſe, curſing and ſwearing at the preacher. One evening he had a fancy to ſlep in, and "hear what the man had to ſay." He did ſo; but it made him ſo uneaſy, that he could not ſleep all night. In the morning he was more uneaſy ſtill: he walked in the fields, but all in vain, till it came in his mind, to go to one of his merry companions, who was always ready to abuſe the Methodiſts. He told him how he was, and aſked, what he ſhould do? "Do? Said Samuel: go and join the ſociety. I will; for I was never ſo uneaſy in my life." They did ſo without delay. But preſently David cried out, "I am ſorry I joined: for I ſhall get drunk again, and they will turn me out." However he ſtood firm for four days: on the fifth, he was perſuaded by his old companions, to "take one pint," and then another and another, till one of them ſaid, "See, here is a Methodiſt drunk!" David ſtarted up, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the reſt out of the houſe,

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caught up the landlady, carried her out, threw her into the kennel; went back to the houſe, broke down the door, threw it into the ſtreet, and then ran into the fields, tore his hair, and rolled up and down on the ground. In a day or two was a love-feaſt: he ſtole in, getting behind, that none might ſee him, While Mr. Furz was at prayer, he was ſeized with a dreadful agony, both of body and mind. This cauſed many to wreſtle with God for him. In a while he ſprung up on his feet, ſtretched out his hands and cried aloud, "All my ſins are forgiven!" At the ſame inſtant, one on the other ſide of the room cried out, "Jeſus is mine! And he has taken away all my ſins." This was Samuel H. David burſt through the people, caught him in his arms and ſaid, "Come, let us ſing the Virgin Mary's ſong: I *never could ſing it before.* "*My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.*" And their following behaviour plainly ſhewed the reality of their profeſſion.

Saturday 18. I found the work of God was ſtill greatly increaſing here: although many ſtumbling blocks had been thrown in the way, and ſome by thoſe who were once ſtrong in grace. But this is no wonder: I rather wonder, that there are not abundantly more. And ſo there would be, but that Satan is not able to go beyond his chain.

Monday 20. I preached at Maxfield about noon.

noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren inſiſted on ſending me in a chaiſe to Borſlem. Between four and five I quitted the chaiſe and took my horſe. Preſently after, hearing a cry, I looked back, and ſaw the chaiſe upſide-down (the wheel having violently ſtruck againſt a ſtone) and well-nigh daſhed in pieces. About ſeven I preached to a large congregation at Borſlem: theſe poor potters four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the colliers in Kingſwood. Lord, thou haſt *power over thy own clay!*

Tueſday 21. I rode to Birmingham, and on Thurſday to Towceſter. I would willingly have reſted there: but our brethren deſiring me to go a little farther, I walked on (about three miles) to Whittlebury. Here I found a truly loving and ſimple people. I preached at the ſide of the new preaching-houſe: I ſuppoſe moſt of the town were preſent. Friday 24. I took horſe early, and in the afternoon came once more ſafe to London.

About this time I received the following letter:

"GOD is the ſame yeſterday, to-day and for ever! He was, is, and will be *all in all!* Being a *minute* part of the *whole*, let me conſider myſelf *alone*. Where was I before my parents were born? In the *mind* of him who is *all in all*. It was God alone that gave me a being amongſt the *human*

human race. He appointed the *country* in which I ſhould begin my exiſtence. My *parents* were alſo his choice. Their *ſituation* in mind, body, and eſtate was fully known to him. My parents are anſwerable for my education in infancy. My *capacity* was from above. That I improved ſo little was moſtly owing to my connections; but partly to my own inattention or idleneſs. In moſt things, whilſt an infant, whether good or evil, I was certainly *paſſive*, *i. e.* I was inſtructed or led by others, and ſo acted right or wrong. In all the incidents of life, whether ſickneſs, health, eſcapes, croſſes, ſpiritual or temporal advantages or diſadvantages, I can trace *nothing* of *myſelf* during my childhood. And till I became a ſubject to my *own will*, perhaps I was innocent in the eyes of infinite juſtice: for the blood of Jeſus Chriſt certainly cleanſeth from all original ſin, and preſents all *ſpotleſs*, who die free from the guilt of actual tranſgreſſion.

At what time I became a ſubject to my *own will*, I cannot aſcertain; but from that time in many things I *offended*. Firſt, againſt my *parents*; next againſt God! And that I was preſerved from outward evils, was not owing to the *purity of my own will*; but the grace of Chriſt preventing and over-ruling me.

My *natural will* ever cleaved to *evil:* and if I had ever any *good* in me, it came from above. What is called *good nature* is a divine gift and

not from the corrupt root. My *will* could not produce good, and in various inſtances it was in a manner annihilated, before *grace* could fix any good in me. In other words, my *will* acts from the motions of the *Old Adam* where I tranſgreſs; but what is good in me is from the grace of Chriſt working, whilſt my *own will* is made *paſſive* or *unreſiſting*. Thus my life has been ſo far holy, as I gave up my *own will* and lived in God, who is *all in all*.

From the time I could ſin, I trace the divine goodneſs, in preſerving me from innumerable evils, into which my own will would have led me. The unknown temptations and evils perhaps are infinitely more numerous than the *known*. If my *will* was only *not reſiſting*, when I received or did any good, how little was it concerned in my conviction, my converſion, my peace and the ſphere of life I engaged in, after receiving ſuch divine bleſſings? My concern about my ſoul's welfare, the *time* of my converſion, the *miniſters* raiſed up to be the inſtruments of it, the place of my firſt hearing the goſpel, and various other circumſtances, that inſtrumentally brought about thoſe great and bleſſed events in my life, were no more from any thing in myſelf, than my birth and education. Rather, *my will* was overpowered, and *grace* triumphed over it.

From theſe reflections I conclude, that whatever bleſſings I have enjoyed as to parents, country

try, education, employments, converſion, connections in life, or any exterior or interior circumſtance.—All came from God, who is all in all! And whatever in my paſt life is matter of repentance and lamentation, has aroſe chiefly from *my corrupt will*, though partly from a defective judgment, ever prone to err! So that upon the whole, I have great cauſe to be thankful that God has been ſo much the all in all of my life; at the ſame time I muſt bewail that I ever followed my own corrupt will in any thing.

My preſent ſtate of life I believe is from God! In a bad ſtate of health, out of employment and retired from all engagements in the world. I uſe the means for my recovery, and it is not from any evil principle that I am a cypher: but I cannot yet obtain health, buſineſs, or a ſphere of uſefulneſs. Nor can I aſcertain how far I am culpable as to being what I am. My preſent duty is, *ſubmiſſion* to the divine will. I ſtudy for improvement, and pray for ſuch bleſſings as I want. Is not God *all in all* as to my preſent ſtate? I have no deſire ſo ſtrong as this, Let thy bleſſed will be done in and upon me. And the prayer which governs my ſoul continually is, O may *my will* die day by day; and may God in Chriſt Jeſus, be all in all to me and in me and mine, during our life, in our laſt moments, and to all eternity! Amen."

Finding it was not expedient to leave London, during the ferment which ſtill continued by reaſon of Mr. M.'s ſeparation from us, I determined not to remove from it before the conference. This began on Tueſday, July 19, and ended on Saturday 23. And it was a great bleſſing, that we had peace among ourſelves, while ſo many were making themſelves ready for battle.

Monday, Auguſt 1. I began viſiting the claſſes again, and found leſs loſs than might reaſonably have been expected: as moſt of thoſe who had left us, ſpake all manner of evil, without either fear or ſhame! Poor creatures! Yet *he that betrayed* them into this, *hath the greater ſin.*

Monday 15. I went in the one-day machine to Bath, where one of our friends from Briſtol met me, (as I had deſired) in the afternoon, and took me thither in a poſt-chaiſe. Wedneſday 17. Being informed that the boat at the Old Paſſage would go over at ſix o'clock, I took horſe at four, and came to the paſſage a few minutes after ſix. But they told us they would not paſs till twelve, and I had appointed to preach in Chepſtow at eleven. So we thought it beſt to try the New Paſſage. We came thither at ſeven, and might probably have ſtayed till noon, had not an herd of oxen come juſt in time to the other ſide. In the boat which brought them over, we croſſed the water, and got to Chepſtow between ten and eleven. As it had rained almoſt all the day, the houſe

houſe contained the congregation. Hence we rode to Coleford. The wind being high, I conſented to preach in their new room. But large as it was, it would not contain the people, who appeared to be not a little affected: of which they gave a ſufficient proof, by filling the room at five in the morning.

Thurſday 18. We breakfaſted at a friend's, a mile or two from Monmouth, and rode to Crickhowell, where I intended to dine: but I found other work to do. Notice had been given, that I would preach, and ſome were come many miles to hear. So I began without delay, and I did not obſerve one light or inattentive perſon in the congregation. When we came to Brecknock, we found it was the aſſize week, ſo that I could not have the town-hall, as before; the court being to ſit there, at the very time when I had appointed to preach. So I preached at Mr. James's door: and all the people behaved as in the preſence of God.

* Friday 19. I preached near the market-place, and afterwards rode over to Trevecka. Howell Harris's houſe is one of the moſt elegant places which I have ſeen in Wales. The little chappel and all things round about it, are finiſhed in an uncommon taſte: and the gardens, orchards, fiſh-ponds and mount adjoining, make the place a little paradiſe. He thanks God for theſe things and looks through them. About ſix ſcore per-

ſons are now in the family: all diligent, all conſtantly employed, all fearing God and working righteouſneſs. I preached at ten to a crowded audience, and in the evening at Brecknock again: but to the poor only: the rich, (a very few excepted) were otherwiſe employed.

Saturday 20. We took horſe at four, and rode through one of the pleaſanteſt countries in the world. When we came to Trecaſtle, we had rode fifty miles in Monmouthſhire and Brecknockſhire. And I will be bold to ſay, all England does not afford ſuch a line of fifty miles length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently-riſing mountains, fruitful to the very top. Carmarthenſhire, into which we came ſoon after, has at leaſt as fruitful a ſoil. But it is not ſo pleaſant, becauſe it has fewer mountains, though abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on The Green at Carmarthen, to a large number of deeply attentive people. Here two gentlemen from Pembroke met me: with whom we rode to St. Clare, intending to lodge there; but the inn was quite full. So we concluded to try for Larn, though we knew not the way, and it was now quite dark. Juſt then came up an honeſt man who was riding thither: and we willingly bore him company.

Sunday 21. It rained almoſt all the morning. However we reached Tenby about eleven. The rain then ceaſed, and I preached at the croſs to a congregation gathered from many miles round.

The

The ſun broke out ſeveral times and ſhone hot in my face; but never for two minutes together. About five I preached to a far larger congregation at Pembroke. A few gay people behaved ill at the beginning. But in a ſhort time they loſt their gaiety, and were as ſerious as their neighbours.

Wedneſday 24. I rode over to Haverfordweſt. Finding it was the aſſize week, I was afraid the bulk of the people would be too buſy, to think about hearing ſermons. But I was miſtaken: I have not ſeen ſo numerous a congregation ſince I ſet out of London. And they were, one and all, deeply attentive. Surely ſome will bring forth fruit.

* Thurſday 25. I was more convinced than ever, that the preaching like an apoſtle, without joining together thoſe that are awakened, and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for theſe twenty years all over Pembrokeſhire? But no *regular ſocieties*, no diſcipline, no order or connection. And the conſequence is, that nine in ten of the once awakened, are now faſter aſleep than ever.

Friday 28. We deſigned to take horſe at four. But the rain poured down, ſo that one could ſcarce look out. About ſix however we ſet out, and rode through heavy rain to St. Clare. Having then little hopes of croſſing the ſands, we determined to go round by Carmarthen. But the

hoſtler told us, we might ſave ſeveral miles, by going to Llanſteffan's-ferry. We came thither about noon, where a good woman informed us, the boat was aground, and would not paſs till the evening. So we judged it beſt to go by Carmarthen ſtill. But when we had rode three or four miles, I recollected, that I had heard ſpeak of a ford, which would ſave us ſome miles riding. We enquired of an old man, who ſoon mounted his horſe, ſhewed us the way and rode through the river before us.

Soon after my mare dropt a ſhoe, which occaſioned ſo much loſs of time, that we could not ride the ſands, but were obliged to go round through a miſerable road, to Lanellos. To mend the matter, our guide loſt his way, both before we came to Lanellos and after; ſo that it was as much as we could do, to reach Bocher-ferry, a little after ſun-ſet. Knowing it was impoſſible then to reach Penreeſe, as we deſigned, we went on ſtrait to Swanſey.

Saturday 27. I preached at ſeven to one or two hundred people, many of whom ſeemed full of good deſires. But as there is no ſociety, I expect no deep or laſting work.

* Mr. Evans now gave me an account from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noiſe in Wales. "It is common in the congregations attended by Mr. W. W. and one or two other clergymen, after the preaching is over, for

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any one that has a mind, to give out a verſe of an hymn. This they ſing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times. Meanwhile the bodies of two or three, ſometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down, in all manner of poſtures, frequently for hours together." I think, there needs no great penetration to underſtand this. They are honeſt, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he ſerves himſelf of their ſimplicity, in order to wear them out, and to bring a diſcredit on the work of God.

About two I preached at Cowbridge in the aſſembly-room, and then went on to Landaff. The congregation was waiting: ſo I began without delay, explaining to them *the righteouſneſs of faith.* A man had need to be all fire, who comes into theſe parts, where almoſt every one is cold as ice. Yet God is able to warm their hearts, and make rivers run in the dry places.

Sunday 28. I preached once more in W—— church: but it was hard work. Mr. H. read the prayers, (not as he did once, with ſuch fervor and ſolemnity as ſtruck almoſt every hearer, but) like one reading an old ſong, in a cold, dry, careleſs manner. And there was no ſinging at all. O

what life was here once! But now there is not one ſpark left!

Thence I rode to Cardiff, and found the ſociety in as ruinous a condition as the caſtle. The ſame poiſon of *myſticiſm* has well-nigh extinguiſhed the laſt ſpark of life here alſo. I preached in the town-hall, on, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* There was a little ſhaking among the dry bones. Poſſibly ſome of them may yet *come together and live.*

Monday 29. At noon I preached again at Landaff, and in the evening at Aberthaw. I found the moſt life in this congregation, that I have found any where in Glamorganſhire. We lodged at F—— caſtle: ſo agreeable once! But how is the ſcene changed? How dull and unlovely is every place, where there is nothing of God?

Thurſday 30. I preached in the caſtle at Cardiff, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. A few ſeemed to awake, and ſhake themſelves from the duſt. Let theſe go on and more will follow.

I came to Chepſtow, Friday 31, juſt at noon, and began preaching immediately at Mr. Cheek's door. The ſun ſhone full in my face, extremely hot; but in two or three minutes the clouds covered it. The congregation was large and behaved well: perhaps ſome may be *doers of the word.* When we went into the boat at the Old Paſſage,

Paſſage, it was a dead calm. But the wind ſprung up in a few minutes, ſo that we reached Briſtol in good time.

Thurſday, September 1. I began expounding a ſecond time, after an interval of above twenty years, the firſt epiſtle of St. John. How plain, how full, and how deep a compendium of genuine Chriſtianity!

* Saturday 3. I deſcribed the one undivided *fruit of the Spirit:* one part of which men are continually labouring to ſeparate from the other: but it cannot be: none can retain *peace* or *joy* without *meekneſs* and *long-ſuffering:* nay, nor without *fidelity* and *temperance.* Unleſs we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

Sunday 4. I preached on the Key, where multitudes attended, who would not have come to the other end of the city. In the afternoon I preached near the New-ſquare. I find no other way to reach the out-caſts of men: And this way God has owned, and *does* ſtill own, both by the conviction and converſion of ſinners.

Wedneſday 7. I preached at Pensford about eight, and it began raining almoſt as ſoon as I began preaching. But I think none went away. At noon I preached at Shepton-Mallet, to a numerous, nay and ſerious congregation: and about ſix in a meadow at Win-

caunton. I ſuppoſe this was the firſt field-preaching which had been there. However the people were all quiet, and the greater part deeply attentive.

Thurſday 8. At nine I preached in the ſame place, to a far more ſerious audience. Between eleven and twelve I preached at Weſtcomb, and in the evening at Frome. How zealous to hear are theſe people! And yet how little do they profit by hearing! I think, this will not always be the caſe. By and by we ſhall rejoice over them.

Wedneſday 14. I preached at Bath, on, *Now is the day of ſalvation.* I was afterwards not a little refreſhed by the converſation of one lately come from London; notwithſtanding an irregularity of thought, almoſt peculiar to herſelf. How much preferable is her *irregular warmth*, to the *cold wiſdom* of them that deſpiſe her? How gladly would I be as ſhe is, taking her *wildneſs* and *fervor* together?

In the evening the congregation at Coleford was all alive, and great part of them were preſent again in the morning. The next evening we had a love-feaſt: at which many were not able to contain their joy and deſire; but were conſtrained to cry aloud, and praiſe God for the abundance of his mercies.

Saturday 17. I preached on the Green at Bedminſter. I am apt to think many of the hearers, ſcarce

ſcarce ever heard a Methodiſt before, or perhaps any other preacher. What but field-preaching could reach theſe poor ſinners? And are not their ſouls alſo precious in the ſight of God?

Sunday 18. I preached in the morning in Princeſs-ſtreet, to a numerous congregation. Two or three gentlemen, ſo called, laughed at firſt. But in a few minutes they were as ſerious as the reſt. On Monday evening I gave our brethren a ſolemn caution, Not to *love the world, neither the things of the world.* This will be their grand danger. As they are induſtrious and frugal, they muſt needs increaſe in goods. This appears already; in London, Briſtol, and moſt other trading towns thoſe who are in buſineſs have increaſed in ſubſtance ſeven-fold; ſome of them twenty, yea, an hundred fold, what need then have theſe of the ſtrongeſt warnings, leſt they be intangled therein, and periſh?

Frid. 23. I preached at Bath. Riding home we ſaw a coffin carrying into St. George's-church, with many children attending it. When we came near, we found they were our own children, attending the corpſe of one of their ſchool-fellows, who had died of the ſmall-pox. And God thereby touched many of their hearts, in a manner they never know before.

Monday 26. I preached to the priſoners in Newgate, and in the afternoon rode over to Kingſwood, where I had a ſolemn watch-night, and an opportunity of ſpeaking cloſely to the children.

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One is dead; two recovered, ſeven ill ſtill. And the hearts of all are like melting wax.

Tueſday 17. I took my leave of the congregation at Briſtol by opening and applying thoſe words, (by which no fleſh living ſhall be juſtified) *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf.* I believe, an eminent deiſt, who was preſent, will not eaſily forget that hour; he was (then at leaſt) deeply affected, and felt he ſtood in need of an *advocate with the father.*

Wedneſday and Thurſday evening, I ſpent at Saliſbury, and with no ſmall ſatisfaction. Friday 30. I preached about one at Whitchurch, and then rode to Baſingſtoke. Even here there is at length ſome proſpect of doing good. A large number of people attended: to whom God enabled me to ſpeak ſtrong words. And they ſeemed to ſink into the hearts of the hearers.

Saturday, October 1. I returned to London, and found our houſe in ruins, great part of it being taken down in order to a thorough repair. But as much remained as I wanted: ſix foot ſquare ſuffices me by day or by night.

I now received a very ſtrange account, from a man of ſenſe, as well as integrity. "I aſked M. S. many queſtions, before ſhe would give me any anſwer. At length, after much perſuaſion ſhe ſaid, "On old Michaelmas day was three years, I was ſitting by myſelf at my father's with a bible before me, and one whom I took to be my uncle came into the room, and ſat down by me.

He

He talked to me ſome time, till not liking his diſcourſe, I looked more careſully at him. He was dreſt like my uncle; but I obſerved one of his feet was juſt like that of an ox. Then I was much frighted, and he began torturing me ſadly, and told me he would torture me ten times more if I would not ſwear to kill my father, which at laſt I did. He ſaid he would come again, on that day four years, between half hour paſt two and three o'clock."

"I have ſeveral times ſince ſtrove to write this down; but when I did, the uſe of my hand was taken from me. I ſtrove to ſpeak it; but whenever I did, my ſpeech was taken from me. And I am afraid I ſhall be tormented a deal more for what I have ſpoken now."

Preſently ſhe fell into ſuch a fit as was dreadful to look upon. One would have thought ſhe would be torn in pieces. Several perſons could ſcarce hold her; till after a time, ſhe ſunk down as dead.

From that Michaelmas-day, ſhe was continually tormented with the thought of killing her father: as likewiſe of killing herſelf: which ſhe often attempted but was as often hindred. Once ſhe attempted to cut her own throat: once to throw herſelf into Roſamond's Pond: ſeveral times to ſtrangle herſelf, which once or twice was with much difficulty prevented.

Her brother, fearing leſt ſhe ſhould at laſt ſucceed in her attempt, and finding her fits come more

more frequently, got a ſtrait waiſtcoat made for her ſuch as they uſe at Bedlam. It was made of ſtrong ticking, with two ſtraps on the ſhoulders, to faſten her down to the bed; one acroſs her breaſt, another acroſs her middle, and another acroſs her knees. One likewiſe was buckled on each leg, and faſtened to the ſide of the bed. The arms of the waiſtcot drew over her fingers, and faſtened like a purſe. In a few minutes after ſhe was thus ſecured, her brother coming to the bed found ſhe was gone. After ſome time, he found ſhe was up the chimney, ſo high that he could ſcarce touch her feet. When Mary Lary called her, ſhe came down, having her hands as faſt as ever.

The night after I faſtened her arms to her body with new ſtraps over and above the reſt. She looked at me and laughed; then gave her hands a ſlight turn, and all the faſtenings were off.

In the morning Mr. Spark came. On our telling him this, he ſaid, "But I will take upon me to faſten her ſo that ſhe ſhall not get looſe." Accordingly he ſent for ſome girth-web, with which he faſtened her arms to her ſides, firſt above her elbows round her body; then below her elbows: then he put it round each wriſt, and braced them down to each ſide of the bedſtead: after this ſhe was quiet a night and a day. Then all this was off like the reſt.

After this we did not tie her down any more, only

only watched over her, night and day. I asked the physician that attended her, Whether it was a natural disorder? He said, "Partly natural, partly diabolical." We then judged there was no remedy but prayer, which was made for her, or with her continually; tho' while any were praying with her, she was tormented more than ever.

The Friday before Michaelmas-day last, Mr. W. came to see her. He asked, "Do you know me?" "She said, No, you all appear to me like blackamoors." But do not you know my voice? "No, I know no one's voice, except Molly L——." Do you pray God to help you? No I can't pray. God will never help me. I belong to the devil: and he will have me. He will take me, body and soul on Monday." Would you have me pray for you? No indeed. For when people pray, he torments me worse than ever." In her fits she was first convulsed all over, seeming in an agony of pain, and screaming terribly. Then she began cursing, swearing and blaspheming in the most horrid manner. Then she burst into vehement fits of laughter: then sunk down as dead. All this time she was quite senseless: then she fetched a deep sigh, and recovered her sense and understanding: but was so weak, that she could not speak to be heard, unless you put your ear almost close to her mouth.

When Mr. W. began praying, she began screaming, so that a mob quickly gathered about the

the houſe. However he prayed on till the convulſions and ſcreaming ceaſed, and ſhe came to her ſenſes much ſooner than uſual. What moſt ſurprized us was, that ſhe continued in her ſenſes and ſoon after began to pray herſelf.

On Sunday evening Mr. W. came again, aſked her many queſtions, preſt her to call upon God for power to believe, and then prayed with her. She then began to pray again, and continued in her ſenſes, longer than ſhe had done for a month before; but ſtill inſiſted, "The devil would come the next day between two and three, and take her away."

She begged me to ſit up with her that night, which I willingly did. About four in the morning, ſhe burſt out into a flood of tears, crying, "What ſhall I do? What ſhall I do? I cannot ſtand this day. This day I ſhall be loſt." I went to prayer with her, and exhorted her to pray for faith, and her agony ceaſed.

About half hour after ten, ten of us came together, as we had agreed the day before. I ſaid, "Is there any among you who does not believe, that God is able and willing to deliver this ſoul?" They anſwered with one voice, "We believe, he both can and will deliver her this day." I then faſtened her down to the bed on both ſides, and ſet two on each ſide to hold her, if need were. We began laying her caſe before the Lord, and claiming his promiſe on her behalf. Immediately Satan raged vehemently. He cauſ-

ed

ed her to roar in an uncommon manner, then to ſhriek, ſo that it went through our heads, then to bark like a dog. Then her face was diſtorted to an amazing degree, her mouth being drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes turned oppoſite ways and ſtarting as if they would ſtart out of her head. Preſently her throat was ſo convulſed, that ſhe appeared to be quite ſtrangled. Then the convulſions were in her bowels, and her body ſwelled, as if ready to burſt. At other times ſhe was ſtiff from head to foot, as an iron bar, being at the ſame time wholly deprived of her ſenſes, and motion, not even breathing at all. Soon after her body was ſo writhed, one would have thought all her bones muſt be diſlocated.

We continued in prayer, one after another, till about twelve o'clock. One then ſaid, "I muſt go: I can ſtay no longer." Another and another ſaid the ſame, till we were upon the point of breaking up. I ſaid, "What is this? Will you all give place to the devil? Are you ſtill ignorant of Satan's devices? Shall we leave this poor ſoul in his hands?" Preſently the cloud vaniſhed away. We all ſaw the ſnare, and reſolved to wreſtle with God, till we had the petition we aſked of him. We began ſinging an hymn, and quickly found his ſpirit was in the midſt of us. But the more earneſtly we prayed, the more violently the enemy raged. It was with great difficulty that four of us could hold

her

her down: frequently we thought she would have been torn out of our arms. By her looks and motions we judged she saw him in a visible shape. She laid fast hold on Molly L——s and me with inexpressible eagerness: and soon burst into a flood of tears, crying, "Lord, save or I perish. I *will* believe. Lord, give me power to believe, help my unbelief." Afterwards she lay quiet for about fifteen minutes. I then asked, "Do you now believe Christ will save you? And have you a desire to pray to him?" She answered, "I have a little desire, but I want power to believe." We bid her keep asking for the power, and looking unto Jesus. I then gave out an hymn, and she earnestly sung with us those words,

"O sun of righteousness arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring."

I now looked at my watch and told her, "It is half hour past two. This is the time when the devil said, he would come for you." But, blessed be God, instead of a tormentor he sent a comforter. Jesus appeared to her soul, and rebuked the enemy: though still some fear remained. But at three it was all gone, and she mightily rejoiced in the God of her salvation. It was a glorious sight. Her fierce countenance was

was changed, and she looked innocent as a child. And we all partook of the blessing. For Jesus filled our souls with a love which no tongue can express. We then offered up our joint praises to God, for his unspeakable mercies, and left her full of faith and love and joy in God her Saviour.

* Sunday 2. All this week I endeavoured to confirm those, who had been shaken as to the important doctrine of Christian perfection, either by its wild defenders or wise opposers, who much availed themselves of that wildness. It must needs be that such offences will come. But *woe unto him by whom the offence cometh?*

Monday 10. I set out for Norwich, taking Hertford in my way, where I began preaching between ten and eleven. Those who expected disturbance were happily disappointed; for the whole congregation was quiet and attentive. I doubt not but much good may be done even here, if our brethren live what we preach.

In the evening I preached in the New-room at Bedford, where we at last see some fruit of our labour. Tuesday 11. I rode through miserable roads to Cambridge, and thence to Lakenheath. The next day I reached Norwich and found much of the presence of God in the congregation, both this evening and the next day. On Friday evening I read to them all, the rules of the society, adding, "Those who are resolved to keep these rules, may continue with us, and those

thoſe only." I then related what I had done, ſince I came to Norwich firſt, and what I would do for the time to come; particularly, that I would immediately put a ſtop, to preaching in the time of Church ſervice. I added, "For many years I have had more trouble with this ſociety, than with half the ſocieties in England put together. With God's help, I will try you one year longer. And I hope you will bring forth better fruit."

Sunday 16. Notwithſtanding the notice I had given over and over, abundance, of people came to the tabernacle at two in the afternoon, the uſual time of preaching. And many of theſe *lambs* roared like lions. But it was no more than I expected. Monday 17. I found at Yarmouth, a little, loving, earneſt company. In the evening both the houſe and the yard were pretty well filled with attentive hearers. Tueſday 18. I read over that ſurprizing book, *The life of Mr. William Lilly*. If he believed himſelf, as he really ſeems to have done, was ever man ſo deluded? Perſuaded that Hermeli, the queen of the Fairies, Micol Regina Pygmiceorum and their fellows, were good angels! How amazing is this! And is it not ſtill more amazing, that ſome of the greateſt and moſt ſenſible men in the nation, ſhould not only ſcruple to employ him, but be faſt friends upon all occaſions?

Wedneſday 19. I returned to Norwich, and found the ferment a little abated. I was much pleaſed with the leaders in the evening, a company

pany of ſteddy, lively, zealous perſons: and indeed with moſt of the ſociety with whom I have converſed, none of whom ſeem to have loſt ground ſince I was here laſt.

Sunday 23. I met the ſociety for the firſt time immediately after the morning preaching. Afterwards I went to church, with a conſiderable number of the people, ſeveral of whom I ſuppoſe had not been within thoſe walls for many years. I was glad to hear a plain, uſeful ſermon, and eſpecially for the ſake of thoſe, who if they had been offended at firſt, would hardly have come any more. In the evening God made bare his arm, and his word was ſharp as a two-edged ſword. Before I had concluded my ſermon, the mob made a little diſturbance. But let us only get the lambs in order, and I will quickly tame the bears.

Monday 24. I rode to Bury. Here the mob had for ſome time reigned lords paramount. But a ſtrange gentleman from London, who was preſent one evening, when they were in high ſpirits took them in hand, and proſecuted the matter ſo effectually, that they were quelled at once.

Tueſday 25. I rode to Colcheſter, and found a ſtrange ferment in the ſociety, occaſioned by the imprudence of ———, who had kindled a flame which he could not quench, and ſet every man's ſword againſt his brother. I heard them all face to face, but to no purpoſe. They regarded neither ſcripture nor reaſon. But on

Thurſday

evening, at the meeting of the ſociety. God was intreated for them. The ſtony hearts were broken: anger, revenge, evil-ſurmiſing fled away. The hearts of all were again united together, and his banner over us was love.

It may be of uſe to inſert part of a letter, which I received about this time.

" In reading your note on Heb. xii. 9. a while ſince, I was ſtruck with your expoſition of the ninth verſe. " Perhaps theſe expreſſions, *fathers of our fleſh and father of ſpirits* : intimate, that our earthly fathers are only the parents of our bodies, our ſouls not being derived from them, but rather created by the immediate power of God, and infuſed into the body from age to age." But meeting with a curious old book which aſſerts a contrary doctrine, I hope, you will pardon my freedom in tranſcribing, and begging your thoughts upon it.

" That ſouls are not immediately infuſed by God, but mediately propagated by the parent, is proved, 1. From the divine reſt, *Gen.* ii. 2. *And he reſted on the ſeventh day from all the work which he had made* : 2. from the bleſſing mentioned, Gen. i. 28. *And God bleſſed them, and ſaid unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply :* for this does not relate to part, but to the whole of man : 3. from the generation of Seth, *Gen.* v. 3. *And Adam—begat a ſon in his own likeneſs, after his image*, for his image principally conſiſted in the ſoul : 4. from the proceſſion of the ſoul from the parent mentioned,

mentioned, Gen. xvi. 26. *All the souls—which came out of his loins* 5. from the very consideration of sin; for they are infused. I. Either pure, and then 1. They will either be free from original sin, the primary seat of which is the soul; and so God will be cruel in condemning the soul for what it is not guilty of; or, 2. We must suppose the impure body to pollute the soul which is absurd. Or II. they are infused impure, and in that case, God will be the cause of impurity, which is impossible. This is further proved from the doctrine of regeneration; for that which is regenerated was also generated or begotten, but the whole man is regenerated, therefore the whole man is generated; compare John iii. 6. *That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit;* and Eph. iv. 23. *And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.*

"That the human soul is propagated by the parents together with the body, is further proved 1. by the creation of Eve: whose soul is not said to have been breathed into her by God: 2. from the confession of David, Psal. li. 2. *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me*; which words cannot possibly relate to the body only: 3. from our redemption; what Christ did not assume, he did not redeem; if therefore he did not assume his soul together with his body from the Virgin Mary, our souls are not redeemed by Christ, which is evidently false: 4. from similar expressions Job x. 8. *Thy hands have made and fashioned me; and* Psal.

cxxxix. 15. *For thou haſt poſſeſſed my reins, Thou haſt covered me in my mother's womb* ; where God is ſaid to have formed us with his own hands, which yet is no otherwiſe done then mediately by generation : 5. from the nature of the begetter and the begotten: they are of one ſpecies ; but the man who begets conſiſting of a ſoul and body, and a body without a ſoul, are not of one ſpecies.

" Again, ſuppoſing the ſoul to be infuſed by the deity, either firſt it will be free from ſin, and ſo God himſelf will be accuſed as guilty of injuſtice in condemning a pure ſpirit, and infuſing it into an impure body : or, 2. he will be accounted the author of the ſoul's pollution, by uniting it a pure ſpirit, to an impure body, in order that it ſhould be polluted : 3. a double abſurdity will follow upon this ſuppoſition, viz. 1. the organical parts of man only will be ſlaves to ſin. 2. the immortal ſpirit would be corrupted by the mortal body. 3. Or if the ſoul being thus infuſed be polluted by ſin, it will follow that God is expreſly aſſigned to be the cauſe of ſin, which is the higheſt blaſphemy."

Friday, October 28. At the requeſt of the little ſociety there, I rode round by Braintree. Here I met with one who was well acquainted with the honourable Mr. ———. If he anſwers the character Mr. S——— gives, he is one of the moſt amiable men in the world. O what keeps us apart? Why cannot we openly

openly give each other the right-hand of fellowſhip?

Saturday 29. I returned to London. Sunday 30. I now, for the firſt time, ſpoke to the ſociety freely concerning Mr. M. both with regard to his *injuſtice* in the affair of Snow-fields, and his almoſt unparallelled ingratitude to *me*. But I never expect one that is falſe to God to be true to an human friend.

Saturday 2. I ſpent an agreeable hour with old, venerable Mr. ———. How ſtriking is a man of ſenſe, learning and piety, when he has well-nigh finiſhed his courſe, and yet retains all his faculties unimpaired? His grey hairs are indeed *a crown of honour*.

In this neighbourhood I learned the particulars of a remarkable occurrence. On Friday, Auguſt 19, a gentleman who was at Liſbon during the great earthquake, walking with his friend near Brighthelmſtone in Suſſex, and looking ſouth-weſt toward the ſea, cried out, "God grant the wind may riſe! Otherwiſe we ſhall have an earthquake quickly. Juſt ſo the clouds whirled to and fro, and ſo the ſky looked that day at Liſbon." Preſently the wind did riſe, and brought an impetuous ſtorm of rain and large hail. Some of the hail-ſtones were larger than hen-eggs. It moved in a line about four miles broad, making ſtrange havock, as it paſſed quite over the land, till it fell into the river, not far from Sheerneſs.

And wherever it paſſed it left an hot ſulphurous ſteam, ſuch as almoſt ſuffocated thoſe it reached.

Thurſday 3. I returned to London. Saturday 5. I ſpent ſome time with my old friend J. G. Who but Count Z—— —— could have ſeparated ſuch friends as we were? Shall we never unite again?

Sunday 13. I found much of the power of God in preaching, but far more at the Lord's table. At the ſame time one who had been wandering from God for many years, and would fain have been with us, but could not, found that the Spirit of God was not hindered, or confined to one place. He found out the poor backſlider in his own houſe, and revealed Chriſt anew in his heart.

* Tueſday 15. I viſited Joſeph Norbury, a good old ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt. I found him juſt on the wing for paradiſe, having rattled in the throat for ſome time. But his ſpeech was reſtored when I came in, and he mightily praiſed God for all his mercies. This was his laſt teſtimony for a good Maſter. Soon after he fell aſleep.

On Friday I finiſhed viſiting the claſſes, and obſerved that ſince February laſt, an hundred and ſeventy-five perſons have been ſeparated from us. An hundred and ſix left us on Mr. M.'s account: few of them will return till they are deeply humbled.

* Here

* Here I ſtood, and looked back on the late occurrences. Before Thomas Walſh left England, God began that great work, which has continued ever ſince, without any conſiderable intermiſſion. During the whole time, many have been convinced of ſin, many juſtified, and many backſliders healed. But the peculiar work of this ſeaſon has been, what St. Paul's calls *The perfecting of the ſaints*. Many perſons in London, in Briſtol, in York, and in various parts both of England and Ireland, have experienced ſo deep and univerſal a change, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. After a deep conviction of inbred ſin, of their total fall from God, they have been ſo filled with faith and love, (and generally in a moment) that ſin vaniſhed, and they found from that time, no pride, anger, deſire, or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks. Now whether we call this the *deſtruction* or *ſuſpenſion* of ſin, it is a glorious work of God: ſuch a work, as conſidering both the depth and extent of it, we never ſaw in theſe kingdoms before.

* 'Tis poſſible, ſome who ſpoke in this manner were miſtaken: and it is certain, ſome have loſt what they then received. A few (very few compared to the whole number) firſt gave way to enthuſiaſm, then to pride, next to prejudice and offence, and at laſt ſeparated from their brethren.

But although this laid a huge ſtumbling-block in the way, ſtill the work of God went on. Nor has it ceaſed to this day in any of its branches. God ſtill convinces, juſtifies, ſanctifies. We have loſt only the droſs, the enthuſiaſm, the prejudice and offence. The pure gold remains, faith working by love, and we have ground to believe, increaſes daily.

Monday 21. I buried the remains of Joſeph Norbury, a faithful witneſs of Jeſus Chriſt. For about three years he has humbly and boldly teſtified, that God had ſaved him from *all ſin*. And his whole ſpirit and behaviour in life and death made his teſtimony beyond exception. December 1. All the leiſure hours I had in this and the following months, during the time I was in London, I ſpent in reading over our works with the preachers, conſidering what objections had been made, and correcting whatever we judged wrong, either in the matter or expreſſion.

Monday, December 5. I rode to Shoreham, and preached in the evening to a more than uſually ſerious company. The next evening they were conſiderably increaſed. The ſmall-pox, juſt broke out in the town, has made many of them thoughtful. O let not the impreſſion paſs away as the morning-dew!

Wedneſday 7. I rode to Staplehurſt, where Mr. Ch——, who loves all that love Chriſt, received us gladly. At ſix the congregation gathered from many

many miles round, ſeemed juſt ripe for the goſpel: ſo that (contrary to my cuſtom in a new place) I ſpoke merely of *the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. Thurſday 8. In returning to London I was throughly wet: but it did me no hurt at all.

Friday 16. I ſpent an agreeable hour, and not unprofitably, in converſation with my old friend John Gambold. O how gladly could I join heart and hand again? But! alas! *Thy heart is* not *as my heart!*

Saturday 17. I dined at Dr. G——'s, as friendly and courteous as Dr. Doddridge himſelf. How amiable is courteſy joined with ſincerity! Why ſhould they ever be divided?

Wedneſday 21. I took my leave of the Bull and Mouth, a barren, uncomfortable place, where much pains has been taken for ſeveral years; I fear to little purpoſe. Thurſday 22. I ſpent a little time in a viſit to Mr. M——, twenty years ago a zealous and uſeful magiſtrate, now a picture of human nature in diſgrace: feeble in body and mind; ſlow of ſpeech and of underſtanding. Lord, let me not live to be uſeleſs!

Monday 26. I began preaching at a large commodious place in Bartholomew-Cloſe. I preached there again on Wedneſday, and at both times with peculiar liberty of ſpirit. At every place

this week I endeavoured to prepare our brethren, for renewing their covenant with God.

Sunday, January 1, 1764. We met in the evening for that solemn purpose. I believe the number of those that met was considerably larger than it was last year. And so was the blessing: truly *the consolations of God* were *not small with us*. Many were filled with peace and joy; many with holy fear, and several backsliders were healed.

On some of the following days, I visited the little societies near London. Thursday 12. I preached at Mitcham: and in the afternoon rode to Darking. But the gentleman to whose house I was invited, seemed to have no desire I should preach. So that evening I had nothing to do. Friday 13. I went at noon into the street, and in a broad place, not far from the market-place, proclaimed *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. At first two or three little children were the whole of my congregation. But it quickly increased, though the air was sharp, and the ground exceeding wet. And all behaved well but three or four grumbling men, who stood so far off, that they disturbed none but themselves.

I had purposed to preach there again in the morning: but a violent storm made it impracticable. So after preaching at Mitcham in the way I rode back to London.

Mond. 16. I rode to High-Wycombe, and preached

preached to a more numerous and ſerious congregation than ever I ſaw there before. Shall there be yet another day of viſitation to this careleſs people?

A large number was preſent at five in the morning. But my face and gums were ſo ſwelled I could hardly ſpeak. After I took horſe, they grew worſe and worſe, till it began to rain. I was then perſuaded to put on an oil-caſe hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and ſwelling were gone.

Between twelve and one we croſſed Enſham-Ferry. The water was like a ſea on both ſides. I aſked the ferry-man "can we ride the cauſeway?" He ſaid, "Yes, Sir, if you keep in the middle." But this was the difficulty, as the whole cauſeway was covered with water to a conſiderable depth. And this in many parts ran over the cauſeway with the ſwiftneſs and violence of a ſluice. Once my mare loſt both her fore feet but ſhe gave a ſpring, and recovered the cauſeway. Otherwiſe we muſt have taken a ſwim; for the water on either ſide was ten or twelve feet deep. However, after one or two plunges more we got thro' and came ſafe to Witney.

The congregation in the evening, as well as the next day, was both large and deeply attentive. This is ſuch a people as I have not ſeen: ſo remarkably diligent in buſineſs; and at the ſame

time of ſo quiet a ſpirit, and ſo calm and civil in their behaviour.

Thurſday 19. I rode thro' Oxford to Henley. The people here bear no reaſemblance to thoſe of Witney. I found a wild ſtaring congregation, many of them void both of common ſenſe and common decency. I ſpoke exceeding plain to them all, and reproved ſome of them ſharply. Friday 20. I took (probably my final) leave of Henley, and returned to London.

Mon. 23. I rode to Sundon, and preached in the evening to a very quiet and very ſtupid people. How plain is it, that even to inlighten the underſtanding is beyond the power of man? After all our preaching here even thoſe who have conſtantly attended, no more underſtand us, than if we had preached in Greek.

Thurſday 26. Returning from Bedford, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched*, and ſet before them the terrors of the Lord, in the ſtrongeſt manner I was able. It ſeemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only liſtened with the deepeſt attention, but appeared to be more affected, than I had ever ſeen them, by any diſcourſe whatever.

Wedneſday, February 1. I buried the remains of William Hurd, a ſon of affliction for many years, continually ſtruggling with inward and outward trials. But his end was peace.

Thurſday, February 2. I preached again in the Foundery,

Foundery, which had been repairing for ſeveral weeks. It it not only firm and ſafe (whereas before the main timbers were quite decayed) but clean and decent, and capable of receiving ſeveral hundreds more.

Sunday 5. I began Mr. Hartley's ingenious "Defence of the myſtic writers." But it does not ſatisfy me. I muſt ſtill object, 1. To their ſentiments. The chief of them do not appear to me, to have any conception of church-communion. Again, they ſlight not only works of piety, the ordinances of God, but even works of mercy. And yet moſt of them, yea, all that I have ſeen, hold juſtification by works. In general, they are *wiſe above what is written*, indulging themſelves in many unſcriptural ſpeculations. I object 2. To their ſpirit, that moſt of them are of a dark, ſhy, reſerved, unſociable temper. And that they are apt to deſpiſe all who differ from them, as carnal unenlightened men. I object 3. To their whole Phraſeology. It is both unſcriptural, and affectedly myſterious. I ſay, affectedly. For this does not neceſſarily reſult from the nature of the things ſpoken of. St. John ſpeaks as high and as deep things as Jacob Behme. Why then does not Jacob ſpeak as plain as him?

Monday 6. I opened the New chappel at Wapping, well-filled with deeply-attentive hearers. Thurſday 16. I once more took a ſerious walk thro' the tombs in Weſtminſter-Abby. What heaps of unmeaning ſtone and marble? But

there was one tomb which ſhewed common ſenſe; that beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavouring to ſcreen his lovely wife from Death. Here indeed the marble ſeems to ſpeak, and the ſtatues appear only not alive.

After taking Brentford, Deptford, Welling, and Sevenoaks, in my way, on Thurſday 23. I rode to Sir Thomas I'Anſon's, (at New-bounds, two miles beyond Tunbridge) juſt quivering on the verge of life, helpleſs as a child, but (as it ſeems) greatly profited by this ſevere diſpenſation. The hall, ſtair-caſe and adjoining rooms, juſt contained the people in the evening. One poor backſlider, whom providence had brought thither, was exceedingly wounded. I left her reſolved to ſet out once more, if haply God might heal her.

Friday 24. I returned to London. Wedneſday 29. I heard Judith, an oratorio performed at the Lock. Some parts of it were exeeding fine. But there are two things in all modern pieces of muſic, which I could never reconcile to common ſenſe. One, is ſinging the ſame words ten times over; the other, ſinging different words by different perſons, at one and the ſame time. And this, in the moſt ſolemn addreſſes to God, whether by way of prayer or of thankſgiving. This can never be defended, by all the muſicians in Europe, till reaſon is quite out of date.

Monday, March 12. I ſet out for Briſtol. Friday 16. I met ſeveral ſerious Clergymen. I have

long

long desired that there might be an open, avowed union, between all who preach those fundamental truths, original sin, and justification by faith, producing inward and outward holiness. But all my endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God's time is not fully come.

Mond. 19. I set out for the north. We reached Stroud about two in the afternoon. How many years were we beating the air in this place! One wrong-headed man pulling down all we could build up. But since he is gone, the word of God takes root, and the society increases both in number and strength. Tuesday 20. At seven I preached in Painswick. For many years an honest, disputing man, greatly hindered the work of God here also, subverting the souls that were just setting out for heaven. But since God took him to himself, his word has free course, and many sinners are converted to him. We rode hence over the top of the bleak mountains to Stanley, where an earnest congregation was waiting. From Stanley to Evesham we were to go as we could, the lanes being scarce passable. However at length we got thro', I never before saw so quiet a congregation in the Town-hall, nor yet so numerous. I designed, afterwards to meet the society at our room. But the people were so eager to hear, that I knew not how to keep them out. So we had a large congregation again. And again God gave us his blessing,

Wednesday 21. After riding about two hours

and

and an half from Eveſham, we ſtopped at a little village. We eaſily perceived, by the marks he had left, that the man of the houſe had been beating his wife. I took occaſion from thence, to ſpeak ſtrongly to her, concerning the hand of God, and his deſign in all afflictions. It ſeemed to be a word in ſeaſon. She appeared to be not only thankful, but deeply affected.

We had an exceeding large congregation at Birmingham, in what was formerly the play-houſe. Happy would it be, if all the play-houſes in the kingdom, were converted to ſo good an uſe. After ſervice the mob gathered, and threw ſome dirt and ſtones, at thoſe who were going out. But it is probable they will ſoon be calmed, as ſome of them are in goal already. A few endeavoured to make a diſturbance the next evening during the preaching. But it was loſt labour: the congregation would not be diverted, from *taking earneſt heed to the things that were ſpoken.*

Friday 23. I rode to Dudley, formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as Briſtol. They had juſt finiſhed their preaching-houſe which was thoroughly filled: I ſaw no trifler; but many in tears. Here I met with a remarkable account of a child, the ſubſtance of which was as follows.

'John B—, about ten years old, was ſome time ſince taken ill. He often aſked, how it was to die? His ſiſter told him, "Some children know God. And then they are not afraid to die. He

He ſaid, what, children as little as me? She anſwered, your ſiſter Patty did; and ſhe was leſs than you: At which he ſeemed to be much affected. Sunday was fortnight he took his bed, but was not able to ſleep. Soon after he ſaid, we ſhall ſoon be with angels and archangels in heaven. What ſignifies this wicked world? Who would want to live here, that might live with Chriſt? The maid ſaid, "I wiſh I was married to Chriſt." He ſaid, "Being married to Chriſt is coming to Chriſt, and keeping with him: All may come to him; I'm happy, I'm happy." His ſiſter aſked "Do you love God?" He anſwered, "Yes, that I do." She aſked, "And do you think God loves you?" He replied, "Yes I know he does."

The next evening ſhe ſaid, "How are you Jacky, when you are ſo happy?" He ſaid, ſtroking his breaſt down with his hand, "Why like as if God was in me. O my ſiſter what an happy thing it was that I came to Dudley? I am quite happy, when I am ſaying my prayers. And when I think on God, I can almoſt ſee into heaven."

"Tueſday night laſt ſhe aſked, "Are you afraid to die?" He ſaid I have ſeen the time that I was. But now I am not a bit afraid of death, or hell, or judgment: For Chriſt is mine. I know Chriſt is my own. He ſays, what would you have? I would get to heaven, I will get to heaven as ſoon as I can. And as well as I love you all when I am once got to heaven, I would not come to you again for ten thouſand worlds." Soon after

he

he faid, " If God would let me do as the angels do I would come and watch over you. I will if God will let me: And when you are ready, I will come and fetch you to heaven, yea if God would let me, I would fly all over the world, to fetch fouls to heaven."

" He afked his couſin, " If ſhe had ſeen the king?" And added, " I have: indeed I have not ſeen king George, but I have ſeen a better king. For I have ſeen the king of heaven and earth." His health ſince that time has been in ſome meaſure recovered. But he continues in the ſame ſpirit."

Saturday 24. We came once more, to our old flock at Wedneſbury. The congregation differed from moſt that we have lately ſeen. It almoſt entirely conſiſted of ſuch as had repented if not alſo *believed the goſpel.* Sunday 25. at eight I preached in the room tho' it would by no means contain the congregation. But the north-eaſt wind was ſo extremely ſharp, that it was not practicable to preach abroad. At one it drove us likewiſe into the houſe at Darlaſton, that is as many at it could contain. At five there was ſuch a congregation at Wedneſbury, as I have not ſeen ſince I left London. But I found my voice would have commanded twice the number, while I declared, *The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is the word of faith which we preach.*

Monday 26. I was deſired to preach at Walſal.

James

James Jones was alarmed at the motion, apprehending there would be much diſturbance. However I determined to make the trial. Coming into the houſe, I met with a token for good. A woman was telling her neighbour, why ſhe came, "I had a deſire, ſaid ſhe to hear this man: yet I durſt not becauſe I heard ſo much ill of him. But this morning I dreamed, I was praying earneſtly, and I heard a voice, ſaying, "See the the 8th verſe of the firſt chapter of St. John." I waked and got my bible and read, *He was not that light but was ſent to bear witneſs of that light.* I got up and came away with all my heart."

The houſe not being capable of containing the people, about ſeven I began preaching abroad. And there was no oppoſer, no nor a trifler to be ſeen. All preſent were earneſtly attentive. How is Walſal changed! How has God either tamed the wild beaſts, or chained them up!

In the afternoon I came to Aſhby de la Zouch. The houſe and yard contained the people tolerably well. I ſaw but one trifler among all, which I underſtood, was an attorney. Poor man! If men live what I *preach, the hope of his gain is loſt.*

Wedneſd. 27. We rode to Donnington, where a great multitude earneſtly attended, while I explained and inforced, *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

Hence we rode to Derby. Mr. Dobinſon believed it would be beſt for me to preach in the market-

market-place as there ſeemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of faſhion, to hear me. He had mentioned it to the mayor, who ſaid "He did not apprehend, there would be the leaſt diſturbance. But if there ſhould be any thing of the kind, he would take care to ſuppreſs it." A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then *the beaſts of the people* lifted up their voice, hollowing and ſhouting on every ſide. Finding it impoſſible to be heard, I walked ſoftly away. An innumerable retinue followed me. But only a few pebble-ſtones were thrown, and no one hurt at all. Moſt of the rabble followed quite to Mr. D———'s houſe: but it ſeems, without any malice prepenſe. For they ſtood ſtock ſtill about an hour, and then quietly went away.

At ſeven I met the ſociety, with many others, who earneſtly deſired to be preſent. In the morning moſt of them came again, with as many more as we could well make room for. And indeed they received the word gladly. God grant they may bring forth fruit!

Thurſday 28. Between eleven and twelve I preached at Alferton, twelve miles from Derby, and in the evening at Sheffield, to many more than could hear, on, *Now is the day of ſalvation.* In the morning I gave a hearing to ſeveral of the ſociety, who were extremely angry at each other.

other. It ſurprized me to find what trifles they had ſtumbled at. But I hope their ſnare is broken.

In the evening while I was inlarging upon *the righteouſneſs of faith*, the word of God was quick and powerful. Many felt it in their inmoſt ſouls: one backſlider in particular, who was then reſtored to all ſhe had loſt, and the next morning believed ſhe was *ſaved from ſin*.

* Friday 30. I met thoſe who believe God has *redeemed* them *from all their ſins*. They are about ſixty in number. I could not learn, that any among them walk unworthy of their profeſſion: Many watch over them for evil: but they overcome evil with good. I found nothing of ſelf-conceit, ſtubbornneſs, impatience of contradiction, or London enthuſiaſm among them. They have better learned of him that was meek and lowly of heart, to *adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour*.

In the evening I preached in the new houſe at Rotherham, on the ſure foundation, *Ye are ſaved through faith*. It was a ſeaſon of ſtrong conſolation to many. One who had been ſome time groaning for full redemption, now found power to believe, that God had fulfilled her deſire, and ſet her heart at liberty.

* Saturday 31. An odd circumſtance occurred during the morning preaching. It was well, only

ſerious

ferious people were preſent. An aſs walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the houſe, lifted up his head, and ſtood ſtock ſtill, in a poſture of deep attention. Might not *the dumb beaſt reprove* many who have far leſs decency, and not much more underſtanding?

At noon I preached (the room being too ſmall to contain the people) in a yard near the bridge in Doncaſter. The wind was high and exceeding ſharp, and blew all the time on the ſide of my head. In the afternoon I was ſeized with a ſore throat, almoſt as ſoon as I came to Epworth. However I preached, though with ſome difficulty; but afterward I could hardly ſpeak. Being better the next day, Sunday, April 1, I preached about one at Weſtwood-ſide; and ſoon after four in the market-place at Epworth, to a numerous congregation. At firſt indeed but few could hear. But the more I ſpoke, the more my voice was ſtrengthened, till toward the cloſe all my pain and weakneſs were gone, and all could hear diſtinctly.

Monday 2. I had a day of reſt. Tueſday 3. I preached about nine at Scotter, a town ſix or ſeven miles eaſt of Epworth, where a ſudden flame is broke out, many being convinced of ſin almoſt at once, and many juſtified. But there are many adverſaries ſtirring up, by a bad man, who tells them, "There is no law for Methodiſts." Hence continual riots followed: till after a while, an upright magiſtrate took the cauſe in hand,

hand, and ſo managed both the rioters and him who ſet them at work, that they have been quiet as lambs ever ſince.

Hence we rode to Grimſby, once the moſt dead, now the moſt lively place in all the county. Here has been a large and ſwift increaſe both of the ſociety and hearers, ſo that the houſe, though galleries are added, is ſtill too ſmall. In the morning, Wedneſday 4. I explained at large the nature of Chriſtian Perfection. Many who had doubted of it before, were fully ſatisfied. It remains only, to *experience* what we believe.

* In the evening the mayor and all the gentry of the town were preſent. And ſo was our Lord in an uncommon manner. Some dropt down as dead, but after a while rejoiced with joy unſpeakable. One was carried away in violent fits. I went to her after the ſervice. She was ſtrongly convulſed from head to foot, and ſhrieked out in a dreadful manner. The unclean ſpirit did tear her indeed: but his reign was not long. In the morning both her ſoul and body were healed, and ſhe acknowledged both the juſtice and mercy of God.

Thurſday 5. About eleven I preached at Elſham. The two perſons, who are the moſt zealous and active here, are the ſteward and gardener of a gentleman, whom the miniſter perſuaded to turn them off unleſs they would leave

this

this way. He gave them a week to conſider of it: at the end of which they calmly anſwered, "Sir, we chuſe rather to want bread here, than to want *a drop of water* hereafter." He replied, "Then follow your own conſcience, ſo you do my buſineſs as well as formerly."

Friday 6. I preached at Ferry at nine in the morning, and in the evening: and about noon in Sir N. H.'s hall at Gainſborough. Almoſt as ſoon as I began to ſpeak, a cock began to crow over my head. But he was quickly diſlodged: and the whole congregation, rich and poor, were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 8. I ſet out for Miſterton, though the common road was impaſſable, being all under water. But we found a way to ride round. I preached at eight, and I ſaw not one inattentive hearer. In our return, my mare ruſhing violently through a gate, ſtruck my heel againſt the gate-poſt, and left me behind her in an inſtant, laid on my back at full length. She ſtood ſtill, till I roſe and mounted again; and neither of us was hurt at all.

Monday 9. I had deſigned to go by Authorp-ferry, and Winterton, to Hull. But we had not gone far, before the wind roſe ſo, that we judged it would be impoſſible to paſs the Trent at Authorp. So we turned back and went by Ouſton and Brigg. The rain beat vehemently upon us all the way. When we came to Brigg, deſpairing of being able to croſs the Humber, we thought it beſt

beſt to turn aſide to Barrow. When I was here laſt, the mob was exceeding rude and noiſy. But all the people were now quiet and attentive. I was much pleaſed with their ſpirit and their behaviour, and could not be ſorry for the ſtorm.

Tueſday 10. The wind abating, we took boat at Barton, with two ſuch brutes as I have ſeldom ſeen. Their blaſphemy, and ſtupid groſs obſcenity, were beyond all I ever heard. We firſt ſpoke to them mildly; but it had no effect. At length we were conſtrained to rebuke them ſharply: and they kept themſelves tolerably within bounds, till we landed at Hull. I preached at five, two hours ſooner than was expected. By this means we had tolerable room, for the greateſt part of them that came. And I believe not many of them came in vain.

Wedneſday 11. Between eight and nine I began preaching at Beverley, in a room which is newly taken. It was filled from end to end, and that with ſerious hearers. Perhaps even theſe may know the day of their viſitation.

About one I began at Pocklington. Here likewiſe all were quiet, and liſtened with deep attention. When I came to York, at five in the afternoon, I was freſher than at ſeven in the morning. During the preaching, many were not a little comforted: and one old follower of Chriſt, more than ſeventy years of age, was

was now firſt enabled, to *call* him *Lord* by the Holy Ghoſt.

I found, that a moſt remarkable deadneſs had overſpread this people, inſomuch that not one had received remiſſion of ſins, for ſeveral months laſt paſt. Then it is high time for us, to propheſy on theſe dry bones, that they may live. At this I more immediately pointed, in all my following diſcourſes. And I have reaſon to believe, God ſpoke in his word: to him be all the glory!

Thurſday 12. I ſpent an hour with John Manners, weak in body, but not in ſpirit. He is fairly worn out in a good ſervice, and calmly waits till his change ſhall come.

Sunday 15. In the evening many even of the rich were preſent, and ſeriouſly attentive. But O! How hardly ſhall theſe enter into the kingdom! How hardly eſcape from *the deſire of other things?*

Monday 16. I preached at Tollerton at one. The congregation was large and ſerious. Some were deeply affected, and wept much. Many received comfort.

At ſix I began preaching in the ſtreet at Thirſk. The congregation was exceeding large. Juſt as I named my text, *What is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world and loſe his own ſoul*; a man on horſeback, who had ſtopped to ſee what was the matter, changed colour and trembled. Probably he might have reſolved to ſave his

his ſoul, had not his drunken companion dragged him away.

* Tueſday 17. In conſequence of repeated invitations, I rode to H——y: when I came Mr. C——— was not at home; but his houſekeeper faintly aſking me, I went in. By the books lying in the window and on the table, I eaſily perceived how he came to be ſo cold now, who was ſo warm a year ago. Not one of ours, either verſe or proſe, was to be ſeen, but ſeveral of another kind. O that our brethren were as zealous to make *Chriſtians*, as they are to make *Calviniſts!*

He came home before dinner, and ſoon convinced me, that *the Philiſtines* had been upon him. They had taken huge pains to prejudice him againſt *me*, and ſo ſucceſsfully, that he did not even aſk me to preach. So I had thoughts of going on. But in the afternoon he altered his purpoſe, and I preached in the evening to a large congregation. He ſeemed quite ſurprized, and was convinced *for the preſent*, that things had been miſrepreſented. But how long will the conviction laſt? Perhaps, till next month.

Wedneſday 18. I called upon another ſerious clergyman, vicar of a little town near Pickering. He immediately told me, how he had been received by warm men *to doubtful diſputations*. He ſaid, this had for a time much hurt his ſoul; but that now the ſnare was broken.

About one I preached at Snainton, eight or nine miles beyond Pickering, to a ſmall but deeply ſerious congregation. When I came to Scarborough, though the wind was very high and very ſharp, the multitude of people conſtrained me to preach abroad. And all, but a few noiſy children, behaved remarkably well.

* Thurſday 19. The room was filled at five. And the congregation this evening was larger than the laſt. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two? The ſociety increaſed four-fold: moſt of them alive to God: and many *filled* with love. And all of them enjoy great quietneſs, inſtead of noiſe and tumult, ſince God put it into the heart of an honeſt magiſtrate, to *ſtill the madneſs of the people.*

I wrote a letter to-day, which after ſome time I ſent to forty or fifty clergymen, with the little preface annext.

" Rev. Sir,

" Near two years and a half ago, I wrote the following letter. You will pleaſe to obſerve, 1. That I propoſe no more therein, than is the bounden duty of every Chriſtian: 2. That *you* may comply with this propoſal, whether any other does or not. I myſelf have endeavoured ſo to do for many years, though I have been almoſt alone therein, and although many, the more earneſtly

neſtly I *talk of peace*, the more zealouſly *make themſelves ready for battle.*

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY."

" Dear Sir,

" It has pleaſed God to give you both the will and the power, to do many things for his glory, (although you are often aſhamed you have done ſo little, and wiſh you could do a thouſand times more.) This induces me to mention to you, what has been upon my mind for many years: and what I am perſuaded would be much for the glory of God, if it could once be effected. And I am in great hopes it will be, if you heartily undertake it, truſting in him alone.

" Some years ſince God began a great work in England: but the labourers were few. At firſt thoſe few were of one heart: but it was not ſo long. Firſt one fell off, then another and another, till no two of us were left together in the work, beſides my brother and me. This prevented much good and occaſioned much evil. It grieved our ſpirits and weakened our hands. It gave our common enemies huge occaſion to blaſpheme. It perplexed and puzzled many ſincere Chriſtians. It cauſed many to draw back to perdition. It grieved the holy Spirit of God.

" As labourers increaſed, diſunion increaſed.

Offences were multiplied. And inſtead of coming nearer to, they ſtood farther and farther off from each other: till at length thoſe who were not only brethren in Chriſt, but fellow-labourers in his goſpel, had no more connection or fellowſhip with each other, than proteſtants have with papiſts.

"But ought this to be? Ought not thoſe who are united to one common head, and employed by him in one common work, to be united to each other? I ſpeak now of thoſe labourers, who are miniſters of the church of England. Theſe are chiefly

Mr. Perronet, Romaine, Newton, Shirley:
Mr. Downing, Jeſſe, Adam:
Mr. Talbot, Riland, Stillingfleet, Fletcher:
Mr. Johnſon, Baddily, Andrews, Jane:
Mr. Hart, Symes, Brown, Rouquet:
Mr. Sellon:
Mr. Venn, Richardſon, Burnet, Furly:
Mr. Conyers, Bently, King:
Mr. Berridge, Hicks, J. W. C. W. John Richardſon.

Not excluding any other clergyman, who agrees in theſe eſſentials,

I. Original ſin,

II. Juſtification by faith,

III. Holineſs of heart and life: provided their life be anſwerable to their doctrine.

"But

"But *what union* would you desire among these?" Not an union in *opinions*. They might agree or disagree, touching absolute Decrees on the one hand, and Perfection on the other. Not an union in *expressions*. These may still speak of the *imputed righteousness*, and those, of the *merits of Christ*. Not an union, with regard to *outward order*. Some may still remain *quite regular*; some *quite irregular*; and some *partly regular* and *partly irregular*. But these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a most desirable thing, that we should

1. Remove hindrances out of the way? Not *judge* one another, not *despise* one another, not *envy* one another? Not be *displeased* at one another's *gifts* or *successes*, even though greater than our own? Not *wait* for one another's halting, much less *wish* for it, or *rejoice* therein?

Never *speak* disrespectfully, slightly, coldly, or unkindly of each other: never *repeat* each other's faults, mistakes, or infirmities, much less *listen* for and *gather* them up: never say or do any thing to hinder each other's usefulness, either directly or indirectly.

Is it not a most desirable thing, that we should

2. *Love as brethren? Think well* of and *honour* one another? *Wish* all good, all grace, all gifts, all success, yea greater than our own to each other? *Expect* God will answer our wish, *rejoice* in every appearance thereof, and *praise* him for

it? *Readily believe* good of each other, as readily as we once believed evil?

Speak reſpectfully, honourably, kindly of each other: *defend* each other's character: ſpeak all the good we can of each other: recommend one another where we have influence: each *help* the other on in his work, and *inlarge* his influence by all the honeſt means we can.

This is the *union* which I have long fought after. And is it not the duty of every one of us ſo to do? Would it not be far better for *ourſelves?* A means of promoting both our holineſs and happineſs? Would it not remove much *guilt* from thoſe who have been faulty in any of theſe inſtances? And much *pain* from thoſe who have kept themſelves pure? Would it not be far better for the *people?* Who ſuffer ſeverely from the claſhings and contentions of their leaders? Which feldom fail to occaſion many unprofitable, yea, hurtful diſputes among them. Would it not be better even for the poor, blind *world*, robbing them of their ſport, "O they cannot agree among themſelves." Would it not be better for the *whole work* of God, which would then deepen and widen on every ſide?

"But it will never be: it is utterly impoſſible." Certainly it is *with men.* Who imagines *we* can do this? That it can be effected by any *human power?* All *nature* is againſt it, every infirmity, every *wrong temper* and *paſſion*; love of honour and praiſe, of power, of pre-eminence; anger,

anger, resentment, pride; long-contracted habit, and prejudice lurking in ten thousand forms. The *devil* and all his angels are against it. For if this takes place, how shall his kingdom stand? All *the world*, all that know not God are against it, though they may seem to favour it for a season. Let us settle this in our hearts, that we may be utterly cut off from all dependence on our own strength or wisdom.

But surely *with God all things are possible.* Therefore *all things are possible to him that believeth.* And this union is proposed only to them that believe, that shew their faith by their works.

When Mr. C. was objecting the impossibility of ever effecting such an union, I went up stairs, and after a little prayer, opened Kempis on these words,

"Expecta Dominum: Viriliter age: noli diffidere: Noli discedere; sed corpus & animam expone constanter pro gloria Dei."

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

SCARBOROUGH, J. W.
April 19, 1764.

I received three letters in answer to this, (though not at the same time) part of which I gladly subjoin.

Dear Sir,

* " I am not inſenſible of the happy conſequences it might produce, if " thoſe who agree in preaching that capital doctrine, *By grace ye are ſaved through faith*, would maintain a free intercourſe with each other;" and if it could by any means be accompliſhed, it is doubtleſs an event moſt devoutly to be wiſhed. It is what I always have ſhewn the greateſt readineſs to, and what I have laboured at for theſe ſeveral years paſt, within my little ſphere: and, though my ſucceſs hitherto, through cauſes, which I will not pretend to aſſign, has by no means equalled my hopes; yet, I ſhall heartily rejoice, if at length it may pleaſe God to make you the inſtrument of effecting ſo important a deſign. For my own part, I deſpiſe no man for his opinion; however, I may be moſt cloſely attached (as every one is) to thoſe, whoſe judgment moſt nearly harmonizes with my own: and if I can bear any thing, it is contradiction; ſo long as I am allowed the common liberty of anſwering for myſelf, without being treated with reproach or ſcorn for any heterodox notions I may be ſuppoſed to maintain.

" I ſhall very gladly go half way to London at any time, to give a meeting to a number of miniſters of any denomination, that may be brought together with this pious intention: and, I think, I may anſwer for Mr. Johnſon's concurrence. Will you forgive me, if for once I preſume

ſume to ſuggeſt, what (I apprehend) may be moſt conducive on ſuch an occaſion to our general profit and edification?

1. Let one of the books of the New Teſtament be made choice of previous to our interview, for the ſubject of our conference when we meet, not with a view of diſplaying our critical talents on every word or verſe that occurs; but of pointing out thoſe things which neceſſarily enter into the plan of apoſtolical preaching. 2. Let every one ſettle this in his heart before-hand, to expect contradiction, at the ſame time reſolving to bear it calmly for the Lord's ſake: and ſeeing we naturally carry about us an accurſed ſpirit of ſelfiſhneſs, pride, and impatience, that is ready to take fire at the moſt trivial offence: let us make it a point before-hand, daily to lament this our wretchedneſs of diſpoſition at the throne of grace, earneſtly beſeeching the Lord to prepare us all for our intended conference, by enduing us with the ſpirit of meekneſs, forbearance, humility, and love. * 3. Let every one conſent to renounce any favourite phraſe, term, or mode of ſpeech, that is not ſcriptural, if required ſo to do by thoſe who diſſent from him. Becauſe whatever doctrine cannot maintain its ground without the aid of humanly-invented words, is not of God.

"I have unboſomed myſelf to you, in the frankeſt manner, with a view to promote that

happy intercourſe which you wiſh to eſtabliſh: and if you imagine it will anſwer any good purpoſe, you are welcome to ſhew this letter to any of the miniſters you have had in your eye, and to diſcloſe to them largely all you know of,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and brother,

R. H."

Reverend and dear Sir,

"I received your printed letter, and ſhould rejoice to ſee the union propoſed therein take place; but I muſt own I am an infidel concerning it. Daily experience convinces me more and more, that the zeal for opinions and charity, *Non bene conveniunt, nec iri una ſede morantur.* It has well-nigh deſtroyed all Chriſtian love, zeal, and holineſs among us. I have met with greater trials from theſe bigots within this twelvemonth, than I have met with from all other oppoſers for fifteen years. Many, that once would almoſt have plucked out their own eyes, and given them to me, are now ready to pluck out my eyes.

"I really am tired of preaching to an ungrateful, gain-ſaying people. Pray for me, dear Sir, for my hands hang down exceedingly.

I am your unworthy brother,

W. S."

SHOREHAM.

SHOREHAM.

My Reverend and dear brother,

"Your's of the 15th inſtant gave me both pain and pleaſure.

"I was highly delighted with your ardent wiſhes and endeavours for promoting the *ſpirit* of the *goſpel* among the *preachers* and other *profeſſors* of it:—but deeply concerned at the diſappointment and oppoſition you have met with!

"It has been always a *leading principle* with me, (and I pray God confirm and ſtrengthen it more and more) to *love* all thoſe *labourers of Chriſt*, who give proof by their *diligence*, their *holy* and *heavenly behaviour*, that they *love our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity*; even though *their ſentiments* in many things, ſhould differ from *mine*.

"And therefore, though it be *abſurd* to expect an entire *union of ſentiments* in all things;—Yet the endeavouring, by every Chriſtian method, to *keep the unity of the ſpirit in the bond of peace*,—is the indiſpenſable duty of all Chriſtians. Where this *ſpiritual peace and union* are not,—there *faith working by love*—is not: and where this *divine faith* is wanting,—there *Chriſt* is *wanting*: there his *Spirit* is *wanting*; and then, *neither circumciſion*, nor *uncircumciſion will avail us any thing!*

"In this melancholy ſituation, whilſt we are

ſtrangers to the *divine fruits* of the *holy Spirit*,—let our *gifts* and *talents* be what they may:—let us *ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels*; we are yet *nothing* in the ſight of God! Nay, though his *ſpirit* ſhould ſpread the *goſpel*, by our miniſtery, in the hearts of thouſands; yet our own ſouls will remain but a *barren wilderneſs!* And Chriſt may ſay,—"*I never knew you.*"

"How ought we therefore always to pray,—that the *peace of God may ever rule in our hearts*:—that we may be *rooted and grounded in love*; and that we may conſtantly *follow after the things, which make for peace; and things wherewith one may edify another!*

"This is the *goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt!* And may God impreſs it thoroughly upon the *minds and hearts* of all!—And may the poor *deſpiſed flock grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt!*

I am, dear Sir,

Your's moſt affectionately,

VIN. PERRONET."

April 20. Being Good-Friday, we had a parting bleſſing at five. I then rode to Robinhood's-bay, and about two preached in the Little-ſquare. A poor madman, literally ſuch, came up to me juſt as I began, and ſat down quietly till I had done. At ſix I preached in the new houſe at Whitby, ill containing the congregation.

Here

Here God does ſtill make bare his arm, and ſinners are continually converted to him.

Saturday 21. I viſited one who was ill in bed, and after having buried ſeven of her family in ſix months, had juſt heard that the eighth, her beloved huſband, was caſt away at ſea. I aſked, "Do not you fret at any of thoſe things?" She ſaid, with a lovely ſmile upon her pale cheek, "O no! How can I fret at any thing which is the will of God? Let him take all beſides: He has given me himſelf. I love, I praiſe him every moment." Let any that doubts of Chriſtian perfection look on ſuch a ſpectacle as this! One in ſuch circumſtances rejoicing evermore and continually giving thanks.

April 22. (Eaſter-day) I preached in the room at five and at eight. There were ſuch a number of communicants at church, as it was ſuppoſed, had not been there theſe fifty years. In the evening I preached under the Cliff, for the ſake of thoſe who were not able to get up the hill. The ſkirts of the congregation could not hear, though my voice was clear and loud. But the bulk of them ſeemed both to hear and underſtand. How ripe for the goſpel is this place?

Monday 23. After preaching at five, I met the ſelect ſociety who ſeem all to have taſted of the ſame bleſſing. I then rode to Giſborough, and about eleven preached in a meadow to a large and ſerious congregation: but not more ſerious than that in the ſtreet at Stockeſly, to whom I declared

declared in the afternoon. *Jeſus Chriſt, made of God unto us wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption.* I was a little tired before I came to Hutton. But it was over, when I ſaw the huge congregation, among whom I found a greater bleſſing, than either at Stokeſly or Giſborough. I then met the ſociety, gathered from all parts. Afterwards I met the ſelect ſociety. And when they were gone, I was juſt as freſh, as when I ſet out in the morning.

Tueſday 24. I preached about noon at Potto, and in the evening in the New-Houſe at Yarm, by far the moſt elegant in England. A large congregation attended at five in the morning and, ſeemed to be juſt ripe for the exhortation, *Let us go on to perfection.* I had indeed the ſatisfaction of finding moſt of the believers here athirſt for full redemption.

In the evening I preached at Stockton. The rain was ſuſpended, while I was inforcing thoſe awful words, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* Friday 27. I was obliged to preach abroad at five: as alſo in Darlington at noon, and at Barnard-caſtle in the evening: where many hearts were bowed down before the Lord.

Saturday 28. I rode to Newcaſtle; here I received a ſhort letter from John Johnſon at York. "This evening about a quarter before ſeven, it pleaſed God to take to himſelf our dear brother John Manners, after a time of remarkable affliction,

tion, and as remarkable patience. He was clearly ſenſible to the laſt, as well as ſolidly happy, ſaying, "The way is quite clear; my heart is at liberty."

Sunday 29. The ground being wet with heavy rain, I preached in the houſe both morning and evening. I ſoon found what ſpirit the people were of. No jar, no contention is here; but all are peaceably and lovingly ſtriving together, for the hope of the goſpel. And what can hurt the Methodiſts, ſo called, but the Methodiſts? Only let them not fight one another, let not brother liſt up ſword againſt brother, and *no weapon formed againſt them ſhall proſper.*

Monday 30. I received a letter from Cornwall, wherein were theſe words: "Yeſterday, I preached to a large congregation at St. John's. The occaſion was this. One of our friends came into Mr. Thomas's a few days ſince. After ſpeaking a little upon buſineſs, he ſaid, "What need have we to watch." Preſently ſitting down, he added "There is but one ſtep between me and death," and died.

Wedneſday, May 2. I talked with M. L. a remarkable monument of divine mercy. She is about two and twenty, and has about ſix hundered pounds a year in her own hands. Some months ſince God ſpoke peace to her ſoul, while ſhe was wreſtling with him in private prayer. This was never entirely taken from her, even while ſhe was almoſt alone. But ſhe was often dull and faint,

faint, till she broke thro' all hindrances, and joined heart and hand with the children of God.

Tuesday 8. We rode over the wild moors to Wolsingham. It proved to be the fair-day. So I had hearers from all parts. In the evening I preached to the simple, loving, earnest people at Barnardcastle. If all to whom we preach were of this spirit, what an harvest would ensue?

Wednesday 9. I was invited to breakfast by Mr. T— a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been school-fellows at the Charterhouse: and he remembered me, though I had forgot him. I spent a very agreeable hour, with a serious as well as sensible man.

About noon I preached to a large congregation in Teesdale, and to a still larger in Wardale in the evening. The next day, after preaching at Prudhoe and Nafferton, I returned to Newcastle.

Tuesday 15. I rode to Southshields, and was persuaded to preach in the house. It was well I did, for about the middle of the sermon, there was a violent shower. But it was quite fair at six while I preached in Northshields, to a very large and yet very serious congregation. How is the scene changed, since my brother preached here, when the people were ready to swallow him up? O what has God wrought in this land, within four or five and twenty years!

Frid. 18. I received much satisfaction in conversing with the most honourable member of our

our ſociety Henry Jackſon, now in the ninety-fifth or ninety-ſixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man, Mr. Elliot of New-England: who frequently uſed to ſay to his friends, a few years before he went to God, "My memory is gone: my underſtanding is gone: but I think I have more love than ever."

Saturday 19. I preached to the poor colliers at Placey who are ſtill a pattern to all the county. We rode home by a great houſe I had frequently heard of. The front is truly noble. In the houſe I ſaw nothing remarkable, but what was remarkably bad: ſuch pictures as an honeſt heathen would be aſhamed, to receive under his roof; unleſs he deſigned his wife and daughters ſhould be common proſtitutes. And this is the high faſhion! What an abundant proof of the taſte of the preſent age?

Sunday 20. Between eight and nine I preached in Gateſhead, to a liſtning multitude. I believe their number was doubled at the Fell, about two in the afternoon. About five I preached to ſuch another congregation, on the outſide of Pandon-Gate. I know not that I ever before preached to three ſuch congregations in one day: ſuch as obliged me to ſpeak to the utmoſt extent of my voice, from the firſt word to the laſt. But it was all one, I was no more tired in the evening, than if I had ſat ſtill all day.

Monday 21. I took my leave of Newcaſtle, and about noon preached in the market-place at Morpeth.

Morpeth. A few of the hearers were a little ludicrous at firſt; but their mirth was quickly ſpoiled. In the evening I preached in the Courthouſe at Alnwick, where I reſted the next day. Wedneſday 23. I rode over the ſands to Holy-Iſland, once the famous ſee of a biſhop; now the reſidence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fiſhing. At one ſide of the town are the ruins of the cathedral, with an adjoining monaſtery. It appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle iſle being almoſt entire. I preached in what was once the market-place, to almoſt all the inhabitants of the iſland, and diſtributed ſome little books among them, for which they were exceeding thankful. In the evening I preached at Berwick upon Tweed; the next evening at Dunbar: and on Friday 25, about ten at Haddington, in provoſt D's. yard to a very elegant congregation. But I expect little good will be done here. For we begin at the wrong end. Religion muſt not go *from the greateſt to the leaſt*, or the power would *appear to be of men*.

In the evening I preached at Muſſelborough, and the next, on the Calton-hill at Edinburgh. It being the time of the General aſſembly, many of the miniſters were there. The wind was high and ſharp, and blew away a few delicate ones. But moſt of the congregation did not ſtir, till I had concluded.

Sunday 27. At ſeven I preached in the High-School yard, on the other ſide of the city. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew

blew a ſtorm. However having appointed to be on the Calton-hill, I began there, to an huge congregation. At firſt, the wind was a little troubleſome; but I ſoon forgot it. And ſo did the people for an hour and half, in which I fully delivered my own ſoul.

Mon. 28. I ſpent ſome hours at the general aſſembly, compoſed of about an hundred and fifty miniſters. I was ſurprized to obſerve, 1. That any one was admitted even lads, twelve or fourteen years old: 2. That the chief ſpeakers were lawyers, ſix or ſeven on one ſide only: 3. That a ſingle queſtion took up the whole time, which when I went away, ſeemed to be as far from a concluſion as ever, namely, "Shall Mr. Lindſay be removed to Kilmarnock pariſh or not?" The argument, for it was, "He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own." The argument againſt it was, "The people are reſolved, not to hear him, and will leave the Kirk, if he comes." If then the real point in view had been (as their law directs) "*Majus bonum Eccleſiæ*," inſtead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

On Mon. and Tueſ. I ſpoke to the members of the ſociety ſeverally. Thurſd. 13. I rode to Dundee, and about half an hour after ſix, preached on the ſide of a meadow near the town. Poor and rich attended. Indeed there is ſeldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland. But the misfortune is, They *know every thing*. *So* they *learn nothing*.

Friday,

Friday, June 1. I rode to Brethin, where Mr. Blaire received me in the moſt friendly manner. In the afternoon I preached on the ſide of an hill near the town, where we ſoon forgot the cold. I truſt, there will be not only a knowing, but a loving people in this place.

About ſeven Mr. B. was occaſionally mentioning, what had lately occurred in the next pariſh. I though it worth a farther enquiry, and therefore ordered our horſes to be brought immediately. Mr. B. guided us to Mr. Oglevie's houſe, the miniſter of the pariſh: who informed us, "That a ſtrange diſorder had appeared in his pariſh, between thirty and forty years ago; but that nothing of the kind had been known there ſince, till ſome time in September laſt. A boy was then taken ill, and ſo continues ſtill. In the end of January or beginning of February, many other children were taken, chiefly girls, and a few grown perſons. They begin with an involuntary ſhaking of their hands and feet. Then their lips are convulſed; next their tongue, which ſeems to cleave to the roof of the mouth. Then the eyes are ſet ſtaring terribly, and the whole face variouſly diſtorted. Preſently they ſtart up, and jump ten, fifteen or twenty times together ſtrait upward, two, three or more feet from the ground. Then they ſtart forward and run with amazing ſwiftneſs two, three, or five hundred yards. Frequently they run up like a cat, to the top of an houſe, and jump on the ridge of it, as on the ground.

ground. But wherever they are, they never fall, or miſs their footing at all. After they have run and jumped for ſome time, they drop down as dead. When they come to themſelves, they uſually tell, when and where they ſhall be taken again: frequently, how often and where they ſhall jump, and to what places they ſhall run."

I aſked, "Are any of them near?" He ſaid, "Yes, at thoſe houſes." We walked thither without delay. One of them was four years and half old, the other about eighteen. The child we found, had had three or four fits that day, runing and jumping like the reſt, and in particular leaping many times from a high table to the ground without the leaſt hurt. The young woman was the only perſon of them all, who uſed to keep her ſenſes during the fit. In anſwer to many queſtions, ſhe ſaid, "I firſt feel a pain in my left foot, then in my head. Then my hands and feet ſhake, and I can't ſpeak. And quickly I begin to jump or run." While we were talking ſhe cried out, "O, I have a pain in my foot. It is in my hand. It is here, at the bending of my arm. O my head, my head, my head." Immediately her arms were ſtretched out, and were as an iron bar: I could not bend one of her fingers; and her body was bent backward; the lower part remaining quite erect, while her back formed exactly a half circle, her head hanging even with her hips. I was going to catch her; but one ſaid "Sir, you may let her alone; for they never fall."

fall." But I defy all mankind to account for her not falling, when the trunk of her body hung in that manner.

In many circumſtances this caſe goes far beyond the famous one mentioned by Boerhaave: Particularly in that: their telling before, when and how they ſhould be taken again. Whoever can account for this upon natural principles, has my free leave. I cannot: I therefore believe, if this be in part a natural diſtemper, there is ſomething preternatural too. Yet ſuppoſing this, I can eaſily conceive, Satan will ſo diſguiſe his part therein, that we cannot preciſely determine, which part of the diſorder is natural, and which preternatural.

Saturday 2. I rode to Aberdeen and preached in the evening in the College-hall, and at ſeven in the morning, Sunday 3. At four in the afternoon I preached to a crouded audience in the college-kirk at old Aberdeen. At ſeven I preached in the College-cloſe, at New Aberdeen. But the congregation was ſo exceeding large, that many were not able to hear. However many did hear: and I think, feel the application of *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

We want nothing here but a larger houſe. And the foundation of one is laid already. It is true, we have little money, and the ſociety is poor. But we know in whom we have believed.

Thurſday 8. I rode over to Sir Archibald Grant's,

Grant's, twelve computed miles from Aberdeen. 'Tis surprizing to see, how the country between is improved even within these three years. On every side the wild, dreary moors are ploughed up, and covered with rising corn. All the ground near Sir Archibald's in particular, is as well cultivated as most in England. About seven I preached. The kirk was pretty well filled, though upon short notice. Certainly this is a nation *swift to hear, and slow to speak*, though not *slow to wrath*.

Mr. Grant a gentleman from the county of Murray, came in soon after us: And understanding we were going north, desired we would call at the Grange-green in our way. In the morning Frid. 9, I rode to Old Meldrum, and preached in the Market place at noon, to a large and serious congregation, among whom were the minister and his wife. But I was more surprized, to see a company of our friends from Aberdeen, several of whom had come on foot, twelve old Scotch miles, and intended to walk back thither the same day. In the afternoon we rode on to Banff. I had designed to preach: but the stormy weather would not permit. We set out early on Saturday morning, and reached Nairn in the evening. Sund. 10. About eight we reached Inverness. I could not preach abroad, because of the rain, nor could I hear of any convenient room: so that I was afraid, my coming hither would be in vain, all ways seeming to be

blocked

blocked up. At ten I went to the kirk. After ſervice, Mr. Fraſer, one of the miniſters, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were drinking tea, he aſked, "At what hour I would pleaſe to preach?" I ſaid, "At half hour paſt five. The high kirk was filled in a very ſhort time. And I have ſeldom found greater liberty of ſpirit. The other miniſter came afterwards to our inn, and ſhewed the moſt cordial affection. Were it only for this day, I ſhould not have regretted the riding an hundred miles.

Monday 11. A gentleman who lives three miles from the town, invited me to his houſe, aſſuring me, the miniſter of his pariſh would be glad if I would make uſe of his kirk. But time would not permit, as I had appointed to be at Aberdeen on Wedneſday. All I could do was, to preach once more at Inverneſs. I think the church was fuller now than before. And I could not but obſerve the remarkable behaviour of the whole congregation after ſervice. Neither man, woman, nor child ſpoke one word, all the way down the main ſtreet. Indeed the ſerioufneſs of the people is the leſs ſurpriſing, when it is conſidered, that for at leaſt an hundred years, this town has had ſuch a ſucceſſion of pious miniſters, as very few in Great-Britain have known.

After Edinburgh, Glaſgow, and Aberdeen, I think Inverneſs is the largeſt town I have ſeen in Scotland. The main ſtreets are broad and ſtrait: the houſes moſtly old; but not very bad, nor very good.

good. It ſtands in a pleaſant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and godlineſs. The people in general ſpeak remarkably good Engliſh, and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

* About eleven we took horſe. While we were dining at Nairn, the inn-keeper, ſaid, "Sir, the gentlemen of the town have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would pleaſe to give them a ſermon." Upon my conſenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the kirk. O what a difference is there between South and North Britain! Every one here at leaſt loves to *hear* the word of God. And none takes it into his head, to ſpeak one uncivil word to any, for endeavouring to ſave their ſouls.

Doubting whether Mr. Grant was come home, Mr. Kirſhaw called at the Grange-green, near Forres, while I rode forward. But Mr. Grant ſoon called me back. * I have ſeldom ſeen a more agreeable place. The houſe is an old caſtle, which ſtands on a little hill, with a delightful proſpect all four ways. And the hoſpitable maſter left nothing undone, to make it ſtill more agreeable. He ſhewed us all his improvements, which are very conſiderable in every branch of huſbandry. In his gardens many things were more forward than at Aberdeen, yea or Newcaſtle. And how is it, that none but one Highland gen-

tleman has discovered that we have a tree in Britain, as easily raised as an ash, the wood of which is of full as fine a red as Mahogany! Namely, the Liburnum. I defy any mahogany to exceed the chairs which he has lately made of this.

Thurs. 12. We rode through the pleasant and fertile county of Murray to Elgin. I never suspected before that there was any such country as this near an hundred and fifty miles beyond Edinburgh: a county, which is supposed to have generally six weeks more sunshine in a year, than any part of Great-Britain.

At Elgin are the ruins of a noble cathedral, the largest that I remember to have seen in the kingdom. We rode thence to the Spey, the most rapid river next the Rhine that I ever saw. Though the water was not breast-high to our horses, they could very hardly keep their feet. We dined at Keith, and rode on to Strathbogie, much improved by the linen manufacture. All the country from Fochaber to Strathbogie, has little houses scattered up and down. And not only the valleys, but the mountains themselves are improved with the utmost care. There want only more trees to make them more pleasant than most of the mountains in England. The whole family at our inn, eleven or 12 in number gladly joined with us in prayer at night. Indeed so they did at every inn where we lodged. For among all the sins, they have imported from England, the Scots have not yet learned, at least not

not the common people, to ſcoff at ſacred things.

Wedneſday 13. We reached Aberdeen about one. Between ſix and ſeven, both this evening and the next, I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe, and found it a time of much conſolation. Frid. 15. We ſet out early, and came to Dundee juſt as the boat was going off. We deſigned to lodge at the houſe on the other ſide; but could not get either meat, drink, or good words. So we were conſtrained to ride on to Coupar. After travelling near ninety miles, I found no wearineſs at all. Neither were our horſes hurt. Thou, O Lord doſt ſave both man and beaſt!

Satur. 16. We had a ready paſſage at Kinghorn, and in the evening I preached on the Kalton-hill, to a very large congregation. But a ſtill larger aſſembled at ſeven on Sund. morning in the high Schoolyard. Being afterwards informed, that the Lord's ſupper was to be adminiſtered in the Weſt Kirk. I knew not what to do. But at length I judged it beſt to embrace the opportunity, though I did not admire the manner of adminiſtration. After the uſual morning ſervice the miniſter enumerated ſeveral ſorts of ſinners, whom he forbad to approach. Two long tables were ſet on the ſides of one iſle, covered with table-cloths. On each ſide of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three miniſters ſat at the top, behind a croſs-table; one of whom made a long exhortation

cloſed with the words of our Lord; and then breaking the bread, gave it to him who ſat on each ſide him. A piece of bread was then given to him who ſat firſt on each of the four benches. He broke off a little piece, and gave the bread to the next: ſo it went on, the deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the firſt perſon on each bench, and ſo by one to another. The miniſter continued his exhortation, all the time they were receiving. Then four verſes of the twenty-ſecond pſalm were ſung, while new perſons ſat down at the tables. A ſecond miniſter then prayed, conſecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the ſervice uſually laſted till five in the evening. How much more ſimple, as well as more ſolemn, is the ſervice of the church of England?

The evening congregation on the hill, was far the largeſt I have ſeen in the kingdom: and the moſt deeply affected. Many were in tears; more ſeemed cut to the heart. Surely this time will not ſoon be forgotten. Will it not appear in the annals of eternity?

Monday 18. I ſat out early, and reached Woller, about four in the afternoon. Some friends from Newcaſtle met me here, and took me in a chaiſe to Whittingham. Tueſday 19. After preaching about noon at Morpeth, we went on to Newcaſtle. The fire had not gone out ſince I was here. I felt it as ſoon as I began to ſpeak: and ſo it ſeems, did the whole congregation.

At

At five in the morning the ſame ſpirit was in the midſt of us, as well as at ſeven in the evening: but moſt of all at the Fell, while I was applying thoſe words, Believe *and thou ſhalt be ſaved.*

Thurſday 21. Leaving this houſe of God, I rode to Carliſle. The day was extreamly ſultry, ſo that I was faint and feveriſh in the evening. However the next day I got well to Whitehaven.

What has continually hurt this poor people is offence. I found the ſociety now all in confuſion, becauſe a woman had "ſcolded with her neighbour," and another "ſtole a two-penny loaf." I talked largely with thoſe, who had been moſt offended: and they ſtood reproved. Sunday 24. About ſeven I preached at the Gins, and the people flocked together from all quarters. The want of field-preaching has been one cauſe of deadneſs here. I do not find any great increaſe of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aſide, I expect the whole work will gradually die away.

Mond. 25. I rode by Keſwick to Kendal. The clouds ſhaded us moſt of the way, and the wind was juſt in our face; otherwiſe we ſhould ſcarce have been able to bear the heat. A few years ago the fields here were white for the harveſt. But the poor people have ſince been ſo harraſt, by ſeceders, and diſputers of every kind that they are dry and dead as ſtones. Yet I think ſome of them felt the power of God this evening. And

can he not *out of theſe ſtones, raiſe up children unto Abraham?*

Tueſday 26. I preached abroad at five. And, I believe not in vain. Between nine and ten we reached Black-Burton, where there was a general awakening, till the jars between Mr. Ingham and Allen laid the people aſleep again. However ſome are united again in a quiet, loving ſociety, zealous of good works. I preached about eleven. Thence we rode to Long-Preſton, being ſtill fanned by the wind, and (unleſs a few minutes now and then) ſhaded by the clouds. The congregation was exceeding ſerious. Hence I rode to Skipton where ſometime ſince, no Methodiſt preacher could appear. I preached in the evening near the bridge, without the leaſt interruption. Nor did I find any wearineſs, after preaching four times, and riding fifty miles.

Wedneſday 27. I rode to Otley. In the evening we had a large congregation, at the foot of the great mountain. After preaching in the morning, I examined thoſe who believe they are ſaved from ſin. They are a little increaſed in number ſince I met them laſt: and ſome of them much increaſed in love. This evening I preached at Guiſeley, the next at Kighley, and on Saturday 30. at Bradford. This was a place of contention for many years. But ſince the contentious have quitted us, all is peace. Sunday July 1. I preached at ſeven to a more numerous congregation, than I believe ever aſſembled there before.

before. And all were ſerious as death. About one I preached at Birſtal, on *Now is the day of ſalvation.* The people ſtood by thouſands, covering both the plain and the ſides of the adjacent hill. It was a glorious opportunity. At five the congregation in Leeds was almoſt as large, but not ſo deeply affected.

Monday 2. I gave a fair hearing to two of our brethren, who had proved bankrupts. Such we immediately exclude from our ſociety, unleſs it plainly appears, not to be their own fault. Both theſe were in a proſperous way, till they fell into that wretched trade of Bill broking, wherein no man continues long, without being wholly ruined. By this means, not being ſufficiently accurate in their accounts, they ran back without being ſenſible of it. Yet it was quite clear, that I— R— is an honeſt man; I would hope the ſame concerning the other.

Tueſday 3. I was reflecting on an odd circumſtance, which I cannot account for. I never reliſh a tune at firſt hearing, not till I have almoſt learnt to ſing it. And as I learn it more perfectly, I gradually loſe my reliſh for it. I obſerve ſomething ſimilar in poetry: yea, in all the objects of imagination. I ſeldom reliſh verſes at firſt hearing; till I have heard them over and over, they give me no pleaſure: and they give me next to none when I have heard them a few times more, ſo as to be quite familiar. Juſt ſo a face or a picture, which does not ſtrike me at firſt

becomes more pleaſing, as I grow more acquainted with it. But only to a certain point: for when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleaſing. O how imperfectly do we underſtand, even the machine which we carry about us!

Thurſday 5. I had the comfort of leaving our brethren at Leeds, united in peace and love. About one I preached in a meadow at Wakefield. At firſt the ſun was inconvenient. But is was not many minutes before that inconvenience was removed, by the clouds coming between. We had not only a larger, but a far more attentive congregation, than ever was ſeen here before. One indeed, a kind of gentleman, was walking away, with great unconcern, when I ſpoke aloud, "Does Gallio care for none of theſe things? But where will you go, with the wrath of God on your head, and the curſe of God on your back?" He ſtopt ſhort, ſtood ſtill, and went no farther, till the ſermon was ended.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill near Dewſbury, one of the pleaſanteſt towns in England. The congregation was larger than ever before. They filled the preaching-houſe at five in the morning.

I had purpoſed to take horſe early, to avoid the heat; but was detained till between nine and ten. It was then warm enough, there being no wind, and the ſun ſhining full in our face. However before one we got to Heptonſtall, where I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe.

After

After ſervice, one brought his daughter to me, who had been ill ſome months, juſt like thoſe near Brechin. Her ſiſter was ſo two years ſince, and when that recovered this was taken. How often muſt even phyſicians acknowledge ſpiritual agents, did not the nerves help them out as a dead lift?

In the evening I preached at Haliſax, where I had the pleaſure of meeting Mr. Venn, with whom in the morning Sat. 7. I rode to Huddersfield, and preached between eleven and twelve: The church was pretty well filled, conſidering the ſhort warning. At half hour after one we took horſe. The ſun ſhone burning hot, and the wind was in our back. But very ſoon the ſky was overcaſt, and the wind changed and blew juſt in our face all the way to Mancheſter. It was with difficulty that I preached in the evening, my voice being exceeding weak: as I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times abroad.

Sunday 8. I rode to Stockport, and preached at one on a Green at the end of the town. A few wild young men ſtrove to make a diſturbance. But none regarded them. At five I preached at *Mancheſter* on *one thing is needful*, and ſcarce knew how to leave off. At the meeting of the ſociety likewiſe, it pleaſed God to comfort us greatly. Monday 9. The ſtewards from various parts gave a good account of the work of God among them, ſteddily increaſing on every

ſide. In the evening, curioſity brought to the houſe, many *unbelievers*, in the proper ſenſe, men who do not receive the Chriſtian revelation. I preached on *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf*, and proved them ſinners on their own principles. Some of the ſtout-hearted trembled. I hope, to more purpoſe than poor Felix did.

Wedneſday 11. I gave all our brethren a ſolemn warning, not to *love the world or the things of the world*. This is one way whereby Satan will ſurely endeavour to overthrow the preſent work of God. Riches ſwiftly increaſe on many Methodiſts, ſo called; what but the mighty power of God can hinder their ſetting their *hearts upon them?* And if ſo, the life of God vaniſhes away.

About ſeven I preached in the ſtreet at Bolton to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. It was a calm, ſtill evening, and the congregation was as quiet as the ſeaſon, though compoſed of awakened and unawakened, churchmen, diſſenters and what not? As many as the houſe would well contain were preſent again at five in the morning. About ſeven in the evening, the multitude of people conſtrained me to preach in the ſtreet, though it rained. But in a very ſhort time, the rain ſtopped: and I ſtrongly inforced our Lord's word, *If thou canſt believe, all things are poſſible to him that believeth.*

After ſermon, one was mentioning a perſon who according to his account was diſordered juſt like

like thoſe in Scotland. In the morning Friday 13, her father brought her over. Soon after ſhe fell into a fit: but it was plainly natural. I judged it to be of the epileptic kind; when ſhe fell into a ſecond, I adviſed electrifying. The fit ceaſed by a very gentle ſhock. A third was removed in the ſame manner. And ſhe was ſo well that her father found no difficulty in carrying her home behind him.

At ten I began to preach at Wigan, proverbially famous for all manner of wickedneſs. As I preached abroad, we expected ſome diſturbance: but there was none at all. A few were wild at firſt: but in a little ſpace, grew quiet and attentive. I did not find ſo civil a congregation as this the firſt time I preached at Bolton.

To-day I wrote the following letter which I deſire may be ſeriouſly conſidered, by thoſe to whom it belongs.

" Dear Sir,

* " There was one thing when I was with you, that gave me pain. You are not in the ſociety. But why not? Are there not ſufficient arguments for it, to move any reaſonable man? Do you not hereby make an open confeſſion of Chriſt, of what you really believe to be his work, and of thoſe whom you judge to be in a proper ſenſe, his people and his meſſengers? By this means do not you encourage his people and ſtrengthen the hands of his meſſengers? And is not this the way

to enter into the ſpirit and ſhare the bleſſing of a Chriſtian community? Hereby likewiſe you may have the benefit of the advices and exhortations at the meeting of the ſociety; and alſo of provoking one another, at the private meetings, to love and to good works.

"The ordinary objections to ſuch an union are of little weight with you. You are not afraid of the expence. You already give unto the Lord as much as you need do then. And you are not aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt, even in the midſt of a crooked and perverſe generation. Perhaps you will ſay, "I am joined in affection." True, but not to ſo good effect. This joining halfway, this being a friend to, but not a member of the ſociety, is by no means ſo open a confeſſion of the work and ſervants of God. Many go thus far who dare not go farther, who are aſhamed to bear the reproach of an entire union. Either you are aſhamed, or you are not. If you are, break through at once; if you are not come into the light, and do what thoſe well-meaning cowards dare not do. This imperfect union is not ſo encouraging to the people, not *ſo ſtrengthening* to the preachers. Rather it is weakening their hands, hindering their work, and laying a ſtumbling-block in the way of others; for what can any man think, who knows you are ſo well acquainted with them, and yet do not join in their ſociety? What can we think, but that you know them too well to come any nearer to them: that you know

know that kind of union to be uſeleſs, if not hurtful. And yet by this very union is the whole (external) work of God upheld throughout the nation; beſides all the ſpiritual good which accrues to each member. O delay no longer for the ſake of the work, for the ſake of the world, for the ſake of your brethren. Join them inwardly and outwardly, heart and hand, for the ſake of your own ſoul. There is ſomething not eaſily explained in the *fellowſhip of the Spirit*, which we enjoy with a ſociety of living Chriſtians. You have no need to give up your ſhare therein, and in the various bleſſings that reſult from it. You have no need to exclude yourſelf from the benefit of the advice and exhortations given from time to time. Theſe are by no means to be deſpiſed, even ſuppoſing you have yourſelf more underſtanding than him that gives them. You need not looſe the benefit of thoſe prayers which experience ſhews are attended with a peculiar bleſſing. "But I do not care to meet a claſs; I find no good in it." Suppoſe you find even a diſlike, a loathing, of it; may not this be natural or even diabolical? In ſpite of this, break thro', make a fair trial. It is but a lion in the way. Meet only ſix times, (with previous prayer) and ſee if it do not vaniſh away. But if it be a croſs, ſtill bear it for the ſake of your brethren. "But I want to gain my friends and relations." If ſo, ſtand firm. If you give way, you hurt them, and they will preſs upon you the more. If you do not,

you

you will probably gain them, otherwiſe you confirm both their wrong notions and wrong tempers. Becauſe I love you I have ſpoken fully and freely; to know that I have not ſpoken in vain, will be a great ſatisfaction to

Your affectionate brother,

J. W."

In the evening I preached at Liverpool, and the next day, Sunday 15. The houſe was full enough. Many of the rich and faſhionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed I have always obſerved more courteſey and humanity at Liverpool, than at moſt ſea ports in England.

Monday 16. In the evening the houſe was fuller if poſſible than the night before. I preached on the *one thing needful:* and the rich behaved as ſeriouſly as the poor. Only one young gentlewoman, (I heard) laughed much. Poor thing! Doubtleſs ſhe thought, "I laugh prettily."

Tueſ. 17. I preached at Warrington. But what a change! No oppoſer, nor any trifler now! Every one heard as for life, while I explained and applied, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?*

In the evening I preached in the Little-ſquare, adjoining to the preaching-houſe at Cheſter. There were many wild, rude people, but they were quite out-numbered by thoſe who were civil and attentive. And I believe ſome impreſſion was made on the wildeſt. What

can

can ſhake Satan's kingdom like *field-preaching?*

Wedneſday 18. I ſhould have been glad of a day of reſt. But notice had been given of my preaching at noon near Tatten-hall. The rain began almoſt as ſoon as we came in. So I could not preach abroad as I deſigned, but in a large commodious barn, where all that were preſent, ſeemed to receive the word of God with joy and reverence.

The congregation at Cheſter, in the evening was more numerous, and far more ſerious than the day before. There wants only a little more field-preaching here, and Cheſter would be as quiet as London.

Thurſday 9. After preaching at Little-Leigh, I rode on to Macclesfield. Here I heard an agreeable account of Mrs. R——, who was in the ſociety at London from a child; but after ſhe was married to a rich man, durſt not own a poor, deſpiſed people. Laſt year ſhe broke through and came to ſee *me*. A few words which I then ſpoke never left her, not even in the trying hour, during the illneſs which came a few months after. All her converſation was then in heaven: till feeling her ſtrength was quite exhauſted, ſhe ſaid with a ſmile, "Death thou art welcome," and reſigned her ſpirit.

I preached about ſeven to an huge multitude of attentive hearers. Friday 20. At noon we made

made the ſame ſhift at Congleton, as when I was here laſt. I ſtood in the window, having put as many women as it would contain into the houſe. The reſt, with the men, ſtood below in the meadow, and many of the townſmen wild enough. I have ſcarce found ſuch enlargement of heart ſince I came from Newcaſtle. The brutes reſiſted long, but were at length overcome, not above five or ſix excepted. Surely *man* ſhall not long *have the upperhand*; God will get unto himſelf the victory.

It rained all the day, till ſeven in the evening, when I began preaching at Borſlem. Even the poor potters here are a more civilized people, than the *better ſort*, ſo called, at Congleton. A few ſtood with their hats on, but none ſpoke a word, or offered to make the leaſt diſturbance.

Saturday 21. I rode to Bilbrook, near Wolverhampton, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to Madeley, an exceeding pleaſant village encompaſſed with trees and hills. It was a great comfort to me, to converſe once more with a Methodiſt of the old ſtamp, denying himſelf, taking up his croſs, and reſolve to be *altogether a Chriſtian.*

Sunday 22. At ten Mr. Fletcher read prayers, and I preached on thoſe words in the goſpel, *I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the ſheep.* The church would nothing near contain the congregation. But a window

dow near the pulpit being taken down, thoſe who could not come in, ſtood in the church-yard, and I believe all could hear. The congregation, they ſaid, uſed to be much ſmaller, in the afternoon than in the morning. But I could not diſcern the leaſt difference, either in number or ſerioufneſs.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours, in praying with various companies, who hung about the houſe, inſatiably hungring and thirſting after the good word. Mr. Grimſhaw, at his firſt coming to Haworth, had not ſuch a proſpect as this. There are many adverſaries indeed; but yet they cannot *ſhut the open and effectual door.*

Monday 23. The church was pretty well filled even at five, and many ſtood in the church-yard. In the evening I preached at Shrewſbury, to a large congregation, among whom were ſeveral men of fortune. I truſt, though hitherto we ſeem to have been ploughing on the ſand, there will at laſt be ſome fruit.

Wedneſday 25. I took horſe a little after four, and about two preached in the market-houſe at Lanidlos, two or three and forty miles from Shrewſbury. At three we rode forward through the mountains, to the Fountain-head. I was for lodging there; but Mr. B——— being quite unwilling, we mounted again about ſeven. After having rode an hour, we found

we

we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at setting out. We were then told, to ride over some grounds: but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog: however we got through to a little house, where an honest man instantly mounting his horse, galloped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road which he said led strait to Roes-fair. We rode on, till another met us and said, No, this is the way to Aberystwith. If you would go to Roes-fair, you must turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge. The master of a little house near the bridge, then directed us to the next village: where we enquired again, (it being past nine) and were once more set exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, through rocks, and bogs and precipieces, we with abundance of difficulty got back, to the little house near the bridge. It was vain to think of rest there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners: besides that there was but one bed in the house, and neither grass, nor hay, nor corn to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to Roes-fair, though he was miserably drunk, till by falling all his length in a purling stream, he came tolerably to his senses. Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn; but neither here could we get any hay. When we were in bed, the good ostler and miner, thought good to mount our beasts. I believe, it was not long before

before we rose, that they put them into the stable. But the mule was cut in several places, and my mare was bleeding like a pig, from a wound behind two inches deep, made, it seemed, by a stroke with a pitch fork. What to do we could not tell, till I remembered, I had a letter for one Mr. Nathaniel Williams, whom, upon enquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found *an Israelite indeed*, who gladly received both man and beast.

After I had got a little rest, Mr. W. desired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours. None was more struck therewith, than one of his own family, who before cared for none of these things. He sent a servant with us after dinner to Tregarron, from whence we had a plain road to Lampiter.

Friday 28. We rode through a lovely vale, and over pleasant and fruitful hills to Carmarthen. Thence after a short bait, we went on to Pembroke, and came before I was expected. So I rested that night, having not quite recovered my journey from Shrewsbury to Roes-fair.

Sunday 29. The minister of St. Mary's sent me word, he was very willing I should preach in his church; but before service began, the mayor sent to forbid it. So he preached a very useful sermon himself. The mayor's behaviour so disgusted many of the gentry, that they resolved to hear where they could. And accordingly

ingly flocked together in the evening, from all parts of the town. And perhaps the taking up this croſs may profit them more, than my ſermon in the church would have done.

Monday 30. I rode to Haverfordweſt. But no notice had been given, nor did any in the town know of my coming. However after a ſhort time I walked up toward the caſtle, and began ſinging an hymn. The people preſently ran together from all quarters. They have curioſity at leaſt. And ſome, I cannot doubt, were moved by a nobler principle. Were zealous and active labourers here, what an harveſt might there be, even in this corner of the land.

We returned through heavy rain to Pembroke. Tueſday 31. We ſet out for Glamorganſhire, and rode up and down ſteep and ſtony mountains, for about five hours, to Larn. Having procured a pretty ready paſſage there, we went on to Llanſtuthan-ferry: where we were in ſome danger of being ſwallowed up in the mud, before we could reach the water. * Between one and two we reached Kidwelly, having been more than ſeven hours on horſeback, in which time we could have rode round by Carmarthen, with more eaſe both to man and beaſt. I have therefore taken my leave of theſe ferries: conſidering we ſave no time by croſſing them, (not even when we have a ready paſſage) and ſo have all the trouble, danger, and expence, clear gains. I wonder therefore that any man of common

ſenſe,

ſenſe, who has once made the experiment, ſhould ever ride from Pembroke to Swanſey, any other way than by Carmarthen.

* An honeſt man at Kidwelly, told us, there was no difficulty in riding the ſands. So we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us, who uſed to guide perſons over them. And it was well he did, or in all probability, we had been ſwallowed up. The whole ſands are at leaſt ten miles over, with many ſtreams of quickſands intermixt. But our guide was thoroughly acquainted with them, and with the road on the otherſide. By his help, between five and ſix, we came well tired to Oxwych in Gower.

Gower is a large tract of land, bounded by Brecknockſhire on the north-eaſt, the ſea on the ſouth-weſt, and rivers on the other ſides. Here all the people talk Engliſh, and are in general, the moſt plain, loving people in Wales. It is therefore no wonder, that they receive the word, with all readineſs of heart.

Knowing they were ſcattered up and down, I had ſent two perſons on Sunday, that they might be there early on Monday, and ſo ſent notice of my coming all over the country. But they came to Oxwych ſcarce a quarter of an hour before me, ſo that the poor people had no notice at all. Nor was there any to take us in: the perſon with whom the preacher uſed to lodge, being three miles out of town. After I had ſtayed a while in the ſtreet, (for there was no public houſe)

houſe) a poor woman gave me houſe-room. Having had nothing ſince breakfaſt, I was very willing to eat or drink: but ſhe ſimply told me, "She had nothing in the houſe but a dram of gin." However I afterwards procured a diſh of tea at another houſe, and was much refreſhed. About ſeven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention: ſo that even for the ſake of this handful of people, I did not regret my labour.

Wedneſday, Aug. 1. It was with difficulty I reached Cowbridge, about one, where the congregation was waiting. I found they had had heavy rain great part of the day: but very little fell upon us. Nor do I remember, that from the beginning of March till now, we have been in more than one heavy ſhower of rain, either in England, Scotland, or Wales.

I preached in the evening at Landaff, and on Thurſday 2, in the Town-hall at Cardiff. Saturday 4, we croſſed at the New-paſſage, and rode on to Briſtol.

Sund. 5. I preached in Princes-ſtreet at eight, at two under the ſycamore-tree at Kingſwood, and at five near King's-ſquare, in Briſtol. How many thouſands in this city, do ſee in this *their day, the things that belong to their peace!*

On Monday the 6th our Conference began: the great point I now laboured for was, a good underſtanding with all our brethren of the clergy, who are heartily engaged in propagating vi-

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tal religion. Saturday 11. I took chaiſe early in the morning, and at night came ſafe to London.

Sunday 12. In the afternoon I preached in Moorfields on thoſe comfortable words, *Believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.* Thouſands heard with calm and deep attention. This alſo hath God wrought!

Monday 13. I was again as fully employed as at the Conference, in viſiting claſſes from morning till night. Saturday 18. I preached for the firſt time in our new Chappel at Snowfields, on *how amiable are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of hoſts!*

* Sunday 19. Meeting with a pious and ſenſible man, who was born in the Iſle of Skie, I ſaid, "Tell me freely: did you yourſelf ever know a *ſecond-ſighted* man?" He anſwered after a little pauſe, "I have known more than one or two." I ſaid, "But were they not deceivers? How do you know they were really ſuch?" He replied, "I have been in company with them, when they dropped down as dead. Coming to themſelves, they looked utterly amazed and ſaid, "I have been in ſuch a place, and I ſaw ſuch perſons (perhaps fifty miles off) die in ſuch a manner." And when enquiry was made, I never could find, that they were miſtaken in one circumſtance. But the reaſon why it is ſo hard for you to get any information concerning this is, thoſe who have the *ſecond-ſight*, count it a great

great misfortune. And it is thought a ſcandal to their family."

Monday 20. I went to Canterbury, and opened our new Chappel, by preaching, on *One thing is needful.* How is it, that many proteſtants, even in England, do not know, that no other *conſecration* of Church or Chapel is *allowed*, much leſs *required* in England, than the performance of public worſhip therein? This is the only conſecration of any church in Great-Britain, which is *neceſſary*, or even *lawful.* It is true, archbiſhop Laud compoſed a *form of conſecration*; but it was never *allowed*, much leſs *eſtabliſhed* in England. Let this be remembered by all who talk ſo idly, of preaching in *unconſecrated* places!

Wedneſday 22. I had deſigned to return to London; but being importuned to pay a viſit firſt to Sandwich, I went over, and preached about ten, to a dull, but attentive congregation. Immediately after ſervice we ſet out for Dover. In the way we were on the point of being daſhed in pieces: the chariot wheels running within two or three inches or leſs of the edge of a bank ten or twelve feet high. I preached in Dover at two, and returned time enough for the ſervice at Canterbury. Thurſday 23. I preached at Bednal-Green, and in the evening at the Foundery.

* Monday 27. I ſaw a pattern of patience, John Matthews, daily dying of a conſumption, but in conſtant pain, weakneſs, wearineſs, and want

want of ſleep, calmly giving himſelf up to God.

Sunday, Sept. 2. After a toilſome, yet comfortable day, I ſet out in the machine, and on Monday evening came to Briſtol, as freſh as I left London.

Monday 10. I rode to Shepton-Mallet, and preached at noon on, *One thing is needful.* Only one man, a common diſturber, behaved amiſs. I was conſtrained to rebuke him ſharply. All the people turned their eyes upon him; and for once he was aſhamed. In the evening I preached at Bayford, near Wincaunton, and at ſeven in the morning. Wedneſday 12. I returned to Briſtol, and at ſix in the evening preached on Redcliſt-hill. Many were here who I ſuppoſe never heard me before. And attention ſat on every face.

* Thurſday 13. I ſpent an hour in Lord B——'s gardens, or more properly woods. They are ſmall to the late Duke of Kent's in Bedfordſhire, and therefore not capable of ſo much variety: but for the ſize, it is not poſſible for any thing of the kind to be more agreeable. And the ſituation, on the top of an high hill, in one of the fruitfulleſt counties in England, gives them an advantage which even Stow gardens have not. Yet happineſs is not in theſe ſhades! And if it were, yet,

How long? How ſoon will they upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead?

Monday 17. About noon I preached at Bath. The day before Mr. Davis had preached abroad. One fruit of this was, the congregation was larger now than I remember it to have been theſe ſeven years. Thence I rode to Comb-grove, an houſe built in a large grove on the ſide of an high ſteep hill. I found Mrs. W— the ſame ſtill, with regard to her livelineſs, but not her wildneſs; in this ſhe was much altered. I preached at five to a ſmall, ſerious congregation. And I believe few were ſent empty away.

Two perſons from London, who were at Bath for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards we all ſpent an hour in ſinging and ſerious converſation. The fire kindled more and more till Mrs. — aſked, "If I would give her leave to pray?" Such a prayer I never heard before, it was perfectly an original: odd and unconnected, made up of disjointed fragments: and yet like a flame of fire. Every ſentence went thro' my heart, and I believe the heart of every one preſent. For many months I have ound nothing like it. It was good for me to be here.

Tueſday 18. I preached again in the court-yard at ſeven; and it was now, that one of the ſervants, who was in tears the night before, was throughly convinced, that God had blotted out

out all her ſins. About noon I preached to a large congregation at Freſhford, on *Now is the day of ſalavtion.* A little before ſix, being determined to be no longer cooped up in the room at Bradford, I began in the main ſtreet, near the bridge. In a very ſhort time a multitude of people ran together, and liſtened with all attention, 'till an impetuous ſhower drove part of them away. The reſt would not ſtir 'till I concluded. I then gave notice of meeting the ſociety: but a crowd of people preſſed in with them. Seeing their earneſtneſs, I was unwilling to hinder: ſo we had quickly another large congregation. And I know not if we have had ſuch a ſeaſon at Bradford, for twice ſeven years before.

Wedneſady 19. At five we had ſuch a congregation as does not uſe to meet here at that hour. At nine I preached again at Comb-Grove, and found again that God was there.

Is not this an inſtance of ten thouſand, of God's chuſing the fooliſh things of the world to confound the wiſe? Here is one that has not only a weak natural underſtanding, but an impetuoſity of temper, bordering upon madneſs. And hence both her ſentiments are confuſed, and her expreſſions odd and indigeſted. And yet notwithſtanding this, more of the real power of God attends theſe uncouth expreſſions, than the ſenſible diſcourſes of even good men, who have twenty times her underſtanding.

Thus I have many times known God attach

his power to the words of extremely weak men. The humble overlooked the weakneſs of the men and rejoiced in the power of God. But all his power is unacknowledged, unfelt by thoſe, who ſtumble at the weakneſs of the inſtrument.

I reached Briſtol time enough to preach in the evening upon Redclift-hill. A malignant fever had lately broke out upon the very ſpot, which much increaſed the number and ſerioufneſs of the congregation.

Saturday 22. I was much refreſhed by hearing the experience of Mary G——, once a determined enemy to the doctrine of perfection, oppoſing it with great eagerneſs and many reaſons; but now an happy witneſs of it. During her hotteſt oppoſition ſhe never could reſt in any known ſin. And this at length made both pride and anger ſo exceeding bitter to her, that ſhe could have no peace 'till ſhe was fully delivered from them.

Sunday 23. I do not know whether we have had ſo large a congregation theſe twenty years as this evening, at the new ſquare. Surely the wiſe world will not impute this to novelty: unleſs becauſe the grace of God is ever new.

On Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday I viſited the ſocieties in Somerſetſhire. On the following days I met the claſſes in Briſtol, and narrowly enquired into the character and behaviour of each perſon: the rather becauſe it had been ſtrongely affirmed, That there were many diſorderly

diſorderly walkers in the ſociety. I found one woman and one man, who I am afraid deſerved that character. Let any one that is more clear ſighted than me, find two more, and I will thank him.

Sun. 30. The whole ſociety met in the evening, and jointly renewed their covenant with God, in the form recommended by Mr. Rich. Allen. And many felt that God was there. It was *a day of his power* not to be forgotten, a day both of godly ſorrow and ſtrong conſolation.

Monday, October 1, I left Briſtol with joy, having ſeen the fruit of my labour. At noon I preached at Comb-Grove, to a ſmall congregation of earneſt, ſimple people. I had deſigned to preach in the evening at Bradford, in the ſame place I did before; but Mr. R. at whoſe door I then ſtood, had now altered his mind. So I was conſtrained to preach in our own room, to (comparatively) an handful of people.

Tueſday 2. I breakfaſted at the Devizes, with Mr. B——, a black Swan, an honeſt lawyer! Hence we rode thro' a moſt intricate road to Pewſey. I found a neighbouring, gentleman had been there, moving every ſtone, to prevent my preaching. I was informed, his firſt deſign was, to raiſe a mob. Then he would have had the church-wardens interpoſe. Whether they intended it or no, I cannot tell; but they neither did nor ſaid any thing. The congregation filled a great part of the church, and were all deeply attentive. Surely good will be done in this place,

if it be not prevented by a mixture of various doctrines. Wed. 3. I rode to Salisbury, and going slowly forward, on Satur. 6, came to London.

Sunday 7. I preached in the morning at Snowfields and afterwards at West-street. We had a glorious opportunity at the Lord's supper. The rocks were broken in pieces. At five I preached in Moorfields to an huge multitude. on *Ye are saved thro' faith.* A little before twelve I took the machine for Norwich. Monday 8. We dined at Bury, where a gentlewoman came into the coach, with whom I spent most of the afternoon in close conversation and singing praises to God.

Tuesday 9. I was desired to meet Mr. B. and we had a good deal of conversation together. He seems to be a person of middling sense, but a most unpleasing address. I would hope, he has some little experience of religion; but it does not appear to advantage, as he is extremely hot, impetuous, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. He hooked me unawares, into a little dispute; but I cut it short as soon as possible, knowing neither was likely to convince the other. So we met and parted in peace.

Wednesday 10. I went to Yarmouth, where the earnest congregation, was gathered at short warning. Thursday 11. I was desired to go to Leostoffe in Suffolk, nine miles south-east of Yarmouth. The use of a large place had been offered, which would contain abundance of people.

But

But when I was come, Mr. Romain had changed his mind. So I preached in the open air. A wilder congregation I have not ſeen; but the bridle was in their teeth. All attended, and a conſiderable part ſeemed to underſtand ſomething of what was ſpoken. Nor did any behave uncivilly when I had done: and I believe a few did not loſe their labour.

It was eaſy in the evening to obſerve the different ſpirit of the congregation at Yarmouth. Almoſt all ſeemed to feel the power of God, and many were *filled with conſolation.*

Frid. 11. I returned to Norwich and enquired into the ſtate of the ſociety. I have ſeen no people in all England or Ireland ſo changeable as this. This ſociety in 1755 conſiſted of eighty-three members: two years after of an hundred and thirty-four: in 1758, it was ſhrunk to an hundred and ten. In March 1759 we took the tabernacle: and within a month the ſociety was increaſed to above ſeven hundred and ſixty. But nearly five hundred of theſe had formerly been with James Wheatley, and having been ſcattered abroad, now ran together, they hardly knew why. Few of them were throughly awakened, moſt, deeply ignorant, all *bullocks unaccuſtomed to the yoke*, having never had any rule or order among them, but every man doing what was right in his own eyes. It was not therefore ſtrange, that the next year, only five hundred and ſeven of theſe were left. In 1761 they were farther

reduced, namely to four hundred and twelve. I cannot tell how it was, that in 1762, they were increaſed again to ſix hundred and thirty. But the moon ſoon changed, ſo that in 1763, they were ſhrunk to three hundred and ten. This large reduction was owing to the with-drawing the ſacrament, to which they had been accuſtomed from the time the tabernacle was built. They are now ſunk to an hundred and ſeventy-four. And now probably the tide will turn again.

Sunday 14. At ſeven I clearly and ſtrongly deſcribed the height and depth of Chriſtian holineſs. And (what is ſtrange) I could not afterward find, that any one perſon was offended. At ten we had a congregation indeed: I truſt all of one heart. I went as uſual, to the cathedral in the afternoon, and heard a ſound practical ſermon. About five our great congregation met, and (what has ſeldom been known) very quietly. We were equally quiet at the meeting of the ſociety, which met now for the firſt time on a Sunday evening. So has God ſtilled the madneſs of the people. Are not the hearts of all men in his hand?

Monday 15. At the requeſt of many, I had given notice of a watch-night. We had but an indifferent prelude: between ſix and ſeven, the mob gathered in great numbers, made an huge noiſe, and began to throw large ſtones againſt the outward doors. But they had put themſelves

out

out of breath before eight, so that when the service begun, they were all gone.

Tuesday 16. In the evening the whole congregation seemed not a little moved, while I was inforcing those solemn words, *He died for all, that they who live might not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again.* The same was observable, and that in an higher and higher degree, the two following evenings. If I could stay here a month, I think there would be a society little inferior to that at Bristol. But it must not be: they who will bear sound doctrine *only from me*, must still believe a lie.

Saturday 20. My horses meeting me at Burntwood, I rode on to Laton-Stone, and preached to a serious congregation, on *I will: be thou clean.* The following week I made a little tour through part of Kent and Sussex, where some of our brethren swiftly increase in goods. Do they increase in grace too? If not, let them take care that their money do not perish with them.

Sunday, Nov. 4. I proposed to the leaders, the assisting the society for the reformation of manners, with regard to their heavy debt. One of them asked, "Ought we not to pay our own debt first?" After some consultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the society in London, occasioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery, and chappels, and by building at Wapping and Snowfields, was about

nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the ſociety in the evening, and deſired them all to ſet their ſhoulders to the work, either by a preſent contribution, or by ſubſcribing what they could pay, on the firſt of January, February or March.

Monday 5. My ſcraps of time this week I employed in ſetting down my preſent *Thoughts upon a ſingle life*, which indeed are juſt the ſame they have been theſe thirty years. And the ſame they muſt be, unleſs I give up my bible.

Thurſday 8. At ten (and ſo every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the "Survey of the wiſdom of God in the creation." Many pupils I had at the univerſity; and I took ſome pains with them. But to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, bleſſed be God, I have had ſome pupils ſince, who will reward me for my labour. Now *I live:* for *ye ſtand faſt in the Lord.*

Monday 12. I retired to Hoxton, to anſwer what was perſonal in the letters aſcribed to Mr. Hervey. * How amazing is the power of prejudice! Were it not for this, every one who knew him and me, would have cried out with indignation, "Whatever Mr. W. was, none can commend or excuſe Mr. H. Such bitterneſs he ought not to have ſhewn, to his moſt cruel enemy. How much leſs to the guide of his

his youth? To one he owns to have been his "Father and his friend?"

Monday 19, and the other afternoons of this week, I took up my croſs, and went in perſon, to the principal perſons in our ſociety, in every part of the town. By this means within ſix days near ſix hundred pounds were ſubſcribed toward the public debt. And what was done, was done with the utmoſt chearfulneſs. I remember but one exception. Only one gentleman ſqueezed out ten ſhillings, as ſo many drops of blood.

Saturday, December 2. M. B. gave me a farther account of their affairs at Laton-ſtone. It is exactly Pietas Hallenſis in minature. What will be, does it not yet appear.

Tueſday 4, I made a little excurſion to Colcheſter. Saturday 8. I ſaw one who many years ago, was a *miniſter of God to us for good* in repreſſing the madneſs of the people, Sir John Gonſon, who was near fifty years a magiſtrate, and has lived more than ninety. He is majeſtic in decay: having few wrinkles, and not ſtooping at all, tho' juſt dropping into the grave, having no ſtrength, and little memory or underſtanding. Well might that good man, Biſhop Stratford pray, "Lord let me not live to be uſeleſs!" And he had his deſire: he was ſtruck with a palſy in the evening, praiſed God all night, and died in the morning.

Monday 10. and the three following days, I viſited Canterbury, Dover, and Sandwich, and returned to London, on Friday 14. In the ma-

chine I read Mr. Baxter's book upon apparitions. It contains ſeveral well-atteſted accounts. But there are ſome which I cannot ſubſcribe to. How hard is it, to keep the middle way! Not to believe *too little*, or *too much*!

Sunday 16. I buried Mrs. Prior, houſekeeper to Mr. P. who told me, "On — night, juſt at one I rung, and ſaid to my man coming in, "Mrs. Prior is dead. She juſt now came into my room, and walked round my bed. About two, the nurſe came, and told me, ſhe was dead. I aſked, at what time ſhe died? And was anſwered, juſt at one o'clock."

Thurſday 27. I preached and adminiſtered the ſacrament at the New chapel in Snowfields. How well does God order all things! By loſing the former chapel we have gained both a better houſe and a larger congregation.

Friday 28. Between two and three in the morning, I was ſent for to John Matthews. For ſome months he had frequently ſaid, "I have no more doubt of being in heaven, than if I was there already." A little before we came, one aſked, "How do you do now." He anſwered,

"The Lord protects for ever near."

When I came in, he was perfectly ſenſible, but too weak to ſpeak. Juſt at three I began to pray. I had ſcarce prayed two mintues, when without any ſtruggle, or ſigh, or groan, he fell aſleep.

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A man of ſo faultleſs a behaviour, I have hardly ever been acquainted with. During twenty years, I do not remember his doing or ſaying any thing, which I would wiſh to have unſaid or undone.

Monday 31. I thought it would be worth while, to make an odd experiment. Remembering how ſurpriſingly fond of muſic, the Lion at Edinburgh was, I determined to try, whether this was the caſe with all animals of the ſame kind. I accordingly went to the Tower with one who plays on the German flute. He began playing, near four or five lions. Only one of theſe (the reſt not ſeeming to regard it at all) roſe up, came to the front of his den, and ſeemed to be all attention. Mean time a tyger in the ſame den ſtarted up, leaped over the lions back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and ſo to and fro inceſſantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechaniſm? Can we account for it all all?

Tueſday, January 1, 1765. This week I wrote an anſwer to a warm letter, publiſhed in the London Magazine, the author whereof is much diſpleaſed, that I preſume to doubt of the modern aſtronomy. I cannot help it. Nay, the more I conſider, the more my doubts increaſe So that at preſent I doubt, whether any man on earth knows either the diſtance or magnitude, I will not ſay, of a fixt ſtar, of Saturn, or Jupiter: yea of the ſun or moon.

Sunday

Sunday 6. The whole ſociety met in the evening. The ſervice laſted from five 'till near nine. And I do not remember ſo ſolemn a ſeaſon, ſince the firſt time we joined in renewing our covenant with God.

Wedneſday 7. In the evening I preached at High-Wycombe: and Thurſday 8, at Witney. The congregation here, tho' of ſo late ſtanding, may be a pattern to all England. When the ſervice was ended, no one ſpoke, either in the evenings or mornings. All went ſilently out of the houſe and yard. Nay, when I followed a large part of them, I did not hear any open their lips, 'till they came to their own houſes. Thurſday 10. I preached again at Wycombe, and on Friday returned to London.

Saturday 12. I rode to Mr. D—'s, at Ovington in Eſſex about ſix and fifty miles from the Foundery. Sunday 13. Not withſtanding the rain, the church was pretty well filled. And all gave earneſt heed, while I opened and applied thoſe words in the ſecond leſſon, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you reſt.*

Titbury church is conſiderably larger than this: accordingly the congregation was much larger than that in the morning. But I did not ſee one carleſs or inattentive perſon. All ſeemed reſolved, to ſeek *the Lord while he may be found.* At ſeven in the evening I preached again to a ſmall company in Mr. D's. houſe, on fellowſhip with

with the Father and the Son. Tuesday 15, I returned to London.

Sunday 20. I looked over Mr. R—'s strange book on the life of faith. I thought nothing could ever exceed Mr. Ingham's: but really, this does: altho' they differ not an hair's breadth from each other: any more than Mr. Sandiman.

I employed all my leisure hours this week in revising my letters and papers. Abundance of them I committed to the flames. Perhaps some of the rest may see the light when I am gone.

* Friday 31. I was considering, how it was, that so many who were once filled with love, are now weak and faint. And the case is plain: the invariable rule of God's proceedings is, *From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.* Hence it is impossible that any should *retain* what they receive, without *improving* it. Add to this, that the more we have received, the more of care and labour is required, the more watchfulness and prayer, the more circumspection and earnestness in all manner of conversation. Is it any wonder then, that they who forget this, should soon lose what they had received? Nay, who were *taught*, to forget it? Not to watch! Not to pray—under pretence of *praying always.*

Wednesday 13. I heard Ruth, an oratorio, performed at Mr. Madan's chappel. The sense was admirable throughout; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This joined with exquisite

quiſite muſic might poſſibly make an impreſſion, even upon rich and honourable ſinners.

Monday 18. I ſet out for Norwich, and ſpent a few days there with more comfort than I had ever done before. The congregation were not only more numerous than ever, but abundantly more ſerious. And the ſociety appeared to be more ſettled, and more loving to each other. Monday 25. In my way to Yarmouth I read Dr. Watts, on "the improvement of the underſtanding." He has many juſt and uſeful obſervations, mixt with ſome that are not juſt, and with more that are of little uſe, beſides that they are trite and obvious. I preached at ſeven in a preaching-houſe built for the genefal Anabaptiſts; one of the moſt elegant buildings I have ſeen; which was well filled both this and the following evening with ſerious and attentive hearers. There now ſeems to be a general call to this town: ſurely ſome will hear the voice that raiſes the dead. We returned to Norwich on Wedneſday, and left it on Thurſday morning, in a wonderful day of froſt and ſnow, and ſleet and wind. However we reached Lakenheath in the afternoon. Conſidering the weather, there was a large congregation. Mr. I. read prayers and I preached, with great liberty of ſpirit, on *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and loſe his own ſoul?*

Friday, March 1. I read prayers and preached at ſeven in the morning. It was noon before we could

could procure a poſt-chaiſe. We then puſhed on, though the ſnow lay deep on the ground, to the great inn at Hockerill, the deareſt houſe I ever was at. So fare it well. In the morning we went on to London.

Sunday 10. I made a collection in our congregation for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own ſociety met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own diſtreſſed members.

Monday 11. I took horſe with Mr. Penington for Briſtol. In two or three hours my mare fell lame, without any diſcernible cauſe; and in an hour or two after, the beaſt he rode was taken ill, and grew worſe and worſe, till ſhe dropt down and died. So I was glad to go into a machine which was driving by; and the next evening I reached Briſtol.

Monday 18. I rode to Stroud, and in the evening preached in the new houſe. But a conſiderable part of the congregation were obliged to ſtand without. Toward the cloſe of the ſermon, a young man dropt down and vehemently cried to God. This occaſioned a little hurry at firſt: but it was ſoon over, and all was quiet as before.

After ſupper I was ſpeaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, "I am damned," and fell to the ground. A ſecond did ſo quickly

after,

after, and was much convulſed, and yet quite ſenſible. We joined in prayer, but had not time (it growing late) to wreſtle with God for their full deliverance.

* Tueſday 19. We rode to Worceſter, and had the pleaſure of ſpending an hour with Mr. R———, a ſenſible, candid man. But who is proof againſt prejudice? Eſpecially when thoſe who labour to inſuſe it, converſe with him daily, and thoſe who ſtrive to remove it, not two hours in a year.

We came to Birmingham in the evening, and had a comfortable ſeaſon with the great congregation. Wedneſday 20. M. Lewen took me in a poſt-chaiſe to Derby, where the new houſe was throughly filled: and the people behaved in a quite different manner, from what they did when I was here laſt. Thurſday 21. We went on, though with much difficulty, being often ready to ſtick faſt, to Sheffield. The houſe here is full twice as large as it was. And ſo is the congregation. The little differences which had been for ſome time among the people, were now eaſily adjuſted. And I left them all, united in love, and reſolved to ſtrengthen each other's hands.

Saturday 23. We took horſe in a furious wind, which was ready to bear us away. About ten I preached in Bradwill, in the High-Peak, where notwithſtanding the ſtorm, abundance of people

people were got together. * I had now an opportunity of enquiring, concerning Mr. B——y. He did run well; till one offence after another swallowed him up. But he scarce enjoyed himself after. First his oldest daughter was snatched away. Then his only son: then himself. And only two or three of that large family now remain.

Sunday 24. At seven I preached at Manchester, on, *I beseech you, suffer the word of exhortation*, and observed, that the exhortation which it is particularly difficult to suffer, is that to accept of salvation *now*, and *now* to improve that whole grace of God. The evening congregation was far larger than the house could contain, and all seemed to have the hearing ear.

Tuesday 26. It rained all the way to Little-Leigh: but from thence we had a pleasant ride to Chester.

As several ships were ready to sail from Parkgate, I waited here two days. But the wind continuing foul, on Friday 29. I crossed over to Liverpool. I was surprized at the evening congregations, particularly on Sunday. The house, even with the addition of three new galleries, would not near contain the congregation: and I never before observed the word to take such effect upon them. So that I was not sorry, the wind continued in the same point on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Only it shifted a little

on

on Wednesday morning: on which some impatient captains sailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full west again: so that they were glad to get well back.

Thursday, April 4. I rode to Bolton, and not being expected, was the more welcome. The house was filled in the evening, and the hearts of many filled with joy and peace in believing. April 5, being Good-friday, Mr. Johnson preached at five: I preached at twelve and at six. What a blessed calm has God at length given to this poor, shattered society? For many years the men of bitter and contentious spirits, were harrassing them continually. But they are now sunk into quiet, formal presbyterians: and those they have left, enjoy God and one another.

Saturday 6. I returned to Liverpool: and on Wednesday 10, the wind continuing west, I set out northward, and in the evening found a friend's house, James Edmondson's, near Garstang. Thursday 11. We rode on to Francis Gilbert's, at Kendal, where there is now a real work of God. The genuine gospel now takes root, and sinners are converted to God.

Saturday 13. We rode through much wind and rain to Barnard-castle. In the evening I preached in the new preaching-house, (not opened before) and at eight in the morning. I would have preached abroad on Sunday evening: but the weather drove us into the house.

And

And God was there, both to invite ſinners, and to comfort believers.

* Afterwards I ſpent an hour with thoſe, who once believed they were ſaved from ſin. I found here, as at London, about a third part, who held faſt their confidence. The reſt had ſuffered loſs, more or leſs, and two or three were ſhorn of all their ſtrength.

* Monday 15. I rode on to Newcaſtle, where I was quite unexpected. I found, both the hearers, the ſociety, and the believers, are increaſed ſince I was here laſt. And ſeveral more believe they are ſaved from ſin. Mean time Satan has not been idle. Two were following George Bell ſtep by ſtep, as to the "not needing ſelf-examination," the "not being taught by man," and moſt of his other unſcriptural extravagancies: but as they appeared to be ſtill of an adviſeable ſpirit, for the preſent at leaſt, the ſnare was broken.

Thurſday 18. I went to Durham with Miſs Lewen, and ſpent an hour with her father. He behaved with the utmoſt civility: ſaid, I had done his daughter more good than all the phyſicians could do: and he ſhould be exceeding glad, if ſhe would go to London again, at the approach of winter. At three I preached to the poor colliers in Gateſhead-Fell. How do theſe ſhame the colliers of Kingſwood? Flocking from all parts on the week-days as well as Sundays;

days; such a thirst have they after the good word!

Friday 19. I had a little time with that venerable monument of the grace of God, Henry Jackson. He is just dropping into the grave, being now quite bedrid, but praising God with every breath.

Monday 22. Two of our friends took me in a post-chaise to Alnwick. But the road was so intolerably bad, that we did not reach it till past twelve. I began preaching immediately, and then hastened away. On Berwick-moor we were ready to stick fast again. And it was past seven before I reached the town, where I found notice had been given of my preaching. Hearing the congregation waited for me, I went to the town-hall, and began without delay. About one in the morning we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning. The house being full of dragoons, M. L. and M. D. were constrained to lodge in the same room with our landlady, who being waked by the storm, and throughly terrified, began praying aloud. M. D. laid hold on the opportunity, to speak very closely to her. The words seemed to sink into her heart. Who knows but they may bring forth fruit?

Tuesday 23. I preached at Dunbar about noon, and in the evening at Edinburgh. My coming was quite seasonable, (though unexpected) as those bad letters, published in the name of Mr. Hervey, and reprinted here by Mr. John Erskine,

ſkine, had made a great deal of noiſe. Wedneſday 24. I preached at four in the afternoon on the ground where we had laid the foundation of our houſe. Friday 26. About noon I preached at Muſſelborough, where are a few living ſouls ſtill. In the evening we had another bleſſed opportunity at Edinburgh, and I took a ſolemn leave of the people. * Yet how I ſhould be able to ride, I knew not. At Newcaſtle I had obſerved a ſmall ſwelling, leſs than a pea; but in ſix days it was as large as a pullet's egg, and exceeding hard. On Thurſday it broke. I feared riding would not agree with this, eſpecially an hard trotting horſe. However truſting God, I ſat out early on Saturday morning; before I reached Glaſgow, it was much decreaſed: and in two or three days more it was quite gone. If it was a boil, it was ſuch an one as I never heard of. For it was never ſore firſt or laſt, nor ever gave me any pain.

This evening I preached in the hall of the hoſpital: the next day, morning and afternoon, in the yard. So much of the form of religion is here ſtill, as is ſcarce to be found in any town in England. There was once the power too. And ſhall it not be again? Surely the time is at hand.

Monday 29. I rode with James Kerſhaw through a fruitful country, to Killmarnock, and thence to Air. After a ſhort bait at Maybole in the afternoon, we went on to Girvane, a little

town

town on the ſea-ſhore. Tueſday 30. We rode over high and ſteep mountains, between Ballintrae and Strangrawer: where we met with as good entertainment of every kind, as if we had been in the heart of England.

We reached Port-patrick about three o'clock, and were immediately ſurrounded with men offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth. I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God ſhould pleaſe.

Wedneſday, May 1. The wind was quite fair: ſo as ſoon as the tide ſerved I went on board. It ſeemed ſtrange to croſs the ſea in an open boat: eſpecially when the waves ran high. I was a little ſick, till I fell aſleep. In five hours and an half we reached Donaghadee. But my mare could not land till five hours after: ſo that I did not reach Newtown till paſt eight.

I ſpent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands, of a poor, ſcattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the green; though it was exceeding cold, none of the congregation ſeemed to regard it. And a few of them do *remember from whence* they *are fallen, and* reſolve to *do the firſt works.*

Friday 3. I rode on to Liſburn, and in the evening preached in the market-houſe. The wind was as keen as in December: yet a large congregation attended. I then met what was left

of

of the ſociety: and the ſpirit of many that were faint revived. Saturday 4. I preached in the room at five, which had been diſcontinued for three years. And this alone would account for the ſcattering of the people, and the deadneſs of them that remained. In the evening I preached in the Linen-hall, ſo called, a large ſquare, with piazza's on three ſides of it. And ſo deep an attention I never ſaw in the people of Liſburn before.

Sunday 5. For the ſake of the country people, I delayed the morning preaching till half an hour paſt nine. At eleven the church ſervice began, and we had an uſeful ſermon on, *Follow peace with all men and holineſs.* At five I preached in the Linen-hall again, to a numerous congregation, on, *Yea, doubtleſs and I count all things but loſs for the excellency of the knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.*

Monday 6. I rode to Newry, and in the evening preached in the market-houſe, on, *Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths peace.* The whole congregation ſeemed affected, this as well as the next evening: indeed more than I had ſeen them for ſome years. Hence, Wedneſday 8. I rode to Terryhugan, and found much of the power of God among that plain, ſimple-hearted people. Here Mr. Ryan overtook me, and led me to Clanmain, where we had, as uſual, a lively, earneſt congregation: moſt of whom, (except thoſe that came from far) were preſent

again at five in the morning. About eleven I preached in The Grange, a ſmall village, about five miles from Clanmain. Friday 10. I took Mr. Ryan with me, and ſet out for Londonderry. * When we had rode about twelve miles, a road turned ſhort to the left: but having no direction to turn, we went ſtrait forward, till a woman running after us, (taking one of us, I know not why, for a doctor) told us the caſe of her poor huſband, who, ſhe ſaid, had kept his bed for ſeven weeks. After riding half an hour, we found we were out of our way and rode back again. By this means we went by the houſe where the man lay. When I alighted and went in, I quickly ſaw, that he needed ſomething more than I had preſcribed before. Who knows but our loſing the way may be the means of ſaving the poor man's life?

In the afternoon, after riding through a fruitful country, (one mountain only excepted) we came to Omagh, the ſhire town of the county of Tyrone. We found a good inn; but were not glad, when we heard there was to be dancing that night, in the room under us. But in a while, the dancers removed to the ſhire-hall. So we ſlept in peace.

* Saturday 11. Having no direction to any one in Derry, I was muſing what to do, and wiſhing ſome one would meet me and challenge me, though I knew not how it could be, as I never had been there before, nor knew any one in the town.

town. When we drew near it, a gentleman on horſeback ſtopped, aſked me my name, and ſhewed me where the preacher lodged. In the afternoon he accommodated me with a convenient lodging at his own houſe. So one Mr. Knox is taken away, and another given me in his ſtead.

At ſeven I preached in the Linen-hall, (a ſquare ſo called) to the largeſt congregation I have ſeen in the north of Ireland. The waters ſpread as *wide* here as they did at Athlone. God grant they may be as *deep!*

Sunday 12. At eight I preached there again, to an equal number of people. About eleven Mr. Knox went with me to church, and led me to a pew, where I was placed next the mayor. What is this? What have I to do with honour? Lord, let me always *fear*, not *deſire* it.

The afternoon-ſervice was not over, till about half an hour paſt ſix. At ſeven I preached to near all the inhabitants of the city. I think, there was ſcarce one who did not feel that God was there. So general an impreſſion upon a congregation, I have hardly ſeen in any place.

Monday 13. and the following days, I had leiſure to go on with the Notes of the Old Teſtament. But I wondered more at the ſituation I was in, in the midſt of rich and honourable men! Whilſt this laſts it is well. And it will be well

too, when any or all of them change their countenance:

"And wonder at the ſtrange man's face,
As one they ne'er had known."

* Tueſday 14. I wrote the following letter to a friend;

Dear Sir, Londonderry, May 14, 1765.

"Your manner of writing needs no excuſe. I hope you will always write in the ſame manner. Love is the *plaineſt* thing in the world: I know this dictates what you write: and what need of ceremony?

"You have admirably well expreſſed what I mean by an opinion, contradiſtinguiſhed from an eſſential doctrine. Whatever is "compatible with love to Chriſt and a work of grace," I term an *opinion*. And certainly the holding particular election and final perſeverance is compatible with theſe. "Yet what fundamental errors" (you aſk) have you oppoſed with *half that fervency* as you have theſe opinions?"—I have printed near fifty ſermons, and only one of theſe oppoſes them at all. I preach about eight hundred ſermons in a year, and taking one year with another for twenty years paſt, I have not preached eight ſermons in a year upon the ſubject. But, "how many of your beſt preachers have

have been *thruſt out* becauſe they diſſented from you in theſe particulars?" Not one, beſt or worſt; good or bad; was ever *thruſt out* on this account. There has not been a ſingle inſtance of this kind. Two or three, (but far from *the beſt* of our preachers) voluntarily left us, after they had embraced thoſe opinions. But it was of their own mere motion. And two I ſhould have expelled for immoral behaviour: but they withdrew, and *pretended* "they did not hold our doctrine." Set a mark therefore on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

"Is a man a believer in Jeſus Chriſt, and is his life ſuitable to his profeſſion?" Are not only the *main*, but the *ſole* enquiries I make in order to his admiſſion into our ſociety. If he is a diſſenter he may be a diſſenter ſtill: but if he is a churchman, I adviſe him to continue ſo: and that for many reaſons, ſome of which are mentioned in the tract upon that ſubject.

"I think on juſtification juſt as I have done any time theſe ſeven and twenty years; and juſt as Mr. Calvin does. In this reſpect, I do not differ from him an hair's breadth.

"But the main point between you and me is Perfection. "This, you ſay, has no prevalence in theſe parts. Otherwiſe I ſhould think it my duty to oppoſe it with my whole ſtrength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous miſtake, which appears to be ſubverſive of the very

foundation of Chriſtian experience, and which has in fact given occaſion to the moſt grievous offences."

"Juſt ſo my brother and I reaſoned thirty years ago, "as thinking it our duty to oppoſe *predeſtination* with our whole ſtrength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous miſtake, which appears to be ſubverſive of the very foundation of Chriſtian experience, and which has in fact given occaſion to the moſt grievous offences."

That it has given occaſion to ſuch offences I know; I can name time, place and perſons. But ſtill another fact ſtares me in the face. Mr. H——— and Mr. N—— hold this, and yet I believe theſe have real Chriſtian experience. But if ſo, this is only an *opinion:* it is not ſubverſive, (here is clear proof to the contrary) of the very foundation of Chriſtian experience. It is "compatible with love to Chriſt, and a genuine work of grace." Yea many hold it, at whoſe feet I deſire to be found in the day of the Lord Jeſus. If then I "oppoſe this with my whole ſtrength," I am a mere biggot ſtill. I leave *you* in your calm and retired moments to make the application.

"But how came this opinion into my mind?" I will tell you with all ſimplicity. In 1725, I met with Biſhop Taylor's *Rule of holy living and dying*. I was ſtruck particularly with the chapter upon *intention*, and felt a fixt intention *to give myſelf up to God*. In this I was much con-

confirmed ſoon after by the *Chriſtian pattern*, and longed to *give God all my heart*. This is juſt what I mean by *perfection* now. I ſought after it from that hour.

In 1727. I read Mr. Law's Chriſtian Perfection, and Serious Call, and more explicitly reſolved to be *all devoted to God*, in body, ſoul, and ſpirit: in 1730, I began to be *homo unius libri*; to ſtudy (comparatively) no book but the bible. I then ſaw in a ſtronger light than ever before, that only *one thing is needful*, even *faith that worketh by the love* of God and man, all inward and outward holineſs, and I groaned to love God with *all my heart*, and to ſerve him with *all my ſtrength*.

" January 1, 1733, I preached the ſermon on the circumciſion of the heart:" which contains all that I now teach concerning ſalvation from all ſin, and loving God with an *undivided heart*. In the ſame year I printed (the firſt time I ventured to print any thing) for the uſe of my pupils " a collection of forms of prayer." And in this I ſpoke explicitly of giving *the whole heart and the whole life to God*. This was then as it is now, my idea of Perfection, tho' I ſhould have ſtarted at the word.

In 1735, I preached my farewell ſermon at Epworth in Lincolnſhire. In this likewiſe I ſpoke with the utmoſt clearneſs of having *one deſign*, *one deſire*, *one love*, and of purſuing the one end of our life in all our words and actions.

In

In January, 1738, I expreſt my deſire in theſe words :

O grant that nothing in my ſoul
Many dwell but thy *pure love alone!*
O may thy love *poſſeſs me whole*,
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown,
Strange flames far from my heart remove!
My every act, word, thought be love.

And I am ſtill perſuaded this is what the Lord Jeſus hath bought for me with his own blood.

Now whether you deſire and expect this bleſſing or not, is it not an aſtoniſhing thing, that you or any man living ſhould be diſguſted at me for expecting it? And that they ſhould perſuade one another that this hope is "ſubverſive of the very foundations of Chriſtian experience." Why then, whoever retains it cannot poſſibly have any Chriſtian experience at all! Then my brother, Mr. Fletcher, and I, and twenty thouſand more, who ſeem both to fear and to love God, are in reality children of the devil, and in the road to eternal damnation!

In God's name I intreat you make me ſenſible of this. Shew me by plain, ſtrong reaſons, what diſhonour this hope does to Chriſt, wherein it oppoſes juſtification by faith, or any fundamental truth of religion. But do not wreſt, and wiredraw and colour my words, as Mr. Hervey, (or Cudworth) has done, in ſuch a manner,

that

that when I look in that glaſs, I do not know my own face! "Shall I call you (ſays Mr. Hervey) my father or my friend? For you have been both to *me*." So I was, and you have as well requited me! It is well my reward is with the Moſt High.

Wiſhing all happineſs to you and your's,

I am, dear, Sir, your affectionate brother and ſervant,

JOHN WESLEY.

On Wedneſday and Thurſday I ſpoke ſeverally to the members of the ſociety. I found (juſt as I expected) that the work of God here is exceeding ſhallow. Yet while ſo many flock to hear, one cannot doubt, but God will cut ſome of them to the heart.

Sunday 19. Mr. S—, one of the curates, preached an excellent ſermon on *receiving the Holy Ghoſt*. I afterwards accepted his invitation to dinner, and found a well-natured, ſenſible man; and one well acquainted with every branch of learning, which we had occaſion to touch upon. At ſeven I preached on *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. And truly the people of this place will *hear ſound doctrine*. Wedneſday 22. I exhorted the little ſociety, to avoid ſloth, prodigality and fluttiſhneſs, and on the contrary, to be patterns of diligence, frugality and cleanlineſs.

* Thurſday 23. Lighting on a volume of Mr. Seed's

Seed's ſermons, I was utterly ſurprized. Where did this man lie hid, that I never heard of him, all the time I was at Oxford? His language is pure in the higheſt degree; his apprehenſion clear, his judgment ſtrong. And for true, manly wit, and exquiſite turns of thought, I know not if this century has produced his equal.

Saturday 25. Both in the morning and evening, I ſpoke as cloſely and ſharply as I could. But yet I cannot find the way to wound the people. They are neither offended, nor convinced.

Ever ſince I came hither, I have been amazed at the honeſty which runs thro' this city. None ſcruples to leave his houſe open all day and the door only on the latch at night. Such a thing as theft is ſcarce heard of at Derry: no one has the leaſt ſuſpicion of it. No wonder therefore that the inhabitants never ſuſpect themſelves to be ſinners. O what pity that honeſty ſhould be a bar to ſalvation! Yet ſo it is if a man puts it in the place of Chriſt.

Having a remarkable anecdote put into my hands, which ſome will probably be pleaſed to ſee, I may inſert it here, as well as elſewhere. It is a converſation between my father's father, (taken down in ſhort-hand by himſelf) and the then biſhop of Briſtol. I may be excuſed if it appears more remarkable to me, than it will do to an unconcerned perſon.

Biſhop. What is your name?

Weſley.

Wesley. John Wesley.

B. There are many great matters charged upon you.

W. May it please your lordship, Mr. Horlock was at my house on Tuesday last, and acquainted me that it was your lordship's desire I should come to you: and on that account I am here to wait on you.

B. By whom were you ordained? Or are you ordain'd?

W. I am sent to preach the gospel.

B. By whom were you sent?

W. By a church of Jesus Christ.

B. What church is that?

W. The church of Christ at Melcomb.

B. That factious and heretical church!

W. May it please you, Sir, I know no faction or heresy that church is guilty of.

B. No! Did not you preach such things as tend to faction and heresy?

W. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

B. I am informed by sufficient men, gentlemen of honour of this county, viz. Sir Gerrard Napper, Mr. Freak, and Mr. Tregonnel, of your doings. What say you?

W. Those honoured gentlemen I have been with; who being by others misinformed, proceeded with some heat against me.

B. There are oaths of several honest men, and

and ſhall we take your word for it, that all is but miſinformation?

W. There was no oath given or taken. Beſides, if it be enough to accuſe, who ſhall be innocent?—I can appeal to the determination of the great *day of judgment*, that the large catalogue of matters laid to me, are either things invented or miſtaken.

B. Did not you ride with your ſword, in the time of *the Committee* of *ſafety*, and engage with them?

W. Whatever imprudences in civil matters you may be informed I am guilty of, I ſhall crave leave to acquaint your lordſhip, that his majeſty having pardoned them fully, I ſhall wave any other anſwer.

B. In what a manner did the church you ſpeak of ſend you to preach? At this rate every body might preach.

W. Not every one. Every body has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Beſides, that is not all I have to offer to your lordſhip to juſtify my preaching.

B. If you preach it muſt be according to order, the order of the *church of England*, upon ordination.

W. What does your lordſhip mean by ordination?

B. Do not you know what I mean?

W. If you mean that ſending ſpoken of Rom. 10. I had it.

B. I mean

B. I mean that; What miſſion had you?

W. I had a miſſion from God and man.

B. You muſt have it according to law, and the order of the *church of England.*

W. I am not ſatisfied in my ſpirit therein.

B. Not ſatisfied in your ſpirit! You have more new-coined phraſes than ever were heard of! You mean your conſcience, do you not?

W. Spirit is no new phraſe. We read of being ſanctified in ſoul, body, and ſpirit.

B. By ſpirit there we are to underſtand the upper region of the ſoul.

W. Some think we are to take it for the conſcience: but if your lordſhip like it not ſo, then I ſay I am not ſatisfied in conſcience, as touching the ordination you ſpeak of.

B. Conſcience argues ſcience, ſcience ſuppoſes judgment, and judgment reaſon. What reaſon have you that you will not be thus ordained?

W. I came not this day to diſpute with your lordſhip; my own inability would forbid me ſo to do.

B. No, no; but give me your reaſon.

W. I am not called to office: and therefore cannot be ordained.

B. Why have you then preached all this while?

W. I was called to the work of the miniſtry; tho' not the office. There is as we believe, *Vocatio ad opus, & ad munus.*

B. Why may you not have the office of the miniſtry?

W. May it pleaſe your lordſhip, becauſe they are not a people who are fit ſubjects for me to exerciſe office work among them.

B. You mean a gathered church: but we muſt have no gathered churches in England; and you will ſee it ſo. For there muſt be a unity without diviſions among us: and there can be no unity without uniformity— Well then we muſt ſend you to your church that they may diſpoſe of you, if you were ordained by them.

W. I have been informed by my couſin Pitfield and others concerning your lordſhip, that you have a diſpoſition inclined againſt moroſity. However you may be prepoſſeſs'd by ſome bitter enemies to my perſon: yet, there are others, who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. Gliſſon hath done it. And Sir Francis Tulford deſired me to preſent his ſervice to you, and being my hearer is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

B. I aſked Sir Francis Tulford, Whether the preſentation to Whitchurch was his: whoſe is it? He told me it was not his.

W. There was none preſented to it theſe ſixty years ſince. Mr. Walton lived there. At his departure the people deſired me to preach to them, and when there was a way of ſettlement appointed. I was by the truſtees appointed, and by the triers approved.

B. They

B. They would approve any, who would come to them and cloſe with them. I know they approved thoſe who could not read twelve lines of Engliſh.

W. All that they did I know not: but I was examined touching gifts and graces.

B. I queſtion not your gifts, Mr. Weſley. I will do you any good I can: but you will not long be ſuffered to preach, unleſs you will do it according to order.

W. I ſhall ſubmit to any trial you ſhall pleaſe to make. I ſhall preſent your lordſhip with a confeſſion of my faith, or take what other way you pleaſe to inſiſt on.

B. No, we are not come to that yet.

W. I ſhall deſire thoſe ſeverals laid together, which I look on as juſtifying my preaching.

1. I was devoted to the ſervice from mine infancy.

2. I was educated in order thereto at ſchool, and in the univerſity of Oxford.

B. What age are you?

W. Twenty-five.

B. No, ſure, you are not.

W. 3. As a ſon of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved of by judicious able Chriſtians, miniſters and others.

4. It pleaſed God to ſeal my labour with ſucceſs, in the apparent converſion of many ſouls.

B. Yea, that is it may be, to your way.

W. Yea, to the power of godlineſs, from ignorance and profaneneſs. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, to lay down any evidences of godlineſs, agreeing with ſcripture, and that are not found in thoſe perſons intended, I am content to be diſcharged the miniſtry. I will ſtand or fall on the iſſue thereof.

B. You talk of the power of godlineſs; ſuch as you fancy.

W. Yea to the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any common-place book for evidencies of graces, and they are found in and upon them.

B. How many are there of them?

W. I number not the people.

B. Where are they?

W. Wherever I have been called to preach. At Radpole, Melcomb, Turnwood, Whitchurch, and at ſea. I ſhall add another ingredient of my miſſion.

5. When the church ſaw the preſence of God going along with me, they did, by faſting and prayer, in a day ſet apart for that end, ſeek an abundant bleſſing on my endeavors.

B. A particular church?

W. Yes, my Lord, I am not aſhamed to own myſelf a member of one.

B. Why you may miſtake the apoſtle's intent. They went about to convert Heathens. You have no warrant for your particular churches.

W. We have a plain, full, and ſufficient rule for

for goſpel worſhip in the New Teſtament, recorded in the *Acts of the apoſtles*, and in the *epiſtles*.

B. We have not.

W. The practice of the apoſtles is a ſtanding rule in thoſe caſes which were not extraordinary.

B. Not their practice, but their precepts.

W. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in ſcripture only by precepts, but precedents, by promiſes, by threatnings mixed. We are to follow them as they followed Chriſt.

B. But the apoſtle ſaid, "This ſpeak I, not the Lord:" that is by revelation.

W. Some interpret that place, "This ſpeak I now by revelation from the Lord," not the Lord in that text before inſtanced concerned divorces. May it pleaſe your lordſhip, we believe that "Cultus not inſtitutus eſt indebitus."

B. It is falſe.

W. The ſecond commandment ſpeaks the ſame; Thou ſhalt not make to thyſelf any graven image.

B. That is, forms of your own invention.

W. Biſhop Andrews taking notice of "non facis tibi," ſatisfied me that we may not worſhip God, but as commanded.

B. Well then you will juſtify your preaching, will you, without ordination, according to law?

W. All theſe things, laid together, are ſatisfactory to me, for my procedure therein.

B. They are not enough.

W. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted perſons, with ſuch approbation, than has been anſwered yet by any one.

B. Have you any thing more to ſay to me, Mr. Weſley.

W. Nothing: your Lordſhip ſent for me.

B. I am glad to hear this from your mouth, you will ſtand to your principles you ſay?

W. I intend it through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the King's majeſty however you deal with me.

B. I will not meddle with you.

W. Farewell to you, Sir.

B. Farewell good Mr. Weſley.

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